

ECHOES FROM NIAGARA:

MRS. RICHARD CROWLEY.

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ECHOES FROM NIAGARA:

HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, PERSONAL.

BY

MRS. RICHARD CROWLEY.

Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
And repeat each charmed word
Thou must needs have overheard,

Echo!

Echo!

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



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CHARLES WELLS MOULTON.
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CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE.
NIAGARA:	I
The Great Cataract.—The League of the Iroquois.—Seneca Tribe.— The Jesuit Fathers.—European Adventurers.—Pioneers of Western New York.—The Holland Purchase.—Erie Canal.—Lockport.	

CHAPTER II.

ERIN:	19
Niagara County Once More.—Early Hopes and Return Home.—Maud's Wish.—Treatment by Native City.—Ancestry of the Emerald Isle.— Epitome of Irish History.—“Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.”	

CHAPTER III.

LOCKPORT AND AULD LANG SYNE:	89
Youthful Struggles of Richard Crowley.—Early Partnerships.—Friends of Old, Friends of To-day.—Edward I. Chase, Judge and George Bowen, William Keep, Silas H. Marks, Hon. Sullivan Caverno, Hon. Alfred Holmes and many others.—Teachers and School-mates. —Enters the Republican Party.	

CHAPTER IV.

SENATE AT ALBANY:	146
Becomes New York State Senator.—Roll-Call of the Past.—Reminis- cences of Charles J. Folger, Chester A. Arthur, Thomas Murphy, A. B. Cornell, Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. George H. Sharpe, Isaac Bailey, Thomas C. Acton, George Bliss, Rufus Andrews, A. T. Stew- art, Charles G. Halpine, Palmer the Sculptor, Elliott the Artist, Alfred B. Street and John G. Saxe.	

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER V.

UNITED STATES ATTORNEYSHIP: 168

First Visit to Washington.—Grant Régime.—The Wife of Roscoe Conkling.—Friends at Utica.—Famous Central Railroad Tax Case.—Murphy, Collector of the Port.—Resigns in Favor of Arthur.—First Meeting with General Sherman.—Senator John Laughlin, of Erie, and his Partner, Mr. Joseph Ewell.—Burning of the Hodge Opera House at Lockport.

CHAPTER VI.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: 186

Elected to Congress.—Hayes Régime —General Grant and his Family.—Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague.—First Meeting with Blaine.—Election of Garfield.—Cabinet Slate-Making.—Political Intrigues.—Senatorial Struggle Between Crowley and Platt.—Resignation of the New York Senators.—Death of Garfield.

CHAPTER VII.

COLUMBIA'S CAPITAL: 208

Washington Society.—The White House.—Presidents and their Wives.—Mrs. Cleveland.—Mrs. Belknap.—Mrs. Morton.—The Shermans.—Hill, of Colorado.—The Paradise of Old Age.—The Theater of Human Selfishness and Ambition.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARLINGTON: 220

Second Term of Congress.—New York's Proud Array of Members.—Richard Crowley, Anson G. McCook, Levi P. Morton, Warner Miller, Frank Hiscock, John Camp and others.—Chester A. Arthur, President.—Conversations of Senator Jones.—Album Episode.—Roscoe Conkling says, "Oblivion of Friends, Forgiveness of Enemies."—Birth of my Son Donald.—Letter of Sunset Cox.—Present from the New York Delegation of the House.—Doctor Bliss.—Estrangement of Arthur and Crowley.—Maud's Illness.—Roessle, of the Arlington.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER IX.

SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING:	249
------------------------------------	-----

Love for the Bards.—Memorable Talks on Napoleon, Byron and Mary Stuart.—A Great Life Ended all too Soon.

CHAPTER X.

SANTA FÉ AND SIERRA MADRE VILLA:	266
--	-----

General and Mrs. Logan.—The Esprit du Corps of the Army.—Journey Through the Desert.—Governor Sheldon and the Friends of the Ancient City.—The Good Old Bishop of Lamy.—Onward to the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER XI.

SAN FRANCISCO:	282
--------------------------	-----

Eden Once More.—Justice Field and His Wife.—Jones, of Nevada.—“Duke Gwin.”—Ex-Senator Sharon.—The Bonanza Kings.—John W. Mackay, Senator James G. Fair and James Flood.—Madame Max, the Great Artiste.—Rose Coghlan.—Chinatown.—Loving Friends.—Farewell Forever to the Enchanted City.

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL GRANT:	309
--------------------------	-----

General Sturgis and His Family at the Soldiers' Home.—The Mahones, of Virginia.—Emory Storrs, of Chicago.—Mrs. Hartshorn, of Newport.—Mrs. Ogden Doremus, of New York.—Old Friends of California Met Again.—Mr. Saurin, of H. B. M.'s Legation.—Doctor Lamborne.—Mamie Sturgis Comes to Lockport to Stay with Maud.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY:	337
--	-----

Miller, of California.—Colts, of Rhode Island.—Pitcairns, of Pittsburgh.—Funeral of Ex-President Arthur.—Meeting of Many Friends.—Great Assembling of Celebrities, Many Appearing for the Last Time.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XIV.

GENERAL LOGAN:	348
--------------------------	-----

His Great Battles in Senate and Field.—His Perfect Home.—Grandeur of the Character of Mrs. Logan.—Mournful Memories of Calumet Place.—The Hero and the Husband.—The Father and the Friend.—The Idol of the Grand Army of the Republic.

.

CHAPTER XV.

A GLIMPSE OF THE NEW RÉGIME:	377
--	-----

Indiana's Senator the Leader Now.—Our Great Premier, James G. Blaine.—The Distinguished Corps of First-Assistant Secretaries.—General Clarkson, of Iowa.—General Batcheller.—General Bussey.—General Jackson, of New York City.—What Will the Record Be?—Alcyone.

PREFACE.

DURING the past year my soul, like some Æolian harp, has been wakened by the winds of Memory. And it is the echoes of these strains, now wildly sweet, now sadly sighing, that I have tried to collect in a sort of mental graphophone, to which the world's ear might kindly listen for a moment, in the midst of the grand diapason of sounds forever arising around us all, soaring, sobbing, exulting, despairing and unceasing. Though we cannot grasp the anthem of the spheres, yet we can hear the myriad murmuring voices in our own orb. The majestic, mysterious monotone of the sea—the solemn whisperings of the mighty trees in the forest—the merry laughter of the dancing streams—the joyous birds' songs—and deeper than all, ever felt and heard, the eternal wail of humanity, the undying requiem ascending to the skies. In all this, shall one small voice be heard?

The glorious nightingale will surely hold the listener entranced, yet sometimes the weary wayfarer on life's journey will pause to hear the humbler melody of the meadow-lark.

And in the glowing picture-galleries, where are gems of art that hold in small compass imprisoned the skies and scenes of storied lands; and bright palaces where are mirrored the mighty forms long since departed—the monarchs, the beauties, the sparkle and the splendor of distant days—the eye will turn from all this blaze of vanished glory to rest upon some lowly cottage set in the daisy-starred grass, beside a rippling brook, where some unwritten, and therefore happy, life glides gently on to eternal rest.

PREFACE.

And I have observed in those beautiful Florentine mosaics, where the cunning hand of the artist has in the miniature form embodied in tiniest fragments the picture of a great cathedral or a historic landscape, that when these are fortunate enough to catch the eye of beauty and help to adorn her loveliness, the favored subject will often be some reproduction of a peasant's life, or some flower that grew by the Cæsars' walls, instead of the semblance of the stately pile itself. Indeed, my present work is a veritable bit of mosaic, and if my unskilled hand has blended, perhaps not harmoniously, the different fragments, it is because equally in my heart dwell thoughts and memories of places and events and people in themselves widely contrasting. I have entwined the wild rose of Niagara with the shamrock of Erin in accord with my own fancy, and I humbly hope the little bouquet I offer will not be altogether without color and sweetness. We have in our own broad, glorious country many a laurel tree growing high and grand. I have plucked a few branches to place on the brows of those I love and venerate. And I believe the shade of the gentle Daphne, hovering around Parnassus' classic groves, would approve my choice and assure me that not one leaf was misplaced or wrongfully bestowed.

My husband's life and mine are but the frame of the mosaic—the cord which binds the blossoms of my simple wreath together. And with this inevitably is woven the cypress for grief, and the rosemary for remembrance, which speak of the early death of our beautiful Maud, who was born here, who lies buried here, and whose brief existence was here so rarely blessed and so fondly remembered.

“ An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young,
A dirge for her, the doubly dead
In that she died so young.”

I have begun a story of politics called “The Romance of a Senator's Wife.” But though the masque of the opera

PREFACE.

or the drama is on the faces of those whose story I shall tell, yet I am afraid that some well-known gesture or expression would betray my characters to the world, and I have been advised, though the tale is strictly true, not to tell it yet awhile. Yet so many notable heroes and heroines are stepping over that boundary line which separates us from the unseen world that it seems as though soon the time would come when I could speak with safety. Like the Emperor Adrian, who dipped a bay leaf into the Castalian Fountain and anxiously watched the omen it bore—if dark and faded, or freshly green and glistening with the magic drops, so I will watch, with hope and fears contending, to see if I may venture another leaf upon the stream of life and destiny.

In the meantime I trust the few faint echoes of mine—echoes of what I have read and dreamed—echoes of words and deeds of friends—echoes of political movements—will please ever so little the many dear, kind friends for whose sake I have collected them, the friends who loved me long ago, who sustained me in sorrow, and whose names I revere—the friends of Old Niagara.

All who know me will understand and forgive my constant quoting of the bards:

“Those souls of song,
With whom my spirit hath communed so long,
That, quick as light, their rarest gems of thought
By Memory’s magic to my lip are brought.”

ECHOES FROM NIAGARA.

CHAPTER I.

NIAGARA.

“There’s nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall,
Thou may’st not to the fancy’s sense recall:
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning’s leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
The tread of armies, thickening as they come,
The blast of trumpet, and the beat of drum!
Oh! may the wars, that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep,
And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The Nations on thy banks repose in peace.”

—*Impromptu by Lord Morpeth, of Ireland.*

NIAGARA! Gem of the Earth! Though glorious harps thy praise have sung, yet would I add my voice to the roar of thy mighty waters, and, though it were but as a drop to thy rainbow-tinted spray, offer from a heart full of grateful memories, both sad and sweet, a tribute to thy eternal beauty. ’Tis but the story of a life begun within the hearing of thy torrent, and though, when told, it may as quickly be forgotten as the leaf that rolls adown thy rapid stream, yet it has been as full of light and shade, of awful storm and radiant sunshine, as thou, in all thy majesty, hast shown, and, like thee, beneath the smiling it hath secrets deeper than aught that may be revealed. For thou dost not tell all! Even the color of thy river is a mystery.

’Tis an old legend that thou, like the ancient gods, dost yearly demand victims offered to thy shrine, that since the first Indian chief sped o’er thy chasm in his frail bark, chanting his own death-song the while, before the waning of twelve moons at least three lives are sacrificed. But I do not wrong thee thus, and only think that in thy mournful surging is the sweet invitation to eternal rest. Perhaps thou art the true Stygian river, and couldst tell us all about the Elysium beyond. At all events, even within our own memory, thou hast witnessed many shifting, changing scenes.

Fancy, glancing backward, sees the red man darting through thy strangely tinted waters in his swift canoe, or making thy green forests ring with his hunting shouts and war-cries. But long before, in the times of which we have no record, what hast thou seen! Thou wilt not reply! Thou art as unyielding as the Sphinx, though not as silent, for thy terrible voice thunders on through the centuries. Fain would we know if some god-like race flourished and decayed, if some empire here rose to that height of luxury that ever precedes its fall, if this were once the scene of valorous deeds and high renown, but we must accept as the first description of the Great Cataract the one written by Father Hennepin, a Jesuit Missionary. All beautiful things must have deeply impressed the mind of such a man. In one of his letters, to friends at his home in France, he tells in the humblest way that, in all his travels, he carried the material for constructing a chapel on his shoulders, thus being prepared to erect a wayside shrine at any spot in his pilgrimage and pour forth, from the heart of the wilderness, and surrounded only by wondering savages, the incense and sacrifice of the Mass.

Surely, angels' wings must have replaced that pious burden when the good Father was called from his labors here on earth! The scenery all along the Niagara River is very beautiful, and I should think some American poet would sing of it as the Germans do of their beloved Rhine. For my part, I could say, with Byron, of that romantic stream,

"The river nobly foams and flows;
The charm of this enchanted ground
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,"

especially of the seven miles between Lewiston and Youngstown.

The Lilies of France, the Red Cross of St. George and the Star Spangled Banner have in turn waved over the historic walls of Fort Niagara. Around it in deadly combat have raged the red man of the woods and the titled foreigner from afar. Many a sturdy Englishman, many a gallant Frenchman, here joined the great army of the dead.

The polished Jesuit, in his mission to woo the savage soul to the court of Heaven, here lived in humility and died in sanctity. The lives of heroes and adventurers are woven in the story of the Fort, and could its walls speak, they would tell many a wondrous tale of human destiny.

The spot was first occupied by the immortal La Salle, and close by, at Cayuga Creek, he built his pioneer ship, "Le Griffon." However, the Marquis De Nonville first began the building of the Fort in 1687. If, also, these old walls had ears, to what a strange contrast of sounds have they listened! Firing of cannons and rattling of bullets, groans of the wounded and dying, and anon the sounds of gayest revelry! Strains of sweet music floating afar, while Youth and Valor dream the golden hours away, and then the sudden drum-beat, which aroused the dreaming soldier and terrified the peaceful citizens dwelling in and around the Fort.

The dark shadow of a mystery, on which the Freemasons alone can throw the light of truth, hangs over Fort Niagara in the fate of Morgan. He was for a brief space a captive there, and disappeared. Whether he departed to some far distant land, or to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," is not known to the outside world. As in Venice, when the dread Council of Ten decreed the doom of any member faithless to their laws, so this order may have found some bravo to quiet forever the tongue that had betrayed their secrets. From time to time thrilling accounts, purporting to be confessions of those implicated, have appeared in the press, but all is vague and unreliable, and the truth is really known only to those most deeply concerned. But, though there is a natural shrinking from dark deeds and cruel punishment, there is also in every noble breast a contempt for the traitor,

"The slave whose treason like a deadly blight
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might."

The fate of André always inspires pity, yet I believe no one has ever blamed Washington for his Spartan sternness in the affair. Daniel O'Connell, the great Liberator, always said Ireland would have been free centuries ago, were it not for traitors.

The naming of Lockport from the twelve combined

locks of the Erie Canal is one of the memories I most vividly recall of my childish days. To my youthful fancy the stories afterward told of the disputes and friendships formed by the little colony, who then encamped here to engage in this arduous task, destined to be so celebrated, are as full of interest as the tales told of the Battle of the Boyne, or of any historic spot in Ireland's fields, and I am sure there was then more rivalry of counties and religion than Erin's Isle ever dreamed of. And when I think of works like these, where the brave Irish race have toiled so well, I feel my blood thrill with indignation at those who would deny them a voice or a place in the Nation's Government. Who settled this country, I would ask, and how long since? And this brings me to a retrospect of our own standing-ground, our home.

This space of the rolling globe now called Western New-York has been the theater for some of the most magnificent and awful pageantry of human history. Vanished races, unknown, dimly mysterious! Savages, with their brilliantly painted faces, their glittering belts of beads and shining feathers! Friars with the cross and rosaries, and foreign adventurers of noble lineage! And thus the way was opened for the brave band of pioneers, who dared the perils of the wilderness and endured so many hardships, that we, their successors, might enjoy undisturbed our peaceful and prosperous homes. Many high authorities agree in saying that there are to be found in this region powerful proofs that it was once peopled by a highly cultured race, who appeared and disappeared before the Indians came. And the early missionaries believe that the relics here can not be traced to European origin, but that they speak of a more remote past, perhaps when the Pharaohs reigned in Egypt, long before Christopher Columbus started on his inspired and immortal voyage.

It may be that from a still fairer shore than that which met his enraptured gaze when he beheld his vision realized the martyred explorer may look down and feel repaid for the ingratitude, poverty and chains which were his reward here. Only in the strains of poets is this great land called Columbia, which it should ever be. As genius always feel its own great mission, what hopes beyond this world must have consoled him, even in the melancholy spirit with which he once requested that his chains might be buried with him!

And, knowing that his achievement would surely immortalize him, his heart may have swelled with the feeling akin to that of Shakespeare when he wrote:

“Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.”

At the advent of the Spanish, who were the first explorers, there dwelt in America a vast number of tribes, all having different customs and different modes of government, and speaking different languages. Their history, though very interesting, is hard to disentangle, being handed down from one chief to another, breathed and whispered into the belts of wampum which were their only mnemonic records. History tells us that they were called Indians from the belief that they came from Asia.

It is of the Iroquois, the Great Confederacy of the Six Nations, that we, in this region, care most to hear, for not two-hundred years have rolled away since the Senecas held undisputed sway over these lovely lands and shining rivers. The word “Seneca” means “Great Hill People,” in their language, Sonnontowanas, or Mountaineers. Some writers attempt to trace its origin from the Roman philosopher, Seneca, while others claim that it is from the Dutch word signifying red paint, as the Senecas were said to decorate themselves more profusely with this gay and sanguine color than any other tribe. The tradition among their people is that they first burst forth from a great hill near Canandaigua, which they look upon with reverence as the place of their birth. They were the fifth nation of the Iroquois. The tribes comprising this great confederacy were the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, the Senecas and the Tuscaroras.

Though the white man has driven them away, though in the language of one of their native historians, David Cusick, “they have been stripped so entirely of their possessions as to have retained scarcely sufficient for a sepulcher,” yet they have forever left their names on our rivers, cities and villages. The Mohawks gave their name to that lovely valley of which Tom Moore, on his visit to America, sung so sweetly:

“From rise of morn till set of sun
I’ve seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And, as I marked the woods of pine
Along its mirror darkly shine,

Oft have I thought and, thinking, sighed,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy wafer's brim!"

The Oneidas, the Cayugas and the Senecas gave their names to lakes and towns. From one end of our land to the other once ascended the smoke of their wigwams and the light of their council fires, which, reduced to a dying flame, have been transferred of late years from the once famous head-quarters at Onondaga to our neighboring Reservation. The Tuscaroras live in the town of Lewiston, and from their home on the mountain ridge, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Ontario, in their own language, "Beautiful Lake," they can still enjoy the matchless prospect spread before them, though they may sadly feel, as some of their race expressed, that their path will soon lead towards the setting sun.

The Tonawanda Reservation lies on the banks of the Tonawanda Creek, between the counties of Niagara, Erie and Genesee. A recent report states that, in all the Reservations of New York State, there are now about five-thousand Indians. Of these we have in these two places nearly one-thousand. At Cattaraugus and Alleghany are the remnants of Seminole, Cherokee, Catawba and many other tribes. The Tuscaroras were the sixth nation of the Confederacy, having joined in 1712. They were adopted by the Senecas, whom in addressing they called "Father." There is still a deed, in the Niagara County Clerk's Office, from the Senecas to the Tuscaroras, dated September 22, 1810, Book of Deeds 151, page 168. Old settlers tell of a legend of the Tuscaroras, which resembles somewhat in outline the history of our Savior, and this is by some historians thought to lend color to the tradition that the Indians are descended from the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Colonel Ely Parker, the hereditary chief of the Senecas, was on the staff of General Grant from the battle of Shiloh until the close of the war. He was deposed from his native authority for having married a white woman, but it is to be supposed that, like Antony, he considered the world well lost. He was a school-mate of Mr. Crowley, and has been for some years in the Police Department of New York City, with Police Commissioner Stephen B. French. His sister became the wife of Chief John Mount Pleasant, who was for many years the reigning Chief of the Tuscarora Reser-

vation, and who but recently passed to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers.

At our time-honored anniversary, called the Pioneers' Picnic, the remnant of the once powerful Tuscaroras, Senecas, and in fact all the surviving Iroquois revive in some degree their ancient rites and ceremonies, the corn-dance and the war-dance of their early lives. Thus they perchance recall a fleeting memory of the days described by their aged chiefs, when they roamed with light feet through the forest glades, with only the bright-eyed snake or the bounding deer to cross their paths. The howling of the wolves, which brought such terror to the hearts of the white pioneers, was but as music to their savage ears. Far wilder was their own war-cry, as, gayly decorated and armed with deadly tomahawk, with brilliant quivers full of barbed arrows, they rushed forth on their destroying path. In all this they differed from their civilized conquerors, in the fact that they thus announced their approach. Once on the war-path, no quarter was given or expected. The wild beast roars before he springs, the serpent hisses its deadly warning, but to the highly-cultivated European, often to the professed Christian alone, is the honor due of striking the defenseless, in whose ears no battle-note is sounded. He always carries his quiver full of arrows, but they are poisoned, and he smiles as they spring from his bow, for they strike to the heart of a friend.

There is also a noted trait in the Indian character which we might well imitate, and that is, they never forget a favor. If they also frankly boast that they never forgive an injury, in this they are again contrasted with the white man, for they do not pray to the Great Spirit for the welfare of their enemies, and immediately proceed to stab them in the back. The Iroquois were a brave and war-like race and had subdued nearly all the others to their conquering will. Well might Volney call them the "Romans of the West."

The origin of their Confederacy is traced to Hiawatha, the legends of whom are mythical and contradictory. Mythology was with them, as with all people, an attempt to explain all that seems mysterious in nature, the sighing of the winds, the moaning of the ocean waves, the dark storm-cloud and the dazzling sunbeam. In the thunder's loud roar they heard the wrath of the Great Spirit, and in the smiling flowers of the forest and the bounteous corn and maple they read the proofs of His love and care for them. Animals

were turned into idols as they gazed with wonder at the birds building their nests, or soaring aloft on free wings into the boundless blue. The fish swimming through the crystal waters, the deer bounding with fleet foot from crag to crag, the glittering serpent winding its deadly way, all seemed to them something fearful and marvelous. How much more then would a lofty nature and amiable qualities, combined with the fierceness of a great chieftan, have led them to look with reverential love upon Hiawatha, the "wise man." The literal translation of the word is "he who wishes to wear the wampum."

Elias Johnson, a Chief of the Tuscaroras, gives a different version from the one embodied in verse by Longfellow. He states that Hiawatha was a Chief of the Onondagas, and, being weary of the horrors of war, was anxious for the blessings of peace. He called a council of his people, but they were overawed by the terrible appearance of the mighty Atotarho, who was the head sachem of the Onondagas and was greatly feared by all. Their traditions tell of his prowess in battle and his cruelty to enemies, and in their native sketches his head is represented as crowned with living snakes. This warrior decided the people against peace, and Hiawatha, wounded and sorrowing, went floating down the Mohawk in his wonderful white canoe. Marvellous tales are told of his voyage, connected with both friends and enemies. The legend of Hiawatha's flight is treasured by the Iroquois as the Mohammedans cherish the story of their prophet's pilgrimage. He wore necklaces of the white wampum, which was a well-known token of peace. He had a favorite daughter, who was very beautiful, with a heavenly beauty, and one day, when he felt deeply oppressed by the fear that the Great Spirit was about to send upon him some great calamity, an enormous bird flew down from the sky and snatched his lovely child away. The soul of Hiawatha was dark in his bosom. His heart was crushed, and for a long time all efforts to rouse him from despair were in vain. But, at last, he summoned all his fortitude and, calling his people together, he appealed to them once more. He told them they would never be happy while they continued to war with one another, while, united, they would form a solid wall against their enemies. Thus came the great alliance of the Iroquois. He then bade farewell to his people, and,

while the air was filled with angelic music, he floated slowly upward in his white canoe.

“Thus departed Hiawatha,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the land of the hereafter!”

This league was formed one-hundred-and-fifty years before Champlain started on his exploration, and Cusick thinks at least one thousand years before Columbus. Their policy was always, if possible, to convert enemies into friends. Though terrible in war, yet, when their worst tortures are compared with those of other, and even civilized nations, the rack, the dungeon, the wheel, the Siberian exile, the recital might blanch the cheek of the savage beneath the vermilion war-paint. In archery they rivaled the famous Robin Hood and his band, and they were also very skillful as boatmen and in constructing canoes. They wore gorgeous head-dresses, the very crown of which was an eagle's plume. This was the badge of the Iroquois, and in their legends the eagle figures largely, as he was their most venerated bird. The late Lewis H. Morgan, formerly State Senator of New York and a colleague of Mr. Crowley in 1867, has given a vast amount of study and research to Indian lives and customs. We are indebted to him for the preservation of many valuable mementoes of their early history. He published some lovely engraved specimens of the work of the Indian women of the Seneca Tribe.

I have always thought they possessed marvelous ingenuity in needle-work. I agree with Mr. Morgan that the mocasin is in reality one of the most suitable coverings for the foot ever made by any race. It is superior to the Roman sandal, and even to some of the modern shoes. It is often exquisitely embroidered with beads, and one must feel surprised to know that the needle with which this skillful work is performed is made from the small bone found in the ankle of the deer, of which the sinews are used for thread. Wonderfully artistic designs are seen in the bead-work of the Indian women, with an eye for the delicate blending of colors, and great skill and patience in executing.

Wampum is made of sea-shells, and the small and rare specimens, perforated and carefully strung, formed their celebrated wampum belts and necklaces. They are used, not

only for ornaments, but to commemorate treaties and to hand down the sayings of the wise men. The Onondagas have a famous belt, which is said to contain three-thousand beads. Wampum was also used as money. After the advent of the Jesuits, their necklaces were adorned with a silver cross. Though the figure of a cross was traced on some of the objects buried by the Mound-builders, yet it was said not to be the emblem of Christians, but intended to represent a star. Snow-shoes are an Indian invention, and the Indian baskets are beautifully and most wonderfully made, often with poor materials.

Their kindness and devotion to their children are well known, also to the captives whom they adopted into their tribes. But Indians never could be slaves, and they died of wounded pride when taken prisoners. Chateaubriand says: "The veneration of mankind for the tomb is a proof of the immortality of the soul. There, by an invisible charm, life is attached to death; there the human race declares itself superior to the rest of creation and proclaims aloud its lofty destinies." The devoted attention paid by the Indians to all their modes of burial, the affection they manifest for the graves of their ancestors, prove that they, no less than Christian and cultivated races, deeply feel this sentiment.

Cremation is preferred by many tribes, and the customs connected with it are similar to those of the ancient Romans and other nations. The Senecas-Iroquois place with their dead a cup, candles, pipe and tobacco, the latter being especially associated with their ideas of bliss on earth. The Romans prepared a mixture of flour and honey to pacify the dog Cerberus, who awaited the coming of the shades of the departed ones, and guarded alike the entrance to Hades and the Elysian Fields. They threw spices and perfume upon the funeral pyre, and the Indians also placed with their dead many precious things dear to them in life, with the hunter his bow and arrows, with the warrior his hatchet and his tomahawk, with the lovely young princess her necklace of wampum and all her silver ornaments. The Romans placed a coin on the lips of the dead, wherewith to pay the pale boatman Charon to row them across the Styx, the River of Death. Cremation in history dates back to the Theban War. The Hindoos, Greeks, Jews and Chinese have practiced it, as well as the Romans and Indians. Now in our modern times it has again found favor in the eyes of those

who wish to forestall the inevitable decay of the frail shell that wraps for a brief time the undying spirit.

Embalming was also practiced by some tribes of Indians, but principally for their great Sachems. Their ideas in this were similar to those of the Egyptians, who believed, as they were taught by their priests, that after thousands of years the soul would return to the body, if unchanged. But no ponderous tomb that ever yet was reared by human skill could outlast the ceaseless march, the gnawing tooth of time. The mighty monument of Cheops, when rolled away, revealed but a handful of dust, all that was mortal of the mighty monarch who vainly sought to avoid the universal doom. Byron, speaking of the vanity of human ambition, says apropos to this:

“Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
When but a pinch of dust remains of Cheops!”

Aquatic burial was a favored custom with a few of the North American Indians. Some of the tribes of New-York used canoes for coffins. They were then consigned to the waves. This custom we also find in ancient history, for Balder the Beautiful, a Scandinavian demi-god, was placed in a magnificent ship, and his attendants set fire to it, with all its costly offerings, and then allowed it to float into the sea. Longfellow says:

“They laid him on his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger
And whispered in his ear.
They launched the burning ship!
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more.”

Alaric, the Visigoth, was buried in the river Busentinus. His followers forced their captives to turn the river aside from its course and make his grave in its vacant bed. Many of the magnificent trophies of his conquests were buried with him. Then they turned the waters back again, and the spot was forever hidden from the knowledge of men by the cruel execution of those who had performed the funeral

services. Only the river, rippling on forever, sings for him an eternal requiem. The strange barbaric splendor of this burial thus inspired our own Edward Everett:

“But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign’s urn,
A resting-place forever there;
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said
Until the deep gives up its dead.
My course was like a river deep,
And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed;
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.”

Ferdinand De Soto, the gallant discoverer of the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, found his eternal rest beneath its waves. Sad was the ending to a life of fevered search for gold and fame. At midnight, to the mournful chanting of the priests, they laid him in his lonely grave. The famous navigator, Henry Hudson, who first sailed on our majestic river, for aught we know, rests beneath the waters of Hudson’s Bay. After great endeavors and disappointments he perished miserably and mysteriously. Bancroft says: “The gloomy waste of waters which bears his name is his tomb and his monument.”

Tree burial also dates back to past ages, as well as cremation. It was said to originate in the idea that the soul was in the form of a bird, and could fly back to its home on earth more easily than if imprisoned in the cold, dark ground. Morgan says one mode of burial practiced by the Iroquois was to place their dead on high trees or scaffolds until wasted to skeletons, then to take them back to their homes, and thus they kept them from one generation to another. After long years, or in war times, they placed them all together, and this is probably the origin of some of the Indian mounds. Great mystery, however, always surrounded these mounds, for explorers tell that in the South some have been discovered which indicate a knowledge of Masonic rites. The custom of the Iroquois in decking their dead friends for the tomb is well described by Schiller:

“See on his mat, as if of yore,
 How lifelike sits he here;
 With the same aspect that he wore
 When life to him was dear.
 Here bring the last gifts; loud and shrill
 Wail death-dirge of the brave!
 What pleased him most in life may still
 Give pleasure in the grave.
 The paints that decked the dead bestow,
 Aye, place them in his hand,
 That red the kingly shade may glow
 Amid the spirit band.”

The Mohawks buried their dead in an upright position, and Black Hawk, though an Illinois Chieftain, was interred in this way, with everything placed in his grave to make easy his journey to the happy hunting-grounds. The Senecas built a fire on the grave at night, for a time, to light the spirit on its journey. In times long ago they captured a bird and loosed it at the grave on the burial day to carry away the spirit to the regions of heavenly rest. After a certain number of moons they ceased to mourn and lament, believing that it had entered the place of eternal happiness. They can not endure to hear the names of their dead, some of them believing that the body writhes in the grave at every mention of the word.

The gradual vanishing of the Indian race before the march of the white men has often been pathetically told by the chiefs of their tribes in a style of grand and touching simplicity. I was always deeply impressed with the eloquence of Black Hawk, Logan and Red Jacket. Said the last: “Brothers, our seats were once large, and yours very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets.”

And the aged Pushmataha, when he felt that he might not live to return from the council at Washington, said: “My children will walk through the forests, and the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring up in the trails, but Pushmataha will hear not. He will see the flowers no more. He will be gone. His people will know that he is dead. The news will come to their ears as the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.” We can well imagine the few surviving ones, when they reflect on the contrast of their past with their present state, feeling all the more deeply “what they

can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal," the sentiment Mrs. Hemans describes in "The Aged Indian's Lament":

" Sons of the brave, delay no more,
The spirits of thy kindred call;
'T is but one pang, and all is o'er!
O! bid the aged cedar fall,
To join the brethren of his prime,
The mighty of departed time!"

Silent, like a benediction from Heaven, softly descending on the forest wilds of America, was the coming of the Jesuit Missionaries from the Old World. All along the Indian trails the banner of Jesus was unfurled, and the standard of the Holy Cross was raised in the deep forest's shade and met the eye of the savage, in whose breast it raised gentle thoughts of suffering and immortality. Travelers in foreign countries, like Spain and Italy, where on the trees of the wayside the crucifix is nailed, tell how the passer-by pauses in his path to kneel, and at the sweet sounds of the vesper bell heads are reverently uncovered. Is there not in these silent things a greater eloquence than the most learned can speak? And if so, what pen can estimate the beauty and the worth of the works of the Jesuit Missionaries? The world must give homage to the heroic devotion which inspired these men of high descent to leave their homes, to renounce their fortunes and all the joys of life, for suffering and death, in exile to an unknown land. With what astonishment the native savages must have gazed upon the mysterious ceremonies of the Mass! And about this very time, in 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

Singularly contrasted in all ways with the cultured and courtly Jesuits were this rigid and unbending sect. Madame Roland exclaimed on her way to the scaffold: "Oh, Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!" And how truly may this be said of religion, for, if the prejudiced Protestants can quote against Catholic zeal the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, what can they say in defense of the burning of witches and other cruelties practiced by the men who came here, not only to worship God in their own way, but to deprive, as far as lay in their power, all others of the same glorious privilege? In the annals of every country are enrolled the bright names of heroes, soldiers and statesmen, poets and philosophers, and sometimes, when a great man

passes from this mortal sphere, more than one place claims the honor of his birth, as

“Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.”

More dazzling than all military glory, more splendid than any achievement of genius, is the immortal record of such names as Loyola, Marquette, Joliet, and hosts of others who sacrificed their lives in the eternal warfare against evil forces. The mighty founder of the Jesuit Order, Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde, known to the world as Ignatius Loyola, was the son of a Spanish nobleman, Don Beltran of Oñez. He was born in 1491, and in boyhood was a page in the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Always of a romantic, chivalric and ardent character, he was for some years a brilliant and adventurous soldier. But, after receiving severe wounds in battle, the solitude of long illness led him to meditate on the next world, and he is said to have had special visions and grace accorded by the heavenly spirit. After a life spent in arduous toil and most wonderful self-sacrifice, he joined in 1556 the great company of saints and martyrs to which he rightfully belonged.

The tremendous power wielded by the Order of Jesus was devoted to the greatest good and happiness of mankind. Its leaders were not only the instructors of youth, but the refuge of the disconsolate of all persuasions and all ages. The leading Jesuits, in order to carry out their schemes, were often conspicuous figures in the social life of the European capitals. Some brilliant novelists of the last century have frequently introduced a fascinating and accomplished Catholic Priest as one of the principal characters. It is well known that the Catesby of Disraeli's “Lothair” is Monsignor Capel, who was so popular here in America a few years since, both in the pulpit and the beau-monde. The life of Marquette has a very pathetic interest, and his lonely death before a wayside altar forever hallows the spot which now bears his name.

Robert Cavalier De La Salle, of Normandie, was one of the most heroic of the nobly-born adventurers who ever came to this region. He gave up wealth assured and high position at home to place himself under the guidance of the Jesuit Fathers, and at the early age of twenty-three he encountered in the New World privations and trials which

would in a short time have crushed any but the bravest heart. He won great renown for having been the first to launch a ship upon our western lakes, on the 7th of August, 1679. Great must have been the wonder of the Indians as they saw this marvelous creation of man's skill and patience, proudly bearing aloft the banner of France and sweeping gracefully over those waters which had hitherto known only the light impress of the swift canoe. This famous and ill-starred ship was called "Le Griffon," and though, like many another gallant bark, it was wrecked and lost, yet the name of the dauntless hero who built it will be imperishable. Assassinated by one of his companions, in whose breast he had inspired the malignant envy that superiority ever must expect, he did not in this world attain the slightest reward for the martyr-like courage displayed. But since

"Nothing walks with aimless feet,
And not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete,"

what recompense beyond our frail powers to dream must await such spirits as the *Sieur De La Salle*!

Strange scenes were witnessed some years later in this vicinity, and what was then known as New France, now Canada, when the traders, clad in their richest furs, guided by the voyageurs who, like the gondoliers of Venice, caroled gaily as they rowed, and the Indians with their bright moccasins, their plumes and beads, all held revels together, on those occasions when the barbarous and civilized wished to harter and exchange their products. The settlement of Western New York began soon after Washington caused the overthrow of the Six Nations, and peace was declared. The land we live on is familiarly known, to all law students especially, as the Holland Purchase. Eleven merchants of Amsterdam in Batavia bought in the New World lands, which they had never seen, of Robert Morris, a man famous in the early annals of our country. He was at the helm in all financial affairs during the Revolution of the Colonies, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His life well illustrates the fickleness of the Goddess of Fortune, whom the ancients always painted as turning a wheel, showing that all who were up would surely go down

in its ceaseless revolution. Our modern poets, too, still refer to the mythical dame, for Tennyson says:

“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud,
Turn thy wild wheel in sunshine, storm and cloud!”

Owning at one time almost the whole of Western New York, this great and benevolent man found himself not long before his death in such altered circumstances that he found it difficult to pay the postage on a letter to a friend.

Charles the Second of England, the man “who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one,” granted to his brother, the Duke of York, in 1664, along with other lands, the province which is now our Empire State. This unhappy prince, afterwards James the Second, thus gave to us his early name. In London may still be seen the original Charter, with the royal signature, conveying from one brother to the other the most valuable grant then in the power of England’s King. Long after one pageant after another has passed away, the savage with his first possession, the royal assumption of ownership, the pioneer’s struggle for the soil, a faded paper still outlasts them all, with its proud bestowal of a vast tract of that earth of which monarch and savage can now but own a grave. All else remains, man alone must perish. As the title to the land rested in the monarch whose subjects first discovered it, the rulers of Europe vied with each other in sending their most daring spirits to explore the country which they expected would realize their burning dreams of wealth and fame, Spain first, then England, Portugal, France and Holland. More of romance and poetry are associated with the Spanish adventurers than all others. The story of Ponce De Leon and his search for the Fountain of Youth will forever be remembered:

“A voyager withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles in quest of a country of gold.”

The legend tells how the Indian sages told De Leon of a bright country, where from crystal waters rose fairy islands laden with gold and gems, of which one, called Bimini, was filled with the most enchanting grottoes, and in the midst of a most beautiful bower of undying roses sprang a fountain, the waters of which bestowed the gift of eternal youth on whoever quaffed of their sparkling flow. They told him the aged would become young again, and the dying would revive and arise in eternal strength and beauty. De Leon

was old and the world was receding from his grasp; he longed with a fever unutterable for one goblet of that enchanted water from the Fountain of Youth. So on sailed the Spanish bark, past Spice Islands and by forests where gorgeous birds gaily flitted and sung, ever in search of the fabled waters. In dreams he tasted them, in dreams he saw the sparkle of the Golden Islands. At last, in death, his eyes saw clearer, and he knew that in Heaven alone was the Fountain of Eternal Youth.

Robert Morris bought this land from Massachusetts, for there had been a contest between that State and New York for proprietorship, owing to a grant, in 1620, by James the First of England to the Plymouth Council. He afterwards purchased the Indian title of the Senecas in 1792. The Holland Purchase is now divided into eight counties: Allegany, Wyoming, Genesee, Orleans, Cattaraugus, Erie, Chautauqua and Niagara. The word "Niagara" was, after thirty-nine different modes of spelling, at last pronounced as now in the time of Marquis De Nonville. It means "Thunder of Waters."

Courage and hope must have burned brightly in the breasts of our first settlers, for, when we pause to look back on the perils that environed them, the obstacles they encountered, their magnitude overwhelms us from the vantage ground where we calmly survey the scene, as it now lies before us, and contrast it with that early time. There were almost impenetrable forests, through which a way must be hewn with the woodman's axe. There were the jealous and sometimes treacherous Indians, who, though generally good neighbors, must have felt the superior race to be intruders on their domain. There were the wild beasts prowling near those lonely dwellings in the wilderness. There were the chills and fever which lurk in the earth's recesses to fasten their insidious grasp upon the toiler's frame. When all these were but half conquered, then the terrors of war overwhelmed them. As the settlement of the Holland Purchase began about ten years after the Revolution, there was an interregnum of but twenty years from their first struggle with the great forces of Nature for existence to the time when they were compelled to

"Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
To grasp the rifle and the bayonet blade."

When the smoke of battle had rolled away, there were still great labors to perform, chief of which in this section was the building of the Erie Canal, of which we are still so justly proud. The locks, from which our city takes its name of Lockport, are a wonderful exhibition of human skill, patience and endurance. I believe they were fairly begun in 1817, and that the first boat, called the "Seneca Chief," created a tremendous excitement. They were not finished until some years later, however. The name of Governor De Witt Clinton is inseparably connected with this step in the great onward march of improvement. Many other illustrious names are also associated with this monument of industry, among them that of Jesse Hawley, who is said to have first proposed it, and who now sleeps in the old burying ground of Cold Springs. The joyous jubilee which marked the first navigation in 1825 is one of the bright memories of the fast vanishing pioneers.

CHAPTER II.

ERIN.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

FAIR county of Niagara! Place of my birth and scene of my happy youthful days, if in earlier years I vainly dreamed that beyond thy green fields and bright waters some higher destiny awaited me and mine, if I restlessly longed to escape from my native City of the Locks and enjoy the glories of the great world beyond, hear me now, when I declare that the experience of a quarter of a century, with its smiles and tears, its storms, its battles and its disappointments, has proved to me the worth and devotion of my childhood's friends! Heart-sick and world-weary, I found in my old home the truest and best sympathy. When, like Rachel, I wept and would not be comforted, because my first-born, the idol of my life, was snatched away, the responsive tear in the eye of a school-mate was more to me than all the

gracious words of condolence I received from the highest of the land. Here, at her own wish, my beautiful Maud was brought when she knew that her early doom was sealed. Here my darling sleeps, and here we now hope to stay until

“ Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o’er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.”

“ Through Sorrow’s night, and Danger’s path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of an injured King
Are marching to the tomb.”

Thus wrote the melancholy young poet, Henry Kimbrough White; and all reflecting minds must feel, not only that brief is the longest period of life allotted here, but how dark and uncertain is the way. This lesson was early learned by me, for I come of a short-lived race, having already survived all but two of a once large family. In the older countries it is deemed a proud boast to be the descendant of a lineage of high degree, to wear the coronet, to be a baron or Earl. Yet one of England’s novelists has well defined the meaning of rank. He says, if rank consists of being proud of the achievements of one’s grandfather, or distant ancestors thereby having it at second-hand or twenty-second-hand, why not be still prouder to have it at first-hand, to make one’s own rank and name? As Robert Burns says:

“ The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

Lord Lytton, too, gives as his opinion, in one of his novels, that “the grandest of all patents of nobility is one which nature confers.” How unmistakably the presignet of genius is set upon the brow of some who spring from the humblest origin! And, alas! how often is its possessor doomed to a life of misery and disappointment, while the longed-for laurels are only brought to fade upon a silent tomb! Johnson, Goldsmith and Dryden, no chill poverty, no dreaded to-morrow haunts them now. Sheridan in his narrow house, dreads no sheriff’s writ. Chatterton forgotten those hours of despair in his lonely garret, and the sweet poet of the Scottish people, Robert Burns, may be laid down from his bright home above the stars and smile to see his lowly thatched roof become a pilgrim’s shrine, and

goblet on which he one day inscribed a careless rhyme, thus incurring the wrath of the ignorant Lord who owned it, now treasured as a precious relic by the remnant of the family, who, were it not for this incident, would now be totally forgotten. Here in the New World we carve our own names on the tablets of time, and though no court enslaves, and no titles allure us, yet we love to keep those names bright and unspotted. Perchance, after all, with a feeling somewhat akin to this described in the song from Don Cæsar:

“I only ask of this proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,
That I, the last, may not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.”

I have always thought myself rarely blessed in my parents. They came from Ireland, in early youth, and settled in the village of Lockport when it was a comparative wilderness. I believe the Irish race to be possessed of the highest mental and moral attributes of any people on earth. Ireland has been well called the land of deathless friendship and immortal love. Under the most cruel conditions of slavery and wrong ever endured by any nation under Heaven, she has yet produced the sweetest songs, the brightest wit, the grandest eloquence in all the world. The greatest genius England ever knew, Lord Byron, felt in his boyhood a noble and generous sympathy for the suffering country so wrongfully oppressed by his own. The only speech he made in Parliament, before he sailed for sunnier lands, was an appeal to right her wrongs. I believe Byron deplored England's treatment of the unfortunate in all times, for his matchless poem of *Childe Harold* rings with scorn of Wellington and the cruel jailors of the caged eagle, Bonaparte.

My very earliest remembrances are of Ireland's chiefs and kings, and the wondrous tales of their valor, as I eagerly listened on long winter evenings to my father's glowing recitals, are blended in my mind with Napoleon's battles, and I remember gazing on a picture of an Irish Chieftain, wrapped in a green velvet cloak, and sitting on an impossible bank, with the harp of Erin beside him, fully believing him to be quite equal to the great Napoleon. His name, famous in the annals of his country, was Brian Borroigme, Monarch of Ireland, and Hero of Clontarf. Moore has immortalized him in the song, “Remember the glories of the

Brave." My father was a hero in the battle of life, as a friend of later years expressed it, an every-day hero, who marched to victory without the sound of the bugle. My mother was a woman of remarkable intellect. For her family she felt the devotion of an angel and the courage of a martyr. She left a home of luxury to share her husband's lowly fortunes, and never did she have cause to regret her fate. For many years, apparently forgotten by her own family, she found hope and consolation in her children.

And of those who grew up in the influence of this loving home, at least one would have done honor to the sublime self-sacrifices made there, and the ardent ambition that burned like the fire at some ancient altar, pure and undying. I refer to my brother, James Horace Corbitt, who was generally admitted to be a superb specimen of physical and mental perfection. Possessed of classic beauty of face and form, his rare scholarship and his genial and courteous manners made him the idol of his brief day. He passed away at the early age of twenty-six, in the year 1865, a most memorable year to me, for it was then, only a month before his death, that my angel Maud came,

"Maud, the beloved of my mother,
The moon-faced darling of all."

It is proverbial that grandparents are even more tender and patient with their grandchildren than with their own offspring, and Maud seemed, with her unconscious charm, to sooth the awful anguish of that time. They are all happy together in Heaven now, and I am still in the very thick of the battle, but little then did they dream that one day I, too, would drain that same bitter cup. The year 1865 was in other ways an eventful one to me, for my husband's political career may be said to date from that time, as he was then elected to the State Senate of New York. Before I attempt to describe the people whom we afterwards met, and who became associated and identified with our lives and the history of those years, let Memory, like the fabled magic mirror of the necromancer, produce at will the forms and scenes of the far distant past, not only of my native village, but of the "old country" whose story of sorrow saddened my childish mind, whose fabled Banshees I heard in every wailing wind, and whose sprites and fairies I dreamed of on midsummer nights.

Though the Lockport of to-day would be considered as greatly advanced from the village of my first recollections, yet we all, on growing old, are apt to fancy that our surroundings in youth possessed a certain glamour, and often remark "It was not so when I was young!"

"When I was young !

Ah, woeful when, that I should say when I was young;

Life went a-Maying with Nature, Hope and Poesy, when I was young."

In all human destiny, however humble, there is some romance, and truth is stranger than fiction, as the old proverb says; but some lives are more darkly mingled with storm and tragedy than others, and I believe that superiority, or distinction of any kind, must be paid for in a corresponding degree of suffering. Not only that highly-wrought natures feel more keenly the extremes of joy and sorrow, but one must pay an inevitable penalty for glory; and more especially is this true of political success. I have often wondered why the most colossal fortunes, with all their gorgeous environments, should not arouse the serpents of envy and hatred that forever hiss around the statesman's path. I also think that certain people have a strange magnetism or atmosphere of attraction about them, owing to the fact that they are, or have been, destined to great trials. This fancy, which has often occurred to me, I have recently seen very well described in a novel called the "Right Honorable." It speaks of the heroine as being marked by the Cross of Destiny. Such people have a charm beyond youth, beyond beauty; it is the mystic power of the soul.

I suppose I must have inherited from my ancestors of the Emerald Isle my ardent love of poetry and romance. From childhood's days the queens and heroes of Walter Scott's novels were as real to me as the people by whom I was surrounded; I mourned the sad fortunes of the beautiful Mary Stuart; in fancy I saw her in those sunny youthful days, when life was a shining pageant, in which she was the most dazzling figure, and which, even now, across the centuries, her very name illumines; or again, as a cruel fate bore her far from those happy shores, and she gazed through tears at the dear France, whose fast receding hills she would never more behold; or at cold and dismal Holyrood as, in some dark hour, overcome by the remembrance of youth's brief dreams and blasted hopes, she bade the minstrel Rizzio touch

the lute, and with the songs of early days, the bright days at Navarre, charm her into a blissful reverie and oblivion of the dreary surroundings in Scotland. In dreams I heard the dying cry of Rizzio and saw the false and treacherous face of Darnley, when she turned upon him in the majesty of beauty and outraged pride, and, crushing back the tears, vowed she would no longer weep, but think of revenge; or, with a few loyal knights around her, as she made one last desperate struggle for deliverance from foes within and foes without, only to see her royal banner stricken down, her brave troops routed, and herself a fugitive, thrown for protection on England's hostile shores, and falling into the murderous grasp of her direst foe, Elizabeth.

And the last terrible scene at Fotheringay, when the long captivity was ended, and the treachery of the infamous Elizabeth came to its climax in the murder of her lovely and defenseless victim! Imagination, so powerful in youth, pictured to me the scaffold, the headsman with his awful axe, as the beautiful Queen of Scots, with the inspired courage that befitted one about to step beyond all the thrones of this world, passed on to her doom. Decked in sable robes was the fair form, and a white veil fell softly over her, and the cross she loved so well, the emblem of her religion, hung from her neck. She died for two reasons, perhaps, but I think Elizabeth would have forgiven her claim to the triple crown, and even her Catholicity, sooner than her beauty. That loveliness, which wove a spell on all the world, which holds it yet, even though three-hundred years have past, was not a thing an ugly woman could endure to look upon. "The fatal gift of beauty!" said Byron while in Italy. In these few words lies embodied the wisdom of all the sages. As the world seldom tolerates genius until after the death of its possessor, so rare beauty is a thing people do not like to see. If it meets an early grave, it is well, but woe be unto the few who survive, for their roads are over burning plowshares, and they shall never know justice or mercy.

I watched with Rebecca at the window of the castle where the wounded Ivanhoe lay, listening to the news of the battle. I saw the raven plume of Richard Cœur De Leon, as he swept on to victory. "The Black Knight's thundering blows are heard above all the din and shouts of the battle; stones and beams are hurled down on the bold champion; he regards them no more than if they were

thistle-down or feathers!" said Rebecca. "By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!" The story and character of Richard the Lion-Hearted have not failed in my mind, but still flash to my remembrance, when I see one man defend himself against many foes. Greatness and valor always arouse traitors and ingrates to opposition, but all history shows that, after long exile and heroic suffering, the leader comes to his own again. And who then are so ready to fawn and flatter as the wretches who have attempted the role of assassins?

With Byron, in his immortal Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, I seemed to see every historic spot, and thought him then as now, "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme." Of all the myriads who have viewed the scenes he so magnificently describes, who could portray them in any way to rival him? He had, and has, no peer. What he wrote of Sheridan may be well applied to himself: "Nature made but one such man and broke the die." Our native poet, Longfellow, has beautifully said:

"We have two worlds about us, within us and without us;
Without the somber real;
Within our heart of hearts the beautiful ideal."

Who, that can roam at pleasure in the land of the ideal, even though it prove at times a worldly disadvantage, would ever resign the blissful privilege? Who that has drank at the Castalian water would ever slake his thirst at common founts again? Steep are the slippery heights of Parnassus, but blest are they who can bring from the fabled mount even "one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant." Having in my cradle heard the humming of the Attic bees, although they never alighted near enough for inspiration, it is not strange that the remembrance of every incident of my early life, and of every friend of those days, should be tinged with the radiant hues of romance. Time but enhances the charm, and my heart thrills with grateful tenderness as I recall those vanished years.

Nothing that I have ever read in novels or witnessed in dramas has ever impressed me more than the following occurrence of my childhood. As I have already said, my mother's family were estranged from her for years after her marriage, and in the cares and struggles of life in a new

country she could not always still the longing to see once more some one of her own kindred. She had often told us of her brother Bernard, who had been educated at Maynooth College for the priesthood, and whom she had not seen in many long years. In some indirect way it was rumored that he had come to this country and settled in New-Orleans, and this aroused in her mind a hope that they would meet again, and all would be forgiven. So one day I opened the door for a stranger, who inquired for my mother, and so enchanted was I at first sight that, if I had been told he was a wandering emperor in disguise, I should have deemed it quite fitting and probable. Since that day of long ago I have met many of the world's distinguished men. But never one whose address was so charming, whose manners were so absolutely faultless. With all the polished grace of a Chesterfield, he possessed an indefinable personal fascination, which I now think was always associated with a deep sentiment of melancholy. For a Roman Catholic Priest it is a misfortune to possess a genial nature and a warm and generous heart. For the born anchorite the path is easy, but, alas! what thorns await him who is allured to touch the few roses which blossom in life's dreary desert! When I presented him to my mother, she did not recognize him at all, and he, fearing the shock of excitement which might be caused by the sudden revival of ties long severed, the vibration of strings in the harp of life so long silent, at first spoke gently and cautiously to her of her brother, saying he had met him in the South. He then said adieu for a few hours, promising to come later in the evening, as he was stopping with a party of travelers at the "Eagle Tavern," which many old settlers of Lockport will remember. It was burned down not long afterwards, in what was then considered a great fire. The name became fixed in my mind, as I often chanced to hear allusions made to it, in later times, by people who had visited Lockport in those early days of its history. No sooner had he departed than some look or tone, not fully seen or felt at the moment, flashed over the mind of my mother. She exclaimed, "I believe it is Bernard himself!" And how we all watched for his return!

"No lovelorn swain in ladies' bower
E'er panted for the appointed hour"

as we to meet the dear kinsman of whom we had heard so much.

When at last he appeared, he was attired in the long black soutane, the distinctive robe of the priesthood, and looked more distingué than ever, being completely transformed from the elegant man of the world he appeared before. He was pale with emotion, and his musical voice faltered, as he turned to my mother and said, "Well, Anne, do you know me now?" She threw herself into his arms, and in the tears which followed the estrangement of years was blotted out forever. The melody of his voice I can never forget. Indeed it is a great charm. As Byron says:

"The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

So might it be when dangerously used, but when it has issued from the lips of those we love, and when we hear those tones no more on earth, we can only hope they will fall unchanged on our listening ears in that home where farewells are never uttered. After a life such as the gods of old were said to favor, that is, evenly checkered with good and evil fortune, a life full of adventure and romance, now quaffing the nectar of joy, and anon draining the gall and wormwood of penance, after all the brilliant social triumphs in his loved home in Ireland, and all the gay world of New Orleans and the West, he died, in the very prime of life, at Keene, New Hampshire. He is buried here in Lockport, beside my mother, though all the others of his family are resting beyond the blue ocean. But that matters not now, for,

"Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

As the sound of some dear familiar air, heard on a foreign shore, is said to awaken memories of distant home, so to me the very mention of Erin's green banner, so tear-stained and trampled, the sight of the shamrock's sacred leaf, or the sad, sweet wail of the Irish harp, recalls the days of long ago when I sat, a child, at my dear father's knee, and listened entranced to the stories of the chieftains, bards and kings of ancient times. The love of the land of our ancestors burns deeper with the memory of her wrongs. So the children of the Green Isle will forever keep as fresh as her emerald verdure the hope of final vengeance.

“Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red-Branch knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.”

This verse is the epitome of Irish history and might be the nucleus of a volume. The name Erin, or Eire, is said to have signified western. But the Island has been called by so many names, fanciful and poetic, as well as those founded on ancient history, that it is difficult to give a reason for them. By some the first syllable, the Runic term for a bow, is thought to mean that it was to be designated as the land of the bow, as the Irish were famous experts in archery. Again, it is supposed to mean in the English tongue the land of Ire, or anger, as there was so much discord. And, surely, the English, from the sad hour in which they first set foot there, gave them little chance for harmony. Milesius, ancestor of the ancient Irish, had a son called Ir, which may account for this name. The origin of Hibernia, the name so often given in song, is unknown, though some trace it to Hebor, another son of Milesius. And others trace it to the name of Iberia, for the Scythians, a wandering race, were also called Iberians. And as the Spaniards are descended directly from the Iberians, and as some of them settled in France also, it is thus that the connection is traced between the shamrock of Erin, the olive of Spain and the fleur-de-lis of France.

The mists of fable and antiquity now hang thickly over those ancient days. But the records of the bards, who dwelt in every chieftain's hall, have been handed down and preserved carefully by their posterity. “A tale of the times of old. The deeds of days of other years,” said Ossian. According to him, the bards were believed to be inspired, and their harps were said to give forth a prophetic sound before the death of a person worthy of renown.

“The lone blast touched their trembling strings,
The sound was sad and low.”

And before a battle “The awful faces of other times looked down from the clouds of Crona.” The deep regret of my childhood was that I was not born in that lovely and sorrow-

ful land, with its ruined castles, its wild hills and romantic streams. And never can I forget the pathos of my mother's voice, singing one of the Irish melodies which so sweetly expressed the feelings of the exiles at their departure for that free land they had heard described in such flowery terms:

“As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked back
 To that dear isle 't was leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts as on we rove
 To those we left behind us.”

My protest against the cruelty and treachery of the English Government is, I know too well, as powerless as the moanings of the sea on the shore of the afflicted Green Isle, but I am proud to know that the harp of Erin was awakened to strains immortal by the genius of Moore; that the laurels he won are unfading, and that no country can boast of brighter names than those of the sons of Ireland. Though I yield to no one in the pride I feel in my native land of America, the most glorious government the world has ever seen, yet, while life lasts, I shall sadly dream of the beautiful Island of my ancestors and her mournful story of woes. In rehearsing briefly here the drama of her wrongs, I hope to stir some chord in the breasts of those who have judged harshly of her destiny, and blamed the impulsive character of her people for so much of her disaster. The reasons for her forlorn condition all seem so clear to me, from first to last, and I have been deeply pained to feel that some of the friends, who loved me fondly and truly, yet despised the race from which I sprung. But I glory in the thought that in the veins of my children flows what I feel to be the best blood on earth. Saints, heroes, kings, chieftains and bards have shone like bright stars in the sad history of Erin, and I hope that, if I do not live to see her sun of freedom rise, my children will feel somewhat of the inspiration the noble Byron felt, expressed in these lines, written a few days before he laid down his life for Greece:

“Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!”

Since the History of England is familiar to all, young and old, and the story of Henry the Eighth, with his divorced and murdered wives, is spoken of as the herald of religious improvement; since his infamous daughter, Elizabeth, is lauded by able writers as a model sovereign, though really a woman steeped in the foulest crimes; since the daughters of James the Second, the Lear of later days, are styled good and pious, though they drove their own father to end his days in exile, dependent on the charity of the French King, it seems but just that the story of Ireland should be heard. Certainly the children who trace their ancestry to her should at least be familiar with her true history, and know to whom they were indebted for her glory, and whose brave young blood was shed in vain for her defense. Yes! dear to me is Niagara's glorious flow, and dear the memory of my childish days in our Lockport home, but blended with all this is a deep, though perhaps vain, desire to see the people of Ireland freed from the curse of oppression, to feel that the Shannon and the Boyne and the bright waters of Killarney reflect scenes of contentment, prosperity and peace, like those we enjoy under our own loved Star Spangled Banner. I would love to see the Sun-Burst of Erin torn from the Dragon and St. George of England. I would love to hear from her harp a joyous strain at last, instead of the perpetual lament of slavery! Gladstone, though thy days incline towards the setting of thy sun! Parnell, though care and pain have worn upon thee! live to see the reward of your labors, to know that Fame never yet wrote upon her tablets names so bright and blest as yours, if Home Rule should triumph once more, and o'er the deserted Parliament Hall in Dublin the shades of O'Connell, and Grattan, and Curran should smile again!

When our forefathers sailed from Spain, it had been foretold to them that in the western seas they should find an island called Innisfail, the "Island of Destiny."

"And, lo! where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen."

A tribe of Norwegians, who went to Ireland in early pagan times, brought with them the stone which gave the name of Innisfail. It was called the Stone of Destiny, and was

always used at the crowning of kings. The old superstition was that, if the stone was preserved, the same race would continue in power. In the thirteenth century it was stolen by Edward of England, and has ever since been used at the coronation of their kings, and is now in Westminster Abbey. The island is also called *Insula Sacra*, or *Sacred Island*, because there are no poisonous reptiles there, and sometimes "*The Island of the Betrayed*;" since the conquest of Limerick by the cruel William of Orange, the "*City of the Broken Treaty*."

The allusion to Malachi, a valiant king of the tenth century, illustrates the wearing of the collar of gold, and it is also told in ballads and legends that the Irish princes wore many pearls, which were found in great abundance on the shores. Why the chosen color of their banner was green, unless it be suggested by the emerald hue of the sod, has not been said. The banner on land was the Harp on the Green, probably to indicate the national love of music, and the ancient name for the sea-flag was the "*Sun-Burst of Erin*," sung by many a faithful bard, and in our times glorified by the verse of Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South. The history of Knights of the Red Branch dates back to pagan days, long before good Saint Patrick the patron saint of Ireland, came to tell the story of our Savior. This was in the fifth century A. D. Around this figure, familiar to the whole civilized world and emblazoned on countless church windows in so many lands, hovers a halo of romance which seems to idealize the lovely story of his life on earth. As he is always represented with the serpent crushed beneath his feet, this is thought by some historians to be allegorical of the triumph of good over evil. But as it was the serpent who destroyed the purity and bliss of Eden, it would seem as though Ireland, more than any spot on earth, was destined to be happy and innocent until the fatal day when the English came, and the banished reptile triumphed once more.

Saint Patrick, or Patricius, as Pope Celestine called him, baptized the kings and converted all Ireland to Christianity. Patricius, from the Roman "*patrician*," signifying a member of the Roman nobility, has been strangely metamorphosed here in America as a term of reproach and contempt, with no apparent reason. The precise spot of his birth is unknown, but he was of Roman origin, of the family of

Calphurnius, and was first taken captive to Ireland at the age of sixteen. Oliver Cromwell, of accursed memory, caused his soldiers to scatter and destroy the relics and bones of this patron saint. Saint Patrick used the leaf of the shamrock to illustrate the Trinity, and so it became the emblem of Ireland.

“The chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin’s native shamrock.”

And from this mystic emerald trefoil the serpent’s envenomed head forever shrinks.

The famous Wars of the Roses, though they kept England involved in bloodshed, yet had a sweet and fragrant mission, worthy of the name, in that they delayed for a time the fastening of Ireland’s chains. Flowers are beautiful and typical of love and hope, or of despair and death ; but, when the rose is used, as it was in England, to distinguish the rival adherents of a civil war, it seems strangely inappropriate. The ancient Greeks and Romans entwined roses and myrtle for the brows of the revelers at joyous banquets, but they never bore them to scenes of blood and carnage, though they crowned the victors with them on their triumphal return. It was always very difficult for me to remember to whom the red rose or the white rose belonged, and I could only properly assign the red rose to the House of Lancaster, and the white rose to the House of York, by the recollection of a charming little verse sent by a Cavalier of the York faction to his sweetheart at Lancaster:

“If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
’Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.
But if thy ruby lips it spy,
As kiss it thou may’st deign,
With envy pale ’twill lose its dye
And Yorkish turn again.”

The succession of Henry the Fourth of England, who was Duke of Lancaster, begun the Wars of the Roses, the first battle being fought against him by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, A. D. 1455, and these feuds, which interrupted for many years the complete conquest of Ireland, did not end till the reign of Henry the Seventh, who married Elizabeth of York.

Good, an English priest of the sixteenth century, having lived many years in Ireland, said: "They are a nation to be prized for their strength, and particularly for the activity of their bodies; for a greatness of soul; they are witty and warlike, prodigal of life, hardy in bearing fatigue, cold and hunger; courteous and kind to strangers, constant in their love; hating also, seldom forgiving, too credulous, greedy of glory, and quick to resent injuries and insults." Another historian says: "The Irish are the most patient in fatigue, the most warlike; rarely do they suffer themselves to be cast down, even in their heaviest afflictions."

Sir Jonah Barrington says in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation": "The Irish peasant has, at all periods, been peculiarly distinguished for unbounded but indiscriminate hospitality, which, though actually devoted to the necessities of a friend, is never denied by him even to the distresses of an enemy. To be in want or misery is the best recommendation to his disinterested protection; his food, his bed, his raiment are equally the stranger's and his own; and the deeper the distress the more welcome is the sufferer to the peasant's cottage. His attachments to his kindred are of the strongest nature. The social duties are intimately blended with the natural disposition of an Irish peasant; though covered with rags, oppressed with poverty and perhaps with hunger, the finest specimens of generosity and heroism are to be found in his unequalled character." Indeed, hospitality, often carried to excess and ruin, is a characteristic of the entire people.

The Milesians, or ancient Irish, trace by chronicle and tradition their descent to the sixth generation of Noah. They claim that their chief, Gaodhal, was cured of a serpent's bite by the touch of the wand of the prophet Moses, who had foretold that the land destined to be inhabited by his posterity would be forever free from reptiles. This accords with the prediction of the Druids. This people were driven from Egypt, went to Spain for many years, and it was not until the eighth generation that Milesius settled in Ireland. Magog, the son of Noah, once occupied Scythia, now Tartary, and from him were descended both the Gadelians and Milesians. The Gaelic or Celtic race, of Asiatic origin, are now found in Ireland, France, Wales and Scotland, and many points of similarity can be traced to this day in their descendants, especially in the Irish and the French.

The ceremonies of the Druids, those priests and prophets of ancient days, are now noted only by the poet and scarcely touched even by the historian. It is said that the traces of their mystic circles can be found now in only one place in England and in the Isle of Wight. They always selected oak trees for the theater of their rites. The Milesians thought the word "Druid" meant "oak." At all events, they have given to those trees an interest similar to that felt by the Greeks, who thought them sacred to Jupiter, and that the mistletoe which grew from them was sacred also, being considered an antidote to disease. In Ireland, in the early times, the Druids were like the Magi to the Persians, the Chaldeans to the Assyrians. They had great faith in their predictions and held them in the highest reverence. And, later, convents were built near oak trees in the time after Ireland was converted to Christianity, as though some divine protection dwelt in the sturdy and enduring branches and leaves of the mystic tree, sacred to the gods of old.

After the Milesians went from Spain into Ireland, there was only one king reigning for many years; then they changed to the custom of having four, and sometimes five, kings to rule over the provinces. However, these were all subject to one, and the provincial kings submitted all disputes to him. All this was in pagan times. Finally the revolt of the plebeians against the nobility causing internal factions, the attacks of the Normans rent the kingdom and so depleted its unity and strength that the way was made easy for the great innovations of the twelfth century. That was a woeful time for Ireland! Never since then has she known real tranquillity, for, though often deluded by hope, 'twas but to be again crushed by dark despair. Like a victim on the rack, enough cordial has been pressed to her lips to keep her from perishing, and she has been kept alive to endure and suffer more than all other nations on the earth. Will her star of liberty ever dawn? Will the hateful English chains ever be unbound? This early time, sung in the wandering minstrel's lay, the time of the chiefs and clansmen, of the hards who chanted the praises of great men and their families and perpetuated the record of their heroic deeds, of the Psalter of Tara, where the chronicles were held, and the coats of arms were given to each lord or chief to distinguish him from all others; and where those brave mottoes were first adopted, of which the finest and most

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beautiful are still found among the old nobility of Ireland, was destined to pass away for a strange combination of events, in which light and shade were blended, that is, religion, crime and treachery.

The Druids had foretold the birth and death of Jesus Christ, and when St. Patrick came, the warlike strains of the bards and minstrels were changed into praises of His goodness. They left the earthly for the heavenly glory. But well and nobly had they sung, and the story of their heroes shall not fade in the minds of the children of the Green Isle. Many a time, in the bitter later years, would thoughts of such strains as this arise, "Con of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with the memory of thy victories!" Thus sung O'Gnive, the Bard of Shane O'Neill, on whose head Elizabeth set a price in the days when severe penalties were enforced against wandering bards and minstrels. Eocha the Ninth, who reigned just before these changes took place, was surnamed The Melancholy, perhaps from some faint presentiment of the impending ruin of his country. In the twelfth century there was an English Pope in Rome for the first time and, it is to be hoped, for the last time. His name was Nicholas Brakespeare, and he was called Pope Adrian. He had the cool assurance to advise the Irish to submit to English rule and to give permission to the latter to invade Ireland. This was in the reign of Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings. It was the fatal hour in which were riveted the first links of tyranny's chain. It was then that the conflict of the two races, the Celt and the Saxon, began, which has lasted to this day, for an unfortunate affair occurred in Ireland which paved the way for usurpation and overthrow. It was the old story, and one only needs to say, with the venerable Pope, "*Cherchez la femme!*" Derforguill, daughter of the Prince of Meath, was forced into a hated marriage with the Prince of Brefny. She was in love with Dermot, son of the old king of Leinster, and fled with him during her husband's absence. This false fair one brought destruction to Erin, as Helen did to Troy, as Cleopatra did to the Roman Empire. Dermot fled to England and threw himself on the protection of Henry the Second, the father of Cœur de Lion, while the betrayed Lord of Brefny was defended by Roderick, Ireland's king. It was this disastrous adventure of love, coupled with

the fact that the island was torn by internal dissensions, which caused a French historian to say: "The source of the destruction of Ireland can be discovered within her own bosom." Moore, in a touching ballad, tells the husband's feelings as he finds himself forsaken:

"I flew to her chamber, 'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled."

Earl Strongbow, an English outlaw, was sent over to Ireland to live, and he married the king of Leinster's daughter, in order to strengthen the unholy alliance of jealousy. King Henry visited Ireland in 1172, and Roderick, compelled to yield, met him on the banks of the Shannon. Finally a treaty was signed, by which the English king received tribute as lord of Ireland, though Roderick retained the title of monarch as before, with the control of the four provincial kings. However, the rebellion of Henry's sons and the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket arrested his contemplated tyranny, and it was not until Henry the Eighth ascended the throne that the title of King of Ireland was assumed by England's king. Roderick O'Connor retired, wearied with wars and trials, to an Abbey, where he died at an advanced age. Thus ended more than two-thousand years of absolute monarchy in Ireland, and thus began the despotism which was her doom. Begun in crime, continued in crime, steeped in innocent blood, has been the chain which bound the Harp of Erin to the Dragon of St. George.

The Church of England has certainly no reason to be proud of the founder of the so-called Reformation. Henry the Eighth of England but wished to change his religion in order to change his wives. But from that time to the present, through all persecutions and trials, no race has been more loyal to their religious faith than the Catholics of Ireland. After he had announced allegiance to the Church of Rome, Henry became cruel alike to Catholics and Protestants. The great house of Kildare, being powerful in Parliament, was almost exterminated, five of the Earls of the family being executed at the tower on a mere pretense. They were of the ancient English of Ireland, who had settled there in the time of Henry the Second, and had, as their enemies said, become "more Irish than the Irish them-

selves." In time they, too, were rooted out from the noble estates they had once confiscated. No one who had Ireland's interests at heart could be allowed to live. The daughter of the cruel Henry and the false Anne Boleyn, who usurped the place of the rightful queen, the good Catharine of Arragon, could scarcely be other than totally depraved. Elizabeth, the great Virgin Queen, had no true title to the throne. Mary Queen of Scots was the rightful heir, as her grandmother, Margaret of Scotland, was the sister of King Henry the Eighth. However, in the forty-five years of her despotic sway, she put many a good Catholic to the rack, and the best historian said: "It was enough to be an Irishman to be persecuted, and a Catholic to be crucified" during her reign.

While her evil star ruled in England, a bright and dazzling one arose in Ireland. It was that of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who waged a fifteen years' war for his country and his religion, which only ceased with the life of the Queen. He is one of Erin's favorite heroes, but he sleeps under Italian skies, far from the dear land for which he so nobly fought. He went to England at once on the accession of James the First, who gave him back the rank and estate taken when Elizabeth had proclaimed him a rebel. Ireland willingly proffered allegiance to this prince, as the ancient Irish called him their king on account of his Milesian descent; and the modern Irish, that is, the English colony in Ireland, know that he was the true heir to the English crown, as his mother had been. Therefore, Ireland was then for the first time thoroughly and generally under English rule. Never was trust more contemptibly betrayed. James the First was a weak tyrant of most detestable memory. He continued the oppression and refused to Catholics education and the protection of the laws. All these things were fast reducing the Irish to a state of barbarism, and any other race in the world but this courageous and indomitable one would have sunk forever. But ever and anon arose some bright light to gild for a while tyranny's night. The Earl of Tyrone soon felt the falsehood of the king, for his estates were again taken from him, to be given to some of the English who wished to settle in Ireland, and he was forced to spend his last days in France and Rome.

Thus did England make it impossible for the great men to stay in their own dearly beloved country. In vain it was to fight, to hope, to spend their fortunes and their lives. There was left no alternative but exile, or starvation, or ignominious death. In the reign of Charles the First the religious wars in England were felt in Ireland; and the Protestants, wishing to get possession of the best estates, as there was no law to protect Catholics in their rights, kept up the struggle which ended in the murder of the sovereign. A kingdom calmly looked on at this regicide, and the murderers swept and owned the country. One of the many dark pages in England's chronicles is the story of King Charles, of the ill-starred Stuart race. He was a martyr to his kindness, or, rather, to his lack of ferocity, for monsters suited those terrible times. The rule of the fearful Cromwell, even yet spoken of in whispers of terror, for he was justly deemed a veritable demon, now devastated the stricken country. "The Curse of Cromwell be upon you" was the most terrible malediction the poor Irish could utter to their foes. The axe fell alike on the ancient Irish and the ancient English of Ireland, called the "English of the Pale," meaning those who lived in a certain part of the island appropriated in the time of Henry the Second; but, as they were principally Catholics, they were now under the ban of extermination.

The Cromwellian Settlement was planned with the object of forcing away from Ireland all those of noble birth, high station, or land-owners of all degrees. They wished to keep only the peasantry to toil for them. The first move was to banish the brave soldiers. The fame of Irish fighting had gone abroad, and forty-thousand gallant men, officers and all, were sent to Spain. If they had families, they could not take them with them, as their property was seized. The cruelty was unspeakable. Many orphaned children were sent to serve the English planters in the West Indies. The very poor, the aged and the broken-hearted were transplanted to the bleak wilds of Connaught, while the homes and lands of both ancient Irish and ancient English were seized by the new English conquerors. Desolation indescribable reigned in the poor, distracted, unhappy isle. The courage and the genius were sent to benefit strangers. Well did their enemies appreciate that Ireland's loss was their gain, for even the Prince of Orange said that the Irish were

born soldiers, and Henry the Fourth of France, Henry of Navarre, said that "Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, was the third soldier of his age," meaning himself to be the first, and the illustrious Count de Fuentes the second.

Mournful it is, even now, to fancy the bitter thoughts of those brave men as they marched away from the beloved shores they were destined nevermore to see, while the pipes played the heart-breaking air "Ha til, Ha til, Ha til, mi tulidh," "We return, we return, we return no more." And twice again the English trumpet blew to warn the people that death awaited those who lingered on the Shannon's banks beyond the allotted day. The reasons for banishing the nobility and gentry and allowing the peasantry to stay are given in the English chronicles of the time: "First, they are useful to the English as earth-tillers and herdsmen; secondly, deprived of their priests and gentry, and living among the English, it is hoped they will become Protestants; and, thirdly, the gentry without their aid must work for themselves and their families, or, if they don't, must die, and if they do, will in time turn into common peasants." Does not this clearly show the determination to reduce the Irish to barbarians?

In the meantime, while during the winter season the poor people were being moved from their homes, it mattered not whether ill or dying, the feeble babe and the aged grandsire, prevented from even reaping what they had sown, without food or shelter, the pious commoners of Cromwell prayed daily to God, with strong crying and tears, that they might receive divine strength and aid in their work of destruction. By the new laws they were required to drop the "Mac" and "O," which told in the Irish language that they were the children of somebody, and to take only English names. They must, if they were allowed to read at all, give up their religion and their very names, and thank God for the privilege! Is it strange that, when America opened her gates, they fled from such "privilege"? Or, rather, is it not strange that a spark of the fire of genius remains in the descendants of a people so oppressed? But this, though fearful, was the beginning only, for long years of duplicity and tyranny were to follow. It was in the dreadful Cromwell's day that a reward was offered for three things. Here is the proclamation: "We have three beasts to destroy, that lay burthens upon us. The first is the wolf, on whom we lay five pounds.

The second beast is a priest, on whose head we lay ten pounds; if he be eminent, more. The third beast is a Tory, on whose head, if he be a public Tory, we lay twenty pounds; and forty shillings on a private Tory."

Says Prendergast: "The wolves had indeed become so numerous that the bodies of wandering orphans, whose fathers had been banished to Spain, and whose mothers had perished of famine, were devoured by them in the streets." On the desolate fields nor fire, nor light, was seen at night, and the wolf shared with his English brothers, the fiercer wolves, the sole possession of the ruined country. It is well known that Ireland is celebrated for her wolf-dogs and hunting-dogs of all degrees; her hawks and hounds are prized by kings and have been presented to noted monarchs of later time. From the days of Elizabeth it was against the law to say Mass. The penalty thereof was death. Cromwell issued a manifesto of the same kind. But the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, those noble soldiers enlisted under the banner of a crucified King, in order to give the people the benefits of their loved religion, dearer than ever in the sight of death and danger, fled to caves and mountain wilds to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. Often a ruined chapel, or the distant cabin of a lowly friend, was the scene of this devotion. The wave-worn coast of Arran was the retreat of many in the last days of the Cromwellian Settlement. The law of revenge or compensation was now illustrated, for the English of Ireland, those of the Pale, were now forced to suffer the same injuries they had dealt out to the ancient Irish in the time of Henry the Eighth. And it was from their own race, too.

Charles the Second succeeded this "Scourge of God." His exile had only made him too ready to accept any terms by which he could keep his life and his crown. He betrayed nearly all the trusts and promises of both his father and himself, and actually rewarded the regicides. He allowed the constant and bitter persecution of the Irish royalists, and truly seemed to live for pleasure alone, and her siren song seemed to lull his better nature to sleep. His reign illustrates the old truth that to be too sure of one's friends and to reward enemies is contrary to justice and fatal to success. His brother, James the Second, who succeeded him, was a martyr to religion and a victim to ingratitude. Vainly did he attempt to be the champion of

freedom of conscience, as his pathetic farewell attests, the paper he signed when the Prince of Orange and his wife, the false daughter, sent him into exile from the kingdom he would have ruled without bloodshed.

During the reign of the detestable Prince of Orange no Irish Catholic was allowed to be educated for any profession, or to vote, not even if married to a Papist. So the best and brightest were forced to fly to other lands, preferring exile to slavery at home. When the aristocrats were thus compelled to depart, of course that left principally the peasantry. Hence the absurd and ignorant objections of those who, for some yet undiscovered reason, styled themselves the "only Americans," or perhaps the title they once proudly assumed, that of Know-Nothings, would be better, to the Irish and their descendants even, forgetting, or mayhap not even knowing, in their dense ignorance of history, that the flower of the Irish race went to France and Spain, and did not come here to America to enter domestic service. 'Twas from slavery they fled! Of course there were occasionally offshoots of some noble stock who came, by fate or circumstances, to this kind and hospitable land, but, when seen, they were felt, and known, and admired, more than any other race in the world. For who shall eclipse in eloquence or bravery an O'Connell or a Burke? Who should claim or hope more than the son of an Emmet or a Grattan?

Not only did William the Third persecute the Irish because of their religion, but he was further embittered towards them by the fact that they did not recognize him as their king, but remained loyal to King James. The beginning of his supremacy dated from the day "when vanquished Erin wept beside the Boyne's ill-fated river." The two anniversaries of the first and twelfth of July, celebrating the victories of Boyne and Aughrim, are held by the Orangemen still everywhere with all the venom and cruelty of old. Had James, who, to use his own words, was the very sport of fortune, but listened to the advice of the great General Sarsfield, one of Ireland's noblest heroes, on the day of the Battle of the Boyne, the usurper would never have triumphed. But history and individual lives are full of the "ifs." "God help me!" cried the unhappy king, as he embarked from that fated shore, "My own children have forsaken me!" Those who criticize his course in flying to the protection of King Louis of France should remember that he had reason

to fear the fate of his father, who had said with much good cause: "There is little distance between the prison and the grave of a prince." Sarsfield did not wholly yield to despair, but made some further efforts to serve his country after the departure of the king. In this he was aided by the Raffarees, the last of the Tories, who had been driven over the quaking bogs into the mountains. Strange apparitions they must have seemed, as they emerged at some signal from the lone caves, wild, wan, and yet defiant!

At this time the awful desolation caused by Cromwell still reigned supreme. There was silence over all, save the scream of the sea-gull, and the raven's cry, and the plaintive voice of the water-fall in some lonely glen. Mournful must have looked the wild, beautiful scenery of the Emerald Isle. These were the last days of some of the old customs of the persecuted people. One by one all the charms of life were broken and torn from them. "The harper, with his rhymes and chimes of times long past away," must go with all the rest that made home charming and life sweet to the doomed race. Prendergast, in his *Cromwellian Settlement*, says: "The harp was silenced in Britain by the Saxons; heard only in Wales; it retires with the advance of English power in Ireland, and after the Battle of the Boyne is heard only in Connaught." All these historic characters, who figured in that day, are finely delineated by the Irish novelist, John Banim, one of the O'Hara's, in his romance of "The Boyne Water." He makes you feel as though you really saw and talked with the banished king, around whose form he throws a mournful luster, and with brave Sarsfield, and the wild Raffarees, and the wicked Prince of Orange, too, from whom that hateful color and emblem came ever since that unhappy day! You can see in fancy's eye the ruined Abbeys, the castles, the streams, the wild mountains and the slippery bog, unsafe to all but the reckless and the hunted; you can even hear the murmur of the river or the sullen roar of the sea as it thunders on the shores of the heart-broken "Island of the Betrayed." The faithful priest, the Soggarth Aroon, risking life to administer the sacred rites of the Church, the long buried patriots, heroes, harpers and bards all throng fast through Memory's halls, and recall to their children their deathless devotion to the cause of their lovely, wild, romantic land. Carolan, the famous blind bard of Erin, was living then, and sung in lament of the lost cause. But passing

away were the times when harps were in every hall, and the minstrel was the honored guest. No more should they sing of Ireland's Golden Age, the reign of Brian Boru, who perished at Clontarf.

“No more to lords and ladies bright
The Harp of Tara swells,
The chord alone that breaks at night
The tale of ruin tells.”

“The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall” commemorates one of the most terrible and far-reaching curses that was ever pronounced. The curse was laid in 554, 1,335 years ago, and Irish politics has felt the influence of it ever since. It was done in the reign of Dermid, who was lapsing back to active sympathy with the Druids, and who, unlike his predecessors since St. Patrick's constitution had been instituted, violated with impunity the immunities that instrument had patented to the clergy. At last he committed a most flagrant act by seizing a prisoner at the altar of Temple Ruadan, county of Tipperary, dragging him from the protection of the sacred precincts and putting the victim to death. “St. Ruadan, the patron priest, was exasperated, and, gathering his immediate clergymen, journeyed to Tara. Marching slowly three times around the royal rath, or king's palace, with awful solemnity, they excommunicated the aggressive monarch and chanted a malediction against the rath so terrible that, when, two years after, Dermid was slain by Black Hugh of Ulster, the place was deserted and has never been occupied since. It is said that his favorite bard clung to the halls for years, and that, so thoroughly ostracised was the place that his skeleton was found beside his faithful but broken harp by a wandering bard, who visited the spot years after, having fled from it in terror.” This beautiful song of Moore:

“The harp, that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more,”

was considered by Senator Roscoe Conkling to be the finest of his Irish Melodies, and he repeated the verse I have

just quoted to me, in response to a remark of mine that the Senate Chamber at Washington had echoed to no such voice as his since he departed, and to the question I asked him, if he cared to return to public life. Since then the harp is mute, indeed, for Death its silver strings has broken, and thus far no chords have sounded there to awake even a passing thrill of romance or of interest. The tribute of genius has been withheld, because undeserved. With Conkling and Logan the picturesque, the romantic have passed away! Money and chance success will never command the homage of a people!

Following the Cromwellian Settlement there had been what was called a Restoration Settlement, wherein some of the ancient English, who had been then transplanted into Connaught, received back their lands. Now after the Treaty of Limerick came the Revolution Settlement. As most of Ireland's troubles came through the disputed ownership of lands, the story of these settlements, as well as the story of the Penal Laws, is the story of the country. This treaty was ruthlessly and cruelly broken, and the Forfeited Estates Act, which followed it, ushered in the Penal Laws, which made Irishmen slaves. Never were laws so execrable passed or executed in any other land! Once more the lands were wrested away and given to the new conquerors. Every kind of oppression was resorted to in order to exterminate the Irish Catholics. Bishops, priests and friars were banished under penalty of death. Roman Catholics were prohibited from education, from the practice of the bar or medicine, and they were not allowed to vote, or to hold land, or even to learn or practice trades. King William's broken treaty is a matter of history, for he bound himself by Act of Parliament, with his royal signature, to restore to the Catholics their privileges and their lands, and there is not much to boast of on the part of the Orangemen in their devotion to the memory of such a chief. And yet, in this year, 1889, thirty-thousand Orangemen assembled to witness the unveiling of the statue of William the Usurper at Dublin. While this homage to one of the worst oppressors of their country continues, what can loyal hearts accomplish?

Fletcher of Saltoun said that, if he could write the songs of a nation, he cared not who made the laws; and ballads, so much the history of all countries, are especially so of Ireland. So I will, as often as possible, let the bards speak

for themselves. "Loose the bards," said Cathmor, "they are the sons of other times. Their voice shall be heard in other ages, when the kings of Temora have failed." Thomas Davis, who wrote such stirring poems for "The Nation" in one of Ireland's saddest epochs, 1844, just before the death of Daniel O'Connell, and the awful shadows that followed, well described the cruel "Penal Days":

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true,
While traitor knave
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank and retinue;
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.
Let all atone
For blood and groan,
For dark revenge and open wrong!
Let all unite
For Ireland's right,
And drown our griefs in freedom's song!"

The Irish Brigade of France were called the Flower of Chivalry. At Fontenoy they remembered Limerick. There Sarsfield shone, and at Landen he fell. William of Orange and his men were flying, but the heart's blood of the noble Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, was shed. As he beheld it gushing on a foreign field, his last words were: "Oh, that this were for Ireland!" But it was decreed that in Spanish, Austrian and French legions our best should be.

"Sarsfield is dead, but no tears shed we,
For he died in the arms of Victory,
And his dying words shall edge the brand,
When we chase the foe from our native land!"

A heroic nobleman, famous in Irish song and story, was the O'Sullivan Beare, Earl of Bantry. His portrait might be taken for that of a Spanish Hidalgo, the eyes and hair are of such midnight blackness. And he, like O'Connell, wore the Irish cloak, fastened with a jeweled clasp, which is one of the articles in Irish costume similar to the unchanging fashion which prevails in Spain, whose cavaliers are always represented as wrapped in its graceful folds. He was banished to

Spain by Queen Elizabeth, and his descendants are counts there to this day. But, wherever they went, these men felt always the sorrow that they were exiles from Erin.

Queen Anne's reign was a cruel one for Ireland. Not satisfied with the then existing Penal Laws, she passed at once an Act of Parliament to prevent the further increase of Popery, which intensified the horrors of those already in force. This was the day of Sir Robert Walpole as Prime Minister, who is celebrated for saying "Every man has his price." Queen Anne was the last and, perhaps, the worst of the Stuarts. All through her time the Protestants were terribly afraid of the restoration of her brother, "the Pretender," as he was called, though of course the true heir to the throne. But he was a Papist, the worst objection in the world. Thackeray introduces him in a romantic, though scarcely flattering way, in his superb novel of "Esmond." This great novelist seemed indeed to see kings divested of that divinity so long suffered to hedge them. But in the Georges the most abject of royalists could have seen nothing to admire. Idiots though they were, they still knew how to oppress and persecute. From the time of Ireland's first invasion by Henry the Second, it was not the Irish who were treacherous to the English, it was the English themselves who followed every one of their coronations with plots or regicide. It was civil war. The murderers of princes and kings were Englishmen, and not Irishmen. From that date the English colonists brought over by Strongbow were said to be "more Irish than the Irish themselves," and certainly they were quite as bitter in their hatred of the English of England, who were sent over to "transplant" them, even as they had once invaded the possessions of others. They were then called "the degenerate English of the Pale," that being the name of the special province in Ireland where they were supposed to keep by themselves, and always forbidden, under horrible penalties, to love or marry the Irish women, or imitate them in any of their national customs. But love smiles at laws and fears not the wrath of kings. The lovely maids of Erin proved then, as ever, too enticing for even cold English hearts to resist, and to love of home and fair lands were soon added the ties of wife and child. The Irish harp was soon found in every English hall, and its sweet, though long forbidden, strains melted the ice forever from the hearts of the once stern invaders. The rude hands of

Henry the Eighth and his cruel daughter would fain have silenced the minstrel's strain; they would not allow gold to be coined in Ireland, as it was stamped with the harp, so hated.

The greatest of the Irish-English were the Earls of Kildare and Desmond, who sprang from the noble Saxon family of the Geraldts or Geraldines. Gerald, Earl of Desmond, was beheaded by the order of Elizabeth, and his head was sent to London at her special request and impaled on London Bridge, for no other reason than the fact that he shrank from the cruelty of torturing the Irish people among whom his lot was cast. Their lives were praised in song, as they had married daughters of the Emerald Isle, and had become as one with them in all ways and customs. Their names are still a standard for all that is brave and true.

"The Geraldines! the Geraldines! 'Tis true, in Strongbow's van
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish race began;
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,
And generous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter done!
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien! You'd ask no herald's sign,
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine!
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more than Irish" tribe,
For still they cling to fosterage, to brehon cloak and bard!
What king dare say to Geraldine, "Your Irish wife discard"?"

The foregoing is an extract from one of the stirring poems written by Thomas Davis, who seemed inspired for these national songs, and the following is from a ballad sung by a young Irish Chieftain to the fair English girl he wooed and won:

"But sure, I see her in my dreams,
With eyes where love's first dawning beams;
And tones, like Irish music, say:
'You ask to love me, and you may.'
And so I know she will be mine,
That rose of princely Geraldine.
With all the raging Pale behind,
So sweet, so strange a foe to find!
Soft love to plant where terror sprung,
With honey speech of Irish tongue!
She's proud Clan Connell's Queen, and mine,
Young Geraldine of Geraldine."

The year 1782 was a great year in Irish history, for then she achieved, through the efforts of Grattan, Flood, Burgh and others, a Free Parliament. The sublime achievement of

American Independence had aroused the spirit of poor down-trodden Ireland, and thus came the association of the brave and glorious Volunteers. This heroic band, without pay, and almost without means, inspired by the hope of their country's freedom, met at the since historic church of Dunganannon and formed those resolutions which forced the British Parliament to repeal the hated Poyning's law, and other still more despotic ones added by the Georges, making Irish Parliament useless, and to mitigate somewhat the horrors of the Penal Laws. But England, while she gave with one hand, ever took away with the other, and in the bud of hope offered to a despairing people she had dropped the poison of deceit. Brief, though bright, was Erin's dream of liberty. Even these slight concessions caused in London the No-Popery Riots, described by Charles Dickens in his story of Barnaby Rudge. The Protestants, "Wreckers" and "Peep-of-day boys" of those times are the Orangemen of to-day, and it is well known that they have raised riots and burned churches and convents in the United States. The brilliant men of that epoch in Irish history were possessed of strangely different minds and temperaments. The Earl of Charlemont, to whom had been entrusted the command of Volunteers, was too cautious, too cold and too bigoted to serve his country well. Hussey Burgh was one of the best and truest of her champions. The life of Henry Grattan, though brilliant, was full of sorrow, for his day of glory was followed by calumny and illness, and his final appearance in the halls of Parliament was but that of a deep mourner over the grave of his country.

In order to escape English oppression, some Presbyterians from Ulster, the north of Ireland, went to America and struggled with the Colonies for independence. The fathers of Andrew Jackson, of John C. Calhoun and of James Buchanan helped to destroy in the new land that tyranny which forced them to leave their Irish home. Yet how strange that, even there in exile, they could not unite and make a common cause with the Roman Catholics who had suffered so much more bitterly from the same cause! But the Protestants hated the Papists, as they do still; if this had not been so, they could, if united, have beaten the common foe, and Ireland would have been independent. In the new country they, in their turn, persecuted the Papists as cruelly as they had ever been persecuted, and the progress of civiliza-

tion has not even yet wiped out the stupid prejudice, the wicked malice of the heretic towards the Romanist. Yet the day will dawn when the people will blush for this bigotry, as they now do for the memory of slavery.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," meaning the Free Parliament to be the "Rise," and the Union of 1800 to be the "Fall," says that the two able English Ministers of the day, Pitt and Fox, were "men who simply wished to rise and rule. Irish woes and rights were to them an abstract consideration." And both he and Mitchel agree that Pitt caused by his duplicity the great insurrection of '98. The object was to destroy the power of the people by forcing them to act prematurely, goaded on by tortures and tyranny. Some poet has said of Ireland, in prophetic spirit:

"Woe worth the day when to falsehood or fears
She surrenders the guns of her brave Volunteers."

Alas! Through the dissensions of leaders, that day did come, for jealousy will overthrow the fairest fabric of human designing. The Volunteers faded from the scene, but their memory, like a vision of heroic devotion and undying courage, can not fade, and the spirit of that gallant army but entered into a new form, after all, the famous "United Irishmen." This would soon have embraced both Catholic and Protestant, but England always wrought against Union in Ireland, and set loose, by plots of the worst description, Anarchy instead! Many names of undying luster meet us on the historic annals of those sad days. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Curran and Grattan, and, clearer and lovelier than all, the immortal one of Theobald Wolfe Tone, founder and leader of the "United Irishmen." A Protestant without prejudice, a patriot without selfishness, a martyr to the land he loved, Ireland can boast no prouder name than his, and England can have no stain of infamy on her cruel record darker than that of his dastardly murder. He had early made up his mind that Ireland must have help from some friendly outside power. Naturally, his eyes turned towards France, which was called "The Champion of Liberty," as England was of Slavery. He received aid and sympathy there, but the very elements seemed to conspire against him, and the great Bantry Bay expedition, of which the gallant General Hoche was commander, was driven away by the

hostile winds. Byron, in his letters, after visiting the tomb of Hoche, says: "He was the destined commander of the invading Army of Ireland. He was esteemed among the first of France's earlier Generals before Bonaparte monopolized her triumphs." His monument is at Andernach.

Tone, on his return to Ireland, was basely betrayed by an Englishman, a former college companion, Sir George Hill, while dining with friends of both. He was put in chains and dragged ignominiously away. This base treatment was given to the best and brightest of that time. When he appeared in court his parting speech, so beautiful that it melted even the stern hearts of some of his enemies, was only allowed to be partially heard. All that proved the proceedings against him to be unwarranted was carefully suppressed. While seeking the aid of the French for Ireland, he had for some time been an officer in the French Army, and was not at all under English rule. Moreover, he was, from his French commission and uniform, entitled to the consideration of a foe. When he had enumerated the sacrifices of a life and the trials so willingly undergone for his beloved and unfortunate country, he said: "After a combat nobly maintained, a combat which would have exacted the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I am brought hither in irons, like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me, I am indifferent to it. I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish Nation, and felt convinced that, while it lasted, this country could never be free and happy. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries. I repeat that all that has been imputed to me, words, writings and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this Court, I am prepared for it. But I wish to offer a few words relative to one single point, to the mode of punishment. In France, our emigrés, who stand nearly in the same situation in which I suppose I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask that the Court should adjudge me the death of a sol-

dier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence, rather in consideration of the uniform which I wear, the uniform of a Chef de Brigade in the French Army, than from any personal regard to myself."

Lord Cornwallis refused the last demand of the prisoner, and he was sentenced to die the death of a traitor, in forty-eight hours, on the 12th of November. This cruelty he had foreseen, for England, from the days of Llewellyn of Wales and Wallace of Scotland to those of Tone and Napoleon, has never shown mercy or generosity to a fallen enemy. He then, in perfect coolness and self-possession, determined to execute his purpose and anticipated their sentence. Every one knew the sentence to be an unlawful one, but fear seemed to have paralyzed the people. One friend came to the rescue, John Curran, and vainly tried to stay the cruel proceedings. But the noble young hero, after a most touching adieu to his adored wife and children, disappointed his murderers by taking his life into his own hands. In the solitude of the dungeon this pure spirit took its flight.

"There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?"

It was the younger Pitt who planned the persecutions which were intended to result in the union of Ireland with England. His great mind might have been employed to nobler purpose than to plot the ruin of a suffering nation. It is said that he possessed even more ability than his father, the celebrated Earl of Chatham, and certainly he evinced marvelous duplicity, and all the finesse of a Richelieu in feigning illness at times to evade the storms he had invoked. Napoleon was too overpowering for him, however, and his somewhat premature death, at the age of forty-six, is attributed to grief at the victory of Austerlitz. He was not so fine an orator as his father, the Earl of Chatham, whose brilliant orations on the subject of unjust taxation in the American Colonies are familiar to every school-boy. But the voice which uttered the ringing words, "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I never would lay down my arms! Never! Never! Never!" was not, in the long years in which he presided over England's councils, once heard in defense of the rights of Ireland! For them the cruel Penal

Laws, when, after all rights of manhood and of religion were taken away, they were deprived of arms for necessary defense, or even for the chase; disabled from being so much as game-keepers, lest any of them should learn the use of fire-arms. While it is plainly to be seen that indifference to Ireland's sufferings and a consuming desire for England's glory marked the era of Chatham, the elder Pitt, it is but fair to state that there is a great difference of opinion in regard to the character and motives of the still more illustrious son of the illustrious father. English historians, as a matter of course, credit him with the highest honor. Macaulay, in his matchless essays, seems positively to believe that William Pitt was so sincere in the promise he made to the Roman Catholics, that, on his failure to obtain the consent of the imbecile king to redeem the pledges by which the union had been brought about, he resigned from the Ministry. The friends of Ireland are not able to read this, in the light of events past or present, and it seems only clear in regard to these great men, that they wrought for their own country, regardless of the tyranny practiced on others. The Right Honorable William Pitt had three able coadjutors in tramping on the Irish. They were the notorious "three C's," Camden, Clare and Castlereagh. Byron, in his scathing sarcasm on the latter, has given him to eternal infamy; for this betrayer of his country was an Irishman born in the lovely land he sold:

“Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race,
The miscreant, who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If she ever gave birth to a being so base!

“If she did, let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring!
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flushed,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a king!”

To my mind, at least, one strong proof that the younger Pitt was a cruel man was the way he treated the poets of his time. He allowed Gibbon to leave the country, and in bitter penury to write his glorious history in a kindlier clime. Poor Johnson begged in vain from the Government, which Pitt then controlled, a paltry pittance to enable him to pass his last days without suffering. And even the gentle Cowper, who has given us the most pleasing eulogy on the Earl of Chatham, the Premier's own father, was, for aught he

cared, left to starve or to go mad under the persecutions of creditors. Artists and sculptors fared just as badly. In the meantime, while genius pleaded for bread, even in England, and famine reigned in Ireland, the Prime Minister himself lived in a state of more than regal splendor. Like his father, he disdained all thought of economy, and no writer, even the most partial, claims that either of them possessed the slightest financial ability. The grateful Government paid their enormous debt and settled a handsome income on the descendants of the elder, the younger never having married. England was his only love. His last words are said to have been "Oh, my country!" For his last days were embittered by a power greater than his own, greater than any that had arisen in Europe. The overwhelming star of Napoleon caused all lesser ones to sink into eclipse. Wilberforce, the intimate friend of Pitt, said that a few weeks before his death he had "the Austerlitz look." It was the impress of death. However, it is a well-known fact that his death was caused by the excessive use of stimulants. He had begun in childhood to take port wine under the advice of his physician, and the habit increased with years. It seems strange that this is never brought against him, nor ever was at any time used by his enemies, while in the case of Byron the same thing was one of the causes which ostracised him from his native land. Byron's debts, too, were used against him, as though he was the only debtor in the world, and personal immorality, passed over in the princes and in many others high in Church and State, became in him the blackest of crimes. No youthful error was forgiven to him who had but the day before been the idol of London society. I remember Senator Conkling's saying that why one man could do things with impunity that another was killed for doing, was one of the mysteries he had never been able to fathom. People do not object to the fault or weakness in itself, but only to the person who commits it, if he happens to arouse their jealousy.

Macaulay, the best biographer of the two Pitts, says of the father that he was "the idol of England, the terror of France, and the admiration of the whole civilized world," and of the son that he was "the greatest master of the whole art of parliamentary government that has ever existed." But to me, all this grandeur of lofty names, uncorrupted by bribery in their own persons, dying in debt, though handling

millions, is now sadly dimmed by the reflection that they might have spared Ireland her brave sons' blood, her orphans' tears, her ruined cottages and her desecrated altars. Their names may shine, but one can not see them when one weeps. For only five years Ireland had enjoyed her own Parliament, and now "her faithless sons" listened to the false promises made by Castlereagh, that all oppressions of the Roman Catholics would cease forever when the union of Ireland with England should be consummated. Far better that the "Emerald Gem" had sunk beneath Atlantic's waves than to be "set in the crown of a stranger." On the Black List given by Sir Jonah Barrington can be found the names of the false ones. Mitchel says: "The expenses of provoking the insurrection, then in crushing it, the cost of the English soldiers in Ireland, the bribes to informers, the purchase money of members of Parliament, all were charged to Irish account."

Daniel O'Connell said it was strange that Ireland was not afterwards made to pay for the knife with which Lord Castlereagh, twenty years later, cut his own throat. Grattan and Curran had seceded three years before, in 1797, in despair of ever accomplishing their design, but, strangely enough, Grattan, though almost dying, was re-elected and brought back at midnight, as if to hear the dirge of Freedom. As, heart-broken, he listened to the funeral tones, he still hoped. His last words then were: "Yet do I not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty! Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet is crimson on thy lips and in thy cheek, and death's pale flag is not advanced there!" It is strange that William Pitt, the great Premier, as he calmly looked on at the vanquishing of the sister isle, should have forgotten that it was the native land of his mother, for Lady Harriet Villiers, Countess of Chatham, was an Irish woman.

If Home Rule should now be accomplished through the efforts of the uncrowned king, Parnell, and the greatest premier England ever has known, Gladstone, then would the sad words of the glorious Grattan be recalled, and the mournful form of Erin arise in all her beauty, which tears and wars have still not dimmed, and shine again resplendent and free! This sad time, in which the chains were riveted

more firmly than ever on a doomed and bleeding country, was, after all, memorable and glorious, in some things, as we look backward o'er the troubled tide of the years. The spirit of liberty was abroad, albeit she did but mock poor Ireland with bright hopes destined to wither. Ere long she spoke in the voice of her great son, Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, in tones which shall re-echo through all the ages for the repeal of the hated union. When I think that this great man then trod the earth, and I picture his imperial form robed in the Irish cloak, proudly wearing the emblem of the green, even having his coach and the livery of his people of the national color, when I think of the eloquence that summoned thousands to the magic sound of his voice, until the halls of Tara and the ancient castles shook with the thunders of applause, I do not wonder that the vanished dreams returned of peace and glory to the proud race who would gladly have hailed him as their king. And Napoleon lived then, and Byron, and Moore! Strange coincidence, that such gems on Erin's crown should shine together, O'Connell to spend years of toil to snap the chains of slavery, and Moore to wake those thrilling strains that will never die away, but echo sweetly and sadly in every heart through which courses one drop of Irish blood! Then rose, too, the melancholy star of young Robert Emmet, so soon to set in despair. His last speech, just before his execution, in September, 1805, has never been and will never be excelled in pathos and bravery. No country on earth ever held a purer patriot, a more courageous martyr. Though I have read it many times since early childhood, I can never hear or see it without burning indignation and horror of the fearful tyrants of England who were his cruel executioners. What can wash away this blot on the escutcheon of England? What proud success on land or sea could efface its execrable memory? Cold indeed must be the being who can bear to think without rage on the brutality of the judges who continually interrupted those inspired parting words because they thirsted for his innocent blood. I here give a few favorite sentences, and I hope and believe the whole speech is as sacred to Irishmen as the lives of any other of their saints, though the orator wore no cowl or priestly robe:

“A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficul-

ties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port, when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope. I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard; a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made."

At this point he was interrupted by Lord Norbury. The closing words of this sorrowful speech inspired one of Moore's saddest melodies, "O, breathe not his name." They are at once a dirge and a farewell, and, I think and hope, also a prophecy. To the cruel judges who thirsted for his blood and longed to silence his eloquent tongue, he said: "Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say! I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom; I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence! * * * Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!"

The French Revolution, which took place a few years before, in 1789, had always been called the "Reign of Terror" for France, and surely the events succeeding the forced and hated "Union" made a Reign of Terror for Ireland, only in their case it was caused by the English tyrants and

not by the people. The Irish race, loving splendor and gayety, proud of their nobility, their fine castles and their lovely parks, saw with a mournful feeling their palaces deserted, while the beauty and the wit once shining there went to grace other scenes. All writers agree in saying that the "absentee" lords, spending their wealth in foreign lands and allowing their unfortunate peasantry to be oppressed at home, have helped in no small degree to enchain their country. The palace of the Duke of Leinster, which was the model for our White House at Washington, is now a museum of natural history. The noblest men of England, in point of intellect, always blushed for her treatment of Ireland. Samuel Johnson said: "Do not unite with us, we shall rob you." Junius, the mysterious letter-writer, whose words blighted those on whom they fell, said: "Ireland has been uniformly plundered and oppressed." The Rev. Sidney Smith, speaking in favor of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, said: "I should not think a man brave, but mad, who did not fear the treasons and rebellions in Ireland in time of war. I should think him not dastardly, but consummately wise, who provided against them in time of peace. We preach to our congregations, sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging. Ireland is not emerging; she is still veiled in darkness; her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floors of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of an invader for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history anything but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hanging, famine and disease as never existed in the annals of the world? Of the Catholic Emancipation Bill I shall say that it will be the foundation-stone of a lasting religious peace."

Yet the crippled and restricted way in which it was passed, and the clauses added and the cruel acts passed, afterwards worked in just the opposite direction hoped for

by the learned and benevolent divine. And "the greatest Englishman of his time," according to Macaulay, and in fact, not to be disputed by the entire world, Lord Byron, had still earlier raised his voice in the House of Lords for the relief of a country he loved, and whose sons were his bosom friends. I consider this speech of the noble poet made in the pride of his young genius, for he was only twenty-four years of age, though on the topmost height of earthly fame, as the grandest offering ever yet presented to Erin, as the rarest jewel ever placed on her mournful brow. Nothing can dim the splendor of its shining, nor wars, nor blood, nor tears. The voice of Childe Harold has long been silent, and early the tomb closed over that peerless one, but dear to Irish hearts forever is the proud consciousness that for Erin's honor and Erin's fame the noblest voice of England rose in heroic defense. How many who look through the pages of the immortal bard for songs of love ever stop to read this record of his great and sympathetic heart?

DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE'S MOTION
FOR A
COMMITTEE ON ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS,
April 21, 1812.

LORD BYRON: "My Lords: The question before the House has been so frequently, fully and ably discussed, and never, perhaps, more ably than on this night, that it would be difficult to adduce new argument for or against it. But with each discussion difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic emancipation have at length conceded the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding thus much, however, a new objection is started ; it is not the time, they say, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say it is not the time exactly ; that time has passed ; better had it been for the country that the Catholics possessed at this moment their portion of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed been better

'Non tempore tali
Cogere concillium cum muros obsidit hostis.'

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to

cavil on doctrinal points, when we must unite in defense of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is, indeed, singular that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are agreed ; not about the King we obey, for to him we are loyal ; but how for a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how for believing not too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the Catholics), how far too much devotion to their God may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their King. Much has been said, within and without doors, of Church and of State, and although those venerable words have been often prostituted to the most despicable of party purposes, we can not hear them too often ; all, I presume, are the advocates of Church and State, the Church of Christ, and the State of Great Britain ; but not a state of exclusion and despotism ; not an intolerant church ; not a church militant ; which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion, and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely withholds its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful), but our church, or rather churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a 'parliamentary king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary God and a parliamentary religion.' The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is, indeed, time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries whether our 'eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end.' The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes : those who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We are told by the former that the Catholics never will be contented ; by the latter that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present, as by all past, petitions. It might as well be said that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated, but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their taskmasters to a contrary effect ; and for myself, when I consider this, I pity the

Catholic peasantry for not having the good fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are contented, or at least ought to be, as we are told. I shall therefore proceed to touch on a few of those circumstances which so marvelously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army. The Catholic soldier can not absent himself from the service of the Protestant clergyman, and unless he is quartered in Ireland or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of attending his own? The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favor, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an act passed in 1793 established it as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the church purchase a rod of land whereon to erect a chapel? No; all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish or casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually, but in no instance more glaringly than at the town of Newtown-Barry in the County of Wexford. The Catholics, enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient, hired two barns, which, being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time there was quartered opposite to the spot an officer, whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with those prejudices which the Protestant petitions, now on the table, prove to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people, and when the Catholics were assembled on the Sabbath as usual, in peace and good-will towards men, for the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed and were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate) the riot act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet! This was complained of to the middle-man of government, the Secretary at the Castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress) that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact no very great stress need be laid, but it tends to prove that, while the Catholic Church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the meantime, the

Catholics are at the mercy of every 'pelting, petty officer,' who may choose to play his 'fantastic tricks before high heaven,' to insult his God and injure his fellow-creatures. Every school-boy, any foot-boy (such have held commissions in our service), any foot-boy, who can exchange his shoulder-knot for an epaulet, may perform all this and more against the Catholic by virtue of that very authority delegated to him by his sovereign, for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant. Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named MacVournagh. Three respectable, uncontradicted witnesses deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at and kill the said MacVournagh. This was properly commented on by the judge, but, to the astonishment of the bar and the indignation of the Court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality that Mr. Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved, assassin in large recognizances, thus for a time taking away his license to kill Catholics. Are the very laws passed in their favor observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late act Catholic chaplains are permitted in jails, but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate, named Fletcher, to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholics! It has been asked in another place, why do not rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the Orange commissioners for charitable donations? As to Maynooth College, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble Lord (Camden) at the head of the Irish administration did appear to interest himself in its advancement; and during the government of a noble Duke (Bedford) who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom

and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures ; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was, indeed, a time when the Catholic clergy was conciliated, while the Union was pending, that union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties ; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that ‘the Union would do every thing’ ; but the moment it was passed they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity. In the contempt pursued towards Maynooth College, everything is done to irritate and perplex, everything is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind ; the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true this economy in miniature can not be sufficiently commended, particularly at the time when only the insect defaulters of the treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only these ‘gilded bugs’ can escape the microscopic eye of ministers. But when you come forward session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim, in the words of Prior :

‘To John I owe some obligation,
But John unluckily thinks fit
To publish it to all the nation,
So John and I are more than quit.’

“Some persons have compared the Catholics to the beggar in *Gil Blas*. Who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors? And can not you relieve the beggar when your father’s have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, can not you do it without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant Charter Schools ; to them you have lately granted £41,000 ; thus they are supported, and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes on the English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes the policy of the Germans and adds, ‘This beautiful system was taken from the woods.’ So, in speaking of the Charter Schools, it may be observed that

this beautiful system was taken from the Gypsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janizaries at the time of their enrollment under Amurath, and the Gypsies of the present day, with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their Catholic connections by their rich and powerful Protestant neighbors; this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to show in what manner. The sister of a Mr. Carthy, a Catholic gentleman of considerable property, died, leaving two girls, who were immediately marked out as proselytes and conveyed to the Charter Schools of Coolgreny. Their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence on these relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years' struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentleman obtain back his nearest kindred from a charity Charter School! In this manner are proselytes obtained and mingled with the offspring of such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the Protestant religion. One of these queries is, 'Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?' Answer, 'In the Gospel.' The remaining forty-four pages and a half regard the damnable idolatry of Papists!

"Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way he should go? Is this the religion of the Gospel before the time of Luther, that religion which preaches 'peace on earth and glory to God'? Is it bringing up infants to be men, or devils? Better would it be to send them anywhere than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead than persecute the living! But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No; the most enlightened churchmen are of different opinion. What says Paley? 'I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions, upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy or ethics.' It may be answered that Paley was not strictly orthodox. I know nothing of his

orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the church, to human nature, to Christianity? I shall not dwell upon the grievances of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry, but it may be proper to observe that there is an addition to the burden, a percentage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible, and we know that in many large livings in Ireland the only resident Protestants are the tithe-proctor and his family. Among many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the militia not to be passed over. I mean the existence of Orange Lodges amongst the privates. Can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they, tend to promote harmony amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted, or is it to be believed that with such a system the Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are they belie human nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be anything but the slaves you have made them! The facts stated are from a most respectable authority, or I should not have dared, in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty as willing, as I believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was in Ireland, I beg leave to observe that it is as easy to know something of Ireland without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests.

“But there are those who assert that the Catholics have already been too much indulged. See, cry they, what has been done; we have given them one entire college, we allow them food and raiment and full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer; and yet they are never satisfied! Generous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amount the whole of our arguments when stripped of their sophistry. These personages remind me of the story of a certain drummer, who, being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high, he did; to flog low, he did; to flog in the middle, he did; high, low, down the middle and up again, but all in vain; the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and

angry, flung down the scourge, exclaiming, 'The devil burn you! There's no pleasing you, flog where one will!' Thus it is; you have flogged the Catholic, high, low, here, there and everywhere, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true that time, experience and that weariness which attends even the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently, but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue till, perhaps, the rod may be wrested from your hands and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity. It was said by somebody in a former debate (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember), if the Catholics are emancipated, why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but, as a sneer against the Catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter's marriage to Catholic emancipation:

'Would any of the tribe of Barabbas
Should have it rather than a Christian.'

"I presume a Catholic is a Christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews. It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan), that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the Church in these times, would have 'cried fire in the deluge.' This is more than a metaphor, for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been); it is impossible to convince these poor creatures that the fire, against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves, is nothing but an ignis-fatuus of their own driveling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or 'what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence'? It is impossible, they are given over, theirs is the true

'Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris.'

These are your true Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested

against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic petitions, Protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice and common-sense can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in labor with mountains.

"To return to the Catholics, suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities, suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance, ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted, what talents have been lost, by the selfish system of exclusion! You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But, till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you can not enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general; it is true he is not a Catholic; *had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions*; but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army. But, while he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad, his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric, whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his Catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests and dispersions, all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerrillas of government, clad in the rusty armor of their obsolete statute. Your Lordships will, doubtless, divide new honors between the savior of Portugal and the dispenser of delegates. It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful King of the one Sicily (of which, by the bye, you have lately deprived him), stand in need of succor, away

go a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and sometimes to pay very dearly for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow subjects pray for relief, who fight, and pay, and labor in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens, and although their 'father's house has many mansions,' there is no resting place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand the Seventh, who certainly is a fool and, consequently, in all probability a bigot? And have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than for your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interests better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body?

"Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claim of the petitioners I shall not expatiate; you know them; you will feel them, and your children's children when you have passed away. Adieu to that Union, so-called, as '*Lucus a non lucendo*,' a Union from never uniting, which in its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called a Union, *it is the Union of the shark with his prey*; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic. And, now, my lords, before I sit down, will his Majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms? The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct and that of noble lords on this side of the house. What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain, but that of his Majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, 'no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth,' but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest

and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom, even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there they will be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to Johnny Groat's, everywhere will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four Catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them forever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they can not escape the ominous acclamations of the livery and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings 'not loud but deep,' of bankrupt merchants and doubting stockholders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of nightshade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren! It is true there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion, but a 'cloud of witnesses' are gone from the gallant army which they so generously and piously despatched, to recruit the 'noble army of martyrs.'

"What if, in the course of this triumphal career, in which they will gather as many pebbles as Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own, they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honor of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favor of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature, or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted in effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures and, above all, their conduct to the Catholics must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Bonaparte than Catholic emancipation, no line of conduct more propitious to his project than that which has been pur-

sued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the Catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the Catholics be to his mind that, doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse), the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of Sèvres china and blue ribands (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment!), blue ribands of the Legion of Honor for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honorable, as we are told, to the British name and so destructive to the best interests of a conduct pursued by ministers towards Catholics. I have to apologize to the House, who will, I trust, pardon one, not often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favor of the motion."

If thus an Englishman could feel and speak, what must the ancient Irish have endured, and still endure, that they forever seek on foreign shores the blessings denied them at home, the blessings embodied in our glorious Constitution, Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness! It is a source of deep gratification to me that the most beautiful tribute ever paid to the poetry and memory of Byron was from the pen of a young Irish poet, not, perhaps, as well known as he should be, J. J. Callanan. They occur in the "Recluse of Inchidony," of which I give a few stanzas:

" Too short he dwelt amongst us, and too long ;
 Where is the bard of earth will now aspire
 To soar so high upon the wing of song ?
 Who shall inherit now his soul of fire,
 His spirits' dazzling light? Vain man, retire
 'Mid the wild heath of Albyn's loneliest glen;
 Leave to the winds that now forsaken lyre,
 Until some angel-bard come down again
 And wake once more those strains, too high, too sweet for men.
 You who delight to censure feeble man,
 Wrapt in self-love, to your own failings blind,
 Presume not with your narrow view to scan
 The aberrations of a mighty mind.
 His course was not the path of human-kind,

His destinies below were not the same;
 With passions headlong as the tempest-wind,
 His spirit wasted in its own strong flame;
 A wandering star of heaven, he's gone from whence he came.

Bard of my boyhood's love, farewell to thee!
 I little dream'd that e'er my feeble lay
 Should wait thy doom, these eyes so soon should see
 The clouding of thy spirit's glorious ray.
 Fountain of beauty on life's desert way,
 Too soon thy voice is hush'd, thy waters dried!
 Eagle of song, too short thy pinion's sway
 Career'd in its high element of pride!
 Weep, blue-eyed Albyn, weep! With him thy glory died!

Mourner, I rest awhile to weep with thee
O'er him who loved our land, whose voice would make her free."

The Irish poets and novelists rank with the highest, but, owing to the wretchedly stupid prejudice that so widely obtains, even among cultured people, they are not half appreciated. I think Thackeray is as fine a story-writer as ever lived, but I think Lever, and Gerald Griffin, and Banim, and Lover write equally well, and worthy to shine in the immortal company of the English Bards are Moore, *cela va sans dire*, and Thomas Furlong, Jonathan Swift, Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout), Denis F. McCarthy, James C. Mangan, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Oliver Goldsmith, Aubrey De Vere, Thomas Parnell, Thomas Davis, J. J. Callanan, William Allingham, Samuel Ferguson, Charles Gavin Duffy, William Carleton and Edward Walsh; and the orator Curran wrote some fine verses. The "Burial of Sir John Moore," written by a young Irish clergyman, the Rev. Charles Wolfe, was pronounced by the authors and critics of that day to be the most perfect ode in the language. It was first published anonymously and was attributed in turn to Byron, to Campbell, to Rogers and others. But, though the narrow minds refuse to listen and the cold hearts fail to respond, the noblest and the warmest ones of all nations thrill with pity and love for Ireland and feel a fond admiration for her bards. Along with Byron's tributes I proudly place the laurel leaf on the tomb of Moore by our gem of American authors, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was written after he had attended a banquet given in honor of Moore's birth day, and, in gratitude for its beauty and tenderness there should be placed in the bay-wreath of Holmes a branch of the "immortal Shamrock." It is all

exquisite and worthy of its subject, but I will quote here my favorite verses only :

“ Shine soft, ye trembling tears of light
That strew the mourning skies ;
Hushed in the silent dews of night
The harp of Erin lies.

What though her thousand years have past
Of poets, saints and kings,
Her echoes only hear the last
That swept those golden strings.

Wake, then, in happier realms above
The songs of bygone years,
Till angels learn those airs of love
That ravished mortal ears ! ”

It was in the Grenville-Fox Ministry that the repeal of the Union was first proposed by O’Connell. Charles James Fox is said to have been amiably disposed towards Ireland. The King, George the Third, was insane or idiotic most of the time, but there was always enough method in his madness to keep him from signing any bill favorable to Roman Catholics. He was forever prating about his coronation oath, and dreading that thus he would lose the Crown. Many a brilliant mind, friend and foe, had vanished ere then—Emmet in 1803, Pitt in 1806, Curran in 1817, Grattan in 1820, and in 1829 the long-hoped-for Emancipation Bill was passed. But it was like the apples of the Dead Sea, enchanting to look upon when they hang above our reach, but fading as they touch our longing lips. By finesse and treachery the promised gift was rendered valueless, and those who had secured it were doomed to die disconsolate. On the accession of George the Fourth, who, as Prince of Wales, had repeatedly said that, when he came to the throne, he would be in favor of Catholic emancipation, the people found themselves duped once more. He visited Ireland in 1821. In hopes that this meant friendship, the people hid their woes and faced him with welcoming smiles. Famine was raging, priests were administering the last sacraments to whole families, while the food was sent to England. This year the demon Castlereagh cut his throat, and the last deed of his evil life was to have an act passed to oppress still further the people. France and America, then both free, were interested in the Catholic Association headed by the great Liberator, and sent help in various ways, and their sympathy

is always remembered and constantly repaid. O'Connell's election to Parliament in 1828 was a time of the wildest enthusiasm; green flags were flying; the shamrock reared its emerald leaves; hope never smiled so brightly. But the Catholic Emancipation Act, wrested from the King and Parliament by him, was so crippled with clauses and restrictions that the imbecile King need not have so furiously trampled on the pen with which he signed it, nor the sword of the bronze statue of the famous Walker have dropped from the scabbard on the luckless walls of Derry, in horror at the deed.

In the reign of Victoria, who succeeded William, brother of "the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George," I have been able to find nothing less cruel than the rest. New laws were steeped ever in deceit, rendering them powerless, or worse than powerless. People say she has no real power, or that she is a good woman and a good mother. But her voice has never been heard in behalf of the poor Irish mothers, who love their children fondly, and who were forced to see them hungry and homeless, exposed to the fury of the storms, dying on the roadside. Her reign on earth has been long and prosperous. But life is short, and eternity is long. I would rather be the poor Catholic mother, perishing in despair, than wear her crown and take her record to Almighty God. For he has heard the wail of the oppressed that rang louder than the triumphal shouts of her jubilee.

"And in her anniversary of glory and of gain
Could she not have eased a little weeping Ireland's heavy chain?
Sent a respite from the tyranny and penalty that's there?
Torn a worn and wretched country from its genius of despair?"

In 1843 what a glorious sight it must have been to gaze on the Great Agitator as he addressed the longing multitude who turned to him for hope of liberty! The crowd marched by the Boyne Water, with green boughs waving, on to Tara. There, at the historic spot called "Temora of the Kings," where once stood the "Stone of Destiny" of the ancient pagans, O'Connell spoke. It was a fitting place, for, some three-hundred years before, the English of the Pale, the first invaders, invited the Irish Chiefs of Kildare to a banquet, and silent assassins crept around the board and cut the throats of the unsuspecting revelers. One might fancy the shades of vanished chieftains and ancient kings to mingle in

the throng, to hover over the inspired orator, as they did in the days of which Ossian tells. Shall these words and these hopes die away? Ah, never! We hear their echoes still from Tara's walls. But, before they could meet on Clontarf's romantic shore, where Brian of old had fought and died, the British hand had been raised again in deadly menace. William Smith O'Brien expresses very clearly how entirely all laws were in English control. He says that packed juries were as much a means of oppression as were informers or troops of soldiers. O'Connell's letters were opened and read, and he was soon, under a mere pretext, taken prisoner. After this the vigor of his life seems to have departed. On leaving prison, surrounded, as ever, by hosts of followers, he paused and pointed to the Irish Parliament House in Dublin, looking sadly at the people. It was the last attempt to kindle from the ashes of despair the flame of the hopes once lighted by his genius, for never did he hear those halls re-echo to the voices of Irish Senators. His sun was setting, and soon in Rome would rest his broken heart.

The surplus population of Ireland began, by cruel treatment, to be driven over to America. After the "monster meetings," the English were afraid to have the people, whom O'Connell's voice could call from every hill and dale in the poor distracted country, remain longer; therefore emigration was not only encouraged, but enforced. Never was England's subtle power more clearly shown than in the policy of her Minister, Sir Robert Peel, when, to break up the Society for the Repeal of the Union, he sent, as though famine, disfranchisement and a renewal of the old penal laws were not doing their work fast enough, a secret messenger to the Pope to induce him, by threats of assisting Italy in a revolution, to intimidate the Catholic clergy of Ireland and separate them from the people's cause. Also, it was a powerful move for the evil ascendancy to create a discord between the hosts of O'Connell and the party styled "Young Ireland," the new, or later members of the old Repeal Association, headed by Mitchel, O'Brien, Meagher, Davis and others. Daniel O'Connell was so vehemently opposed to American slavery that he returned, with bitter contempt, money sent from one of the Southern States to aid the cause of the Repealers, and it is said that, on one occasion, he refused to take the proffered hand of a slave-holder. These disputes

about slavery checked for a time American help for Ireland. Artfully given funds for colleges and churches provoked religious quarrels, and Protestants began to withdraw their allegiance from the cause. Sir Robert took Famine for his sister and Oppression for his brother. Starvation, fever and murderous riot held carnival. Queen Victoria called all these things the blessings of Divine Providence. It was England who begged for Ireland and kept the money and provisions herself in the awful famine of 1845.

All this terrible time of the famine enough food was raised in Ireland to feed more than twice the number starved, but it was all sent to England, for extermination was the plan of Parliament, which continually passed laws of the cruelest description to add to the sufferings and goad the people to desperation and revolt. And of course the acts against arms for Catholics left the people entirely at the mercy of the soldiers. In the meantime absentee landlords enforced their rents from starving tenants, knowing little and caring less, if only they could obtain money to pay for their pleasures in London. One of the laws passed at this time was that any Irish Catholic tenant out of doors at sunset was arrested and banished. When one realizes that previously the peasant's poor hut was torn down or burnt over his head, thus driving him out on the road to die, in a way far crueler than beasts were ever treated, the meaning of this law is very plain: To banish, if possible; if not, to murder. It was strange that the Green Flag was not forever drowned and dimmed by the tears and the agonies of the people—the English thought a pauper could not be a patriot,—all things were done with this one object. The pathetic song, "Give me three grains of corn, mother, only three grains of corn," was a true picture of the fearful time. In the lonely villages on the seashore might be found by the traveler skeletons by cold hearths. "A Sunday dinner in England means a coroner's inquest in Ireland," said John Mitchel. The good Queen Victoria sent word to all her canting ministers to give thanks in their churches for the "abundant harvests" drained and stolen from famishing Ireland. The verdicts on the corpses was of course willful murder against John Russell, who happened to be Prime Minister, but a long array of names could be added to his, and we hope there is a record somewhere. For in some brighter home those driven by English cruelty must have found the shelter and rest denied them here.

The country mourned when the poet-patriot, Thomas Davis, laid down his lyre forever in 1845, and on the 15th of May, 1847, in Ireland's darkest hour, O'Connell died. Then indeed was lost the people's friend! The career of the Liberator was the one redeeming ray of light in the surrounding gloom. He was the star of hope to the most unhappy and oppressed land the world has ever known. His family were among the proudest of the ancient Irish, or Celtic race, and were foes to the treacherous Saxon through all generations. The cruel penal laws forced the young genius to France to be educated, and, as he passed his youth there all through all the terrible Revolution, it is not strange that, though the darling child of Liberty, he yet abhorred bloodshed, and ever sought to gain his ends by peaceful means. Son of the bright goddess, indeed, was he, for he was born in a year great in Freedom's record, 1775. Then America arose in her might, and then did Henry Grattan begin his seven years' war with tyranny in Parliament, which brought, at least, a brief triumph. Though the house in the little village of Cahirceveen is falling to ruin, "with all its garden flowers growing wild," yet, while one fragment remains, the traveler will look with interest on the birth place of Daniel O'Connell. Having beheld the horrors of anarchy, he was forever able to curb his fiery Celtic blood, and his patience, through the long years of hope deferred, seems more than mortal. He returned from France just after the rebellion of '98. He had seen the gallows and the convict-ship swallow up the young heroes of Ireland, simply for daring to claim their rights as men, still another reason for biding his time and trying other methods. A biographer, whose name I can not give, writes thus of him on his return to his native country:

"The Irish Bar was still in the glory of its independence; there was buoyancy in the national heart, and a generous emulation ran through the Senate, the bar and the Press. The voice of Curran was heard in the four Courts, drying the tears his pathos had caused. The sonorous and terrible energies of Plunkett, 'the Wellington of the Senate,' still shook the accuser, the criminal, the jury, and even the bench, at will. The silver tones and gorgeous figures of Bushe were then in meridian brilliancy, 'charming a verdict by the silent witchery of his manner.' The morose, yet unfathomable, mind of Saurin, rich alike in logic and in learn-

ing, made another giant figure in that group of colossal jurists; while pressing hard after them in the career of fame came a younger and scarcely less noble race, Holmes, Thomas, Addis, Emmet, Louis Perrin and O'Connell. Such was the school to which the pupil of St. Omer's came." And after following him through all his wonderful life, calm, though the billows surged around him, the writer closes his fine sketch, which, strangely enough, was written only a year or so before the death of O'Connell, by saying: "There is hardly a crowned head in Europe with whom he has not been personally at war. Although but a subject, he has reached with his strong voice the tenants of thrones and maddened the wearers of crowns by the keenness of his attacks. Cloth of gold and marble walls have been unable to keep out his hostility, and more than one monarch has trembled beneath the infliction of his lash. He has been well styled 'one of the greatest powers in Europe,' and assuredly he has given his brother sovereigns some unfriendly tokens of his supremacy. Untitled, unpensioned and unpatronized by his own or any other government, simply as Daniel O'Connell, he exerts more influence on European affairs than any single man, premier or prince, of the present age. A hundred years from now his name and fame will be even better known, and his actions more favorably interpreted. Ireland will recall his memory, as the Greeks of old deified their departed great; and, while his few faults will be forgotten and blotted out, only his sufferings, his genius and his courage will be remembered. It will then be recalled, with wonder, how for half a century he battled against the wealthiest of nations and the most wily of governments; how they assailed him with gold, and he yielded not; laid coronets and ermine at his feet, and he trod over them; how, in an era of darkness doubly desolate, he emerged from the grave of his country's murdered independence and smote down, with his single arm, all the legions of the land of the destroyer; how before his voice chains were burst, and dungeon walls impregnable were sundered, and altars were relighted, and monopolies broken like reeds; and how he taught the people to secure all the fruits of revolution without risking any of its calamities and horrors. When these truths are unfolded to an unprejudiced world, in what position will Ireland be? Will she be free or enslaved, elevated to the pinnacle of prosperity, or sent to the lowest depths of

pauperism? This is a consideration which we will enter into presently. It will here suffice to say that, when all O'Connell's triumphs are rehearsed, and his moral victories recounted by posterity, may the list contain, and we doubt not for a moment that it will, as one of the most glorious of his achievements,

The Repeal of the Union!"

Alas! O'Connell died with this hope all unfulfilled. Not half of the hundred years spoken of here have rolled away since he departed, broken-hearted. The record since has been written, as of old, with tears, sometimes with blood. We hear and read of great leagues forming, of generous aid, of sons of Erin pledged to her rescue. The ancient Irish race are fast vanishing. Has that brave and fiery blood, which inspired the deeds sung by the bards of old, grown cold and tame at last? Will the "chain of silence" fall on the sweet harp forever, and the hand which woke its thrilling strains lie cold and forgotten in oblivion's tomb? Why should we let the Green Banner fade, even though we love and honor the Stars and Stripes of this new and glorious country of our birth? We, the descendants of the Celtic race, as noble as any that ever lived, must forever execrate the memory of William of Orange and his fatal usurpation of the throne of a good monarch. For from that time, and a little farther back, to Cromwell's accursed day, the posterity of many a brave chieftain is now performing the hardest labor in America. Though the land of the free offered an asylum for the oppressed, yet we have repaid her over and over again. Her finest works are our imperishable monuments. When I think of the great canals and railways dug by the descendants of the former land-owners of Ireland, I am unable to express my admiration for that wonderful, brave and patient race whose native impetuosity has been so long and cruelly suppressed and tried. When one considers how young this great Republic is, and how the Irish race have helped so nobly to build it up, it is indeed maddening to hear people talk of native Americans. If they do not mean the Aborigines, then all races and their descendants stand equal here! When the American Colony shook off the British yoke, it was to be a free country; then, after they had for some years burned at the stake those persons who differed with them in religious beliefs, a mild and Christian

form of manifesting their dissent! there was the African dragged from his home in chains. Rivers of blood were needed to wash away this dark and cruel stain, and we might now hope to call ourselves free at last, but never, so long as narrow minds are allowed to talk against Romanism and the Irish blood as barriers to office and distinction, will this great Nation be really and truly free, after all!

Only five years ago an American Protestant clergyman, who may have received some education, but who is grossly ignorant notwithstanding, marred by his brutal insolence the bright promise of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency. Thus a bigot blighted a country's hope! That other minds agree with me in this can be proved by reading the eloquent oration by the Hon. Daniel Dougherty at the recent Catholic Convention at Baltimore. Said he, with absolute truth: "The highest honors of the Republic are denied to us American Roman Catholics by a prejudice that has all the force of a constitutional enactment." This intolerable bigotry was begun by the English, and those in this country who feel it still are but servile imitators of the most cruel and treacherous nation the Lord ever allowed to dwell on the earth! The eloquent Irish advocate, Charles Phillips, whose speeches are a model of perfect diction, spoke in the strain of an angel or a prophet on this exciting theme. In allusion to the repeated excuses of those who were opposing the emancipation of the Catholics, and even of some who were in a very cold way friendly, that "it was not the time," and that after centuries of wrong they were too "precipitate," he says, "Oh! there never will be a time with Bigotry! She has no head, and can not think! She has no heart, and can not feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation!" In answer to those members of Parliament who would not "trust" Catholics, he says: "Yet England, enlightened England, who sees them in every field of the Old World and the New, defending the various flags of every faith, supports the injustice of her exclusive constitution, by branding upon them the ungenerous accusation of an exclusive creed! England, the ally of Catholic

Portugal, the ally of Catholic Spain, the ally of Catholic France, the friend of the Pope! England, who seated a Catholic bigot in Madrid, who convoyed a Catholic Braganza to the Brazils, who enthroned a Catholic Bourbon in Paris, who guaranteed a Catholic establishment in Canada, who gave a constitution to Catholic Hanover! England, who searches the globe for Catholic grievances to redress and Catholic Princes to restore, will not trust the Catholic at home, who spends his blood and treasure in her service! Is this generous? Is this consistent? Is it just? Is it even politic? Is it the act of a Christian country to do it in the name of God? Is it politic in a government to degrade part of the body by which it is supported, or pious to make Providence a party to their degradation?"

Do not these words, uttered many years ago in England, apply with equal force to-day in America? Of course the Irish or the American Roman Catholic may succeed in business, or in any scheme of accumulating wealth, but it is a far different thing when honors are in question, especially in the Republican party. That one may be of no religion at all is never considered as the least obstacle, but to be a Catholic is an insurmountable one. The question of policy alluded to by Phillips will soon be felt, however, if only unity and harmony can be obtained among the Catholics and Irishmen of America. Does not the following extract from this noble speech agree fully with the statement of Mr. Daniel Dougherty? As a soldier, "though first in the charge, and the last in the retreat; with a hand to achieve, and a head to guide, and a temper to conciliate; he combines the skill of a Wellington with the clemency of Cæsar and the courage of Turenne; yet he can never rise, he is a Catholic! Suppose him at the Bar. He has spent his nights at the lamp and his days in the forum; the rose has withered from his cheek mid the drudgery of form; the spirit has fainted in his heart mid the analysis of crime; he has foregone the pleasures of his youth and the associates of his heart, and all the fairy enchantments in which fancy may have wrapped him. Alas, for what? Though genius flashed from his eye and eloquence rolled from his lips; though he spoke with the tongue of a Tully, and argued with the learning of Coke, and thought with the purity of Fletcher, he can never rise; he is a Catholic!"

I do not believe that any other nation but Ireland could give birth to the eloquence of this defense of the Catholic Church against English tyranny, by the same great orator, Charles Phillips: "What right has she to suspect your church? When her thousand sects were brandishing the fragments of their faith against each other, and Christ saw his garment without a seam a piece of patchwork for every mountebank who figured in the pantomime; when her Babel temple rocked at every breath of her Priestleys and her Paynes, Ireland, proof against the menace of her power, was proof also against the perilous impiety of her example. But, if as Catholics you should guard it, the palladium of your creed, not less as Irishmen should you prize it, the relic of your country. Deluge after deluge has desolated her provinces. The monuments of art, which escaped the barbarism of one invader, fell beneath the still more savage civilization of another. Alone, amid the solitude, your temple stood like some majestic monument amid the desert of antiquity, just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the virtue of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs. pouring forth for ages the unbroken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it was surrounded!"

I have said that the Republican party in the United States of America is not generous with its rewards to the sons of Irishmen and of Catholics. I do not believe it would to-day place its laurels on the head of a Burke or a Grattan. If the peerless Sheridan or any of his friends should be re-incarnated, they would be quite probably distanced by the stupid descendant of somebody who "came over in the Mayflower" from England. The fact that England would have kept America under her heel if she had been as near as Ireland, does not count with them at all, nor interfere in the least with the profound admiration so many feel for her. Yet, sometimes, a brave soul speaks, as in the case of Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, one of the brightest men who, of late years at least, ever sat in the Senate of the United States.

As I like to know that some of the most distinguished of my countrymen agree with me in my estimate of the English Government, I will refer again to the writings of John Russell Young, where, in his travels with General Grant to the land of the Orient, he speaks of the infamous treatment of the East India Company to the natives, of the cruel Mr.

Cooper's execution of the Sepoys, and the plunder and desecration everywhere. The reign of Warren Hastings as Governor of India was, in my opinion, like a series of scenes from the *Inferno* of Dante; but then, what pen should essay to touch upon a theme which Burke painted in such immortal colors? Macaulay in vain, with his magic art, seeks to palliate and excuse, and his essay on this singular being is indeed beautiful, but Burke has fixed in lurid light forever the hideousness of this demon incarnate, who, with more than barbaric cruelty, tortured the innocent and the defenseless and robbed the people committed to his protection. In their ravages of the holy city of Benares, on the banks of the Ganges, or Sacred River, they evinced their usual disregard of the religion of a people, and proved that their own was worthy of its founder, Henry the Eighth of England. The one redeeming feature of the relations of the British with India is the rule of Owen Meredith, the poet, as Viceroy. His life at Calcutta is everywhere extolled as being kind and free from the revolting barbarism of his predecessors. Though all the jewels of the Orient were blazing on the brow of England's Queen, yet to me her title of Empress of India but crowns the cruelty of a most cruel reign. She is lacking in the great ability of Elizabeth, and fortunately in the unbridled power; otherwise the qualities are not wanting. Nor can the present Parliament, with the exception of those who are fighting for Home Rule in Ireland, be said to have improved on the days of Pitt and Castlereagh. Disraeli, with all his varied abilities, was quite a worthy successor of Peel and Russell. Yet there is every reason why men of Irish descent should belong to the Republican party. It is the party of freedom. It struck the shackles from the slave and offered many precious lives in this glorious cause. Where, then, should go the children of those who had felt the oppressor's chain? Under what banner should they enlist? Should they, by voice, or deed, or vote, do aught to perpetuate or countenance the continuation in power of those who had committed the crime they should most abhor? Never! When Liberty calls, all true Irishmen should reply, and should then demand and receive equal rights with others. But, as yet, they seldom receive them, and though their lives and fortunes, their labors and their eloquence are freely used in all political campaigns, one seldom hears of an Irish name high in the country's annals. It is true that Arthur

was elected Vice-President, and that his father was an Irishman and without the slightest claim to fine blood. But, then, his name did not betray his origin. An "O" or a "Mac" would have imperiled his chances. Daniel O'Connell was certainly quite as great a man as Washington. That he was more brilliant goes without saying, and he was more consistent, for Washington kept slaves, though he did not relish kneeling to British power himself, and O'Connell was a foe to slavery in any form, or in any clime. He was the champion of Universal Emancipation. "Were those who have been benefited by the labors of his life to assemble in congress at the call of gratitude, an assembly would be formed without a parallel in all past history. The Asiatic of the Indian Peninsula would leave his rice crops by the banks of the sacred Ganges; Africa would send forth her dusky deputies; the West Indies their emancipated dark men; Canada her grateful reformers, and Europe the noblest of her free and of her fallen races. It would be a testimonial equal to its cause, if all the world were represented, and not otherwise."

There have been a few great actors in this tragedy called Life of whom I would dearly love to have some precious souvenir. First, I would prize as the saintliest relic the crucifix which Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, carried with her on her way to martyrdom. It is now at Abbotsford, in the possession of Sir Walter Scott's descendants. The great Magician of Romance, though not himself a Catholic, shows in his lovely story of "The Abbot" his profound admiration for the loveliest and most persecuted woman in all history. Next, I wish I could possess, if it is still in existence, which is quite improbable, the cap resembling the ancient Irish crown, which was placed on the head of O'Connell at Tara, as the green banners of old Erin waved in the wind, and all her cliffs and peaks re-echoed with the shouts of the people. Then I would like a pen with which Byron wrote, believing that there would be more genius in its point than the world can now produce, in the way of poesy, at least. Or, perhaps, one of his letters to Tom Moore, for the friendship between the two greatest bards of the world was so beautiful and rare. And I can not help breaking that special commandment which warns us not to covet our neighbor's goods, when I think of the harp on which Moore himself played, and to the strains of which he sung his angelic melodies, now said

to be in the possession of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. I admire and reverence the great philanthropist, and rejoice that he cherishes the memory of Ireland's finest poet, but he is not of Irish blood himself, and can not feel the fervor of soul that one who belonged to the race would know at touching those strings, sacred to the Muse's inspired and favorite child. Of the great Napoleon, the blaze of whose triumphant star paled forever the light of mere monarchs of single thrones, I should be proud to possess one of the many snuff-boxes he so lavishly bestowed on the fortunate ones he numbered among his friends. If wealth were mine, I would give the price that some would bestow on a rare jewel for an autograph letter of Theobald Wolfe Tone, or Robert Emmet, or The O'Neill, or Patrick Sarsfield. Perhaps some sprite or fairy, of which Irish legends tell, will grant my wish some day, soon or late.

Of the desperate attempts for freedom just after O'Connell's death, made by William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, Thomas Francis Meagher and others, leaders of the "Irish Confederates," and of their cruel and unlawful banishment to Van Diemen's Land, in 1848, much has been written and deeply felt in this country, and their names should be dear and honored forever. These noble exiles were condemned to associate with felons, and expelled from the land they loved so well for fourteen years. Fortunately, they escaped before their term expired. O'Brien, having been pardoned, returned to Ireland in 1856. He died in 1864, having proved himself to be a worthy descendant of the great Brian Boru. On the 9th of June, 1855, Mitchel escaped from Hobart Town. He was welcomed with a public banquet and great honors in Brooklyn. He went to Ireland and was elected to Parliament in 1874, but died before taking his seat. Meagher arrived in New York in 1852, and his life from that time is a part of the history of our country. No more gallant men went to the late war, and fought and died in the northern ranks for the Union than Meagher's Brigade. The well-known green badge was seen where "the thickest of war's tempest lowered." To those who had made their homes and cast their fortunes with the southern people, the praise of Beauregard, Hood and Buckner attests.

This projected rebellion was more easily checked than the others, because the famine caused by Queen Victoria and her Minister and Parliament had crushed the people into the sub-

mission of mortal weakness. The whole country swarmed with the soldiers, and the cruelties perpetrated in the way of causeless arrests will always be remembered when the word "Peelers" is heard, the name then given to the brutal constables of Sir Robert Peel, and, indeed, this is the only fame this wicked man deserves. Naturally, all who could possibly escape from the horrors that encompassed them fled to Columbia's Promised Land, yet could earth hold a sadder picture? And it touched many a noble heart there which could feel with Lord Byron:

"True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
The castle still stands, and the Senate's no more,
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore,
To her desolate shore, where the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze 'ere he flies from his hearth;
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth."

Next to the famine, summoned by the wand of power, the Orangemen were a great source of help in the destruction of the Catholics. Senator Conkling used to say that he always believed in a hell when he thought of Queen Elizabeth, and if I am ever inclined to doubt the doctrine of eternal punishment, I think there must be such a place, well regulated by the same laws they applied to the Irish Catholics, where English tyrants will dwell forever in torment, and the Orangemen of Ireland, whom they protected through all their outrages, must be their inseparable companions there. What madness must have fired the soul of the persecuted Catholic as he heard, on the celebration of the hated anniversaries of the Boyne and Aughrim, the tune of "Croppies lie low," which was the prelude to the wrecking of his humble home! The flaunting of the Orange emblems was always the signal of death, and a price was set upon the head of one who dared to sing or even publish the ballad of '98.

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us."

“ We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few ;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
All, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.”

It is, indeed, delightful to hear those old songs in this free country. On last Saint Patrick's day I was in New York City, and, in company with some dear friends, I enjoyed hearing them beautifully rendered by the Ludwig Concert Company. My cousin, Senator John Laughlin, of Erie, and myself were horrified to think that we had donned the hated British red, in the shape of some carnations presented to us in the morning, and, as the concert was on Sunday evening, we did not find our shamrock till the following day. The Hon. John Francis Maguire, an Irish member of Parliament, gives such an admirable and true description of the “Irish in America” as effectually contradicts the cruel slander that they are good for nothing in their own country. How is it possible for them to accomplish anything there when all their labor goes to England's profit, and they are not even allowed to keep enough for food? The object of refusing them the chance to be educated is very plain, for as Homer says, “Jove makes it certain, that whatever day makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.” Yet the emigrant, ardent, loving and ambitious, in consequence of the fact that he was deprived of the privilege of education at home, satisfies the life-long hunger of his soul by giving, through the most heroic self-sacrifice, a princely education to his dear children. The inspired labor of the poor Exile from Erin was the most glorious capital he could possibly bring to the New World. Without such labor, of what use would be the buried wealth of the mines or the towering trees of the forests? Like the fabled genii of the Arabian Nights, they, the modern miracle-workers, hewed through trackless wilds and drilled patiently through rocks of ages, that an easy pathway might be made for commerce and travel! Yet some people think they should have no voice in the laws under which they live! Dearly do they prize and appreciate the reward of their toil and hardship, through summer's heat and winter's snows. Oh, the contrast between the Irish land-owners in America and the poor racked and evicted

tenant of Ireland ! Though true and grateful to their adopted country, yet still do they remember the glory and the woes of Erin, and in the cabin on the western prairie, or the shed hastily put up, gypsy-like, on the side of the canals and the railroads, are always to be found the few volumes of the stirring ballads of the bards, the portraits of their saints and heroes. I believe all this is kept alive for some great purpose, like a sacred fire on Freedom's altar, and that some time its blaze will astonish the world.

The trials they undergo in coming here no pen can portray. The young girls, who braved the horrors of emigrant ships and the loneliness of a strange land in order to send their slender savings to bring out their parents, their brothers and sisters from home, surpass in courage and devotion many a saint of ancient history, and when to this are added the tyranny and abuse to which they often were subjected, the sneers at their religion, the performing of menial tasks for persons in many cases far inferior to them, mentally, morally and physically, what must the effort be to curb the hot Celtic blood, which was not born for slavery ! It is continually thrown into the face of Ireland that she is enslaved, but why not taunt Greeks that they are under the Moslem heel, or any other country which has the misfortune to be conquered and trodden upon ? It is always the mark of a contemptible spirit to triumph over the fallen, either in nations or individuals. The most noble heroes of ancient times, in Greece and Rome, showed their true greatness by their treatment of the vanquished. It is the small minds who always gloat over the misery of others. From the invasion of Henry the Second, down to the present day, I can not see that the government of Ireland has shown anything like great statesmanship on the part of the English rulers and their ministers and Parliament. Even the stupid George the Second cursed at Fontenoy "the laws that deprived him of such subjects." Nor can I understand how intelligent "Americans," who happened to settle in the New World, as foreigners themselves, only a short time before, could view and treat with coldness and prejudice another foreigner, because he worshipped the Deity in a different manner and had been oppressed by tyranny. It could never have been from mere outward superiority, for the Irishmen here, who came over from the old country, even those who were deprived of the privilege of learning to read, have manners and natural intel-

ligence superior to all nations. If the sons and descendants of Irishmen have not the right to the highest glories of the Republic, providing they are fitted for them, then the Republic is false to the teachings of its founder.

Washington said, in reply to the address of the Roman Catholics of Baltimore in 1790: "As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of the civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations, in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic religion is professed." Baltimore, where the great meeting of Catholic Archbishops, Bishops and Priests was recently held, has been justly styled the "Rome of America." Bancroft, our great historian, said of the rule of Lord Baltimore: "The persecuted and the unhappy thronged to the domains of the benevolent prince." The Know-Nothing party of America, rampant in 1854, selected a strangely appropriate name. What man of common intelligence, to say nothing of heart or Christianity, could belong to so infamous a band? The base attempt to revive, in this free land, the vile Penal Laws was a traitorous blow at the Constitution itself, and in direct opposition to the principles and belief of George Washington. No man of Irish descent or Roman Catholic faith should ever vote for one who has been a member of this party. We are a power which it is "impossible to ignore, and madness to despise." We have a pen to write, a voice to be heard in every newspaper in the land and on every rostrum in the country. The limit to Irish eloquence has not yet been reached, the superior to Irish genius and Irish ambition has not yet been found! The power of Irish love and Irish hate are as deep as the sea and as powerful as her storms!

If all that had been written and told could not convince the "Native Americans" that Ireland had been cruelly treated, and that the English wished to exterminate them, then, more eloquent than language are marks like the rude monument at Grosse Isle, on the St. Lawrence, which records that thousands of Irish emigrants perished as they

touched the Promised Land. The ravings of the dying in their delirium, the orphaned children, the martyred priests and physicians who watched over the murdered people, are all witnesses above of England's wickedness; of England, too cowardly to let those who struggled against her tyranny die a soldier's death, who attained her ends by famine, and fever, and banishment! Thus, I believe that the foreigners, who helped to maintain Americans in their brave struggle for independence, are forever entitled to the privilege and the honors of the great Republic. The Fenian uprising, so far succeeded, perhaps, in nothing save to prove that

"Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives."

Yet this is much, for there is no doubt in my mind that there are a great many here in America, of Irish descent, who are only waiting for a chance to spring on the terrible foe of their ancient race. I do not know whence the Fenians derive their name, unless it be from the Finians, or Fenii, the old Militia of Ireland, of whom Fin MacCumhal, or Fin McCool, sung by Ossian, was the Chief. The revels held at his palace of Almhin, in Kildare, in the province of Leinster, suggested this war-song of Moore:

"The wine cup is circling in Almhin's hall,
And its Chief, mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining.
'Oh for liberty, for liberty,' the Finians cried."

Under what name will victory come at last? The Land League, in which some of our best and brightest are enrolled, has been in existence nearly twenty years. Will they succeed in giving to the Irishman the right to own a part, however humble, of his native land? It is truly the fate of Tantalus to be born and reared amid such scenes of loveliness, and be deprived of the power to feel a claim in the smallest portion of them, to be in the midst of plenty, and yet to starve, to be surrounded with beauty, and yet to perish of despair. I have alluded to American prejudice and bigotry, but it is only the shade of the picture. In the radiant foreground stand in immortal beauty the forms and names of

those who helped the suffering country, whose hearts responded to the wail over the ocean. One at least of these is, happily, now receiving some earthly reward. Levi P. Morton, our Vice-President, blessed with wealth and power, would, if Irish hearts could have their prayers, live on without a cloud to dim the splendor of his day, for he sent generous aid to Erin in her distress, and many a charitable deed done, of which the world knoweth not, swells the anthem of his praise beyond the stars. As we are all so soon to pass away, why does he shine out, the only real Christian among so many rich men, one of the few who we know is sure to enter the Kingdom? To such undying names as his, to the brave, generous hearts of America, did Lover dedicate this grateful song:

“Sweet Land of Song! Thy harp doth hang
 Upon the willows now,
 While famine’s blight and fever’s pang
 Stamp misery on thy brow;
 Yet take thy harp, and raise thy voice,
 Though faint and low it be,
 And let thy sinking heart rejoice
 In friends still left to thee!

“Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
 The chords of grateful praise;
 The plaintive tone is now unlike
 Thy voice of former days;
 Yet, even in sorrow tuneful still,
 Let Erin’s voice proclaim
 In bardic praise, on every hill,
 COLUMBIA’S GLORIOUS NAME!”

CHAPTER III.

LOCKPORT AND “AULD LANG SYNE.”

“Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber’s chains have bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
 The smiles, the tears of early years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.”

IN bright days and dark days, through success and misfortune, I have never lost the proud consciousness that of all the children born in Lockport, not one has been more favored than I with ardent and brilliant friends. From my very childhood they have surrounded, and cherished, and defended me. They have wept and rejoiced with me, for, if we have shared together the joyous midnight revels of youth, we have also joined in many sad and sorrowful vigils. Some have dropped by the wayside, but many are with me still, and their affection is now as sparkling and refreshing as the desert spring to the weary traveler, when, his long march nearly over, he prays for strength to reach the end of his pilgrimage. My husband, Richard Crowley, was also born here, but his boyhood was spent on a farm outside the village. Like me, he feels that his native city has been kind, and we never realized it more than now, for, in the recent Congressional contest here, though fraud and treachery seemed temporarily to win the day against him, high above the clouds of slander and detraction that rose around him, the steadfast devotion of his lifelong friends shone like a star. Cæsar, too, was assassinated by his dearest friends, but the eloquence of Mark Antony roused the populace of Rome to vengeance. The belief in retribution is as old as the human race, and in this modern instance one exclaims as Byron did, when standing in the classic haunts of old, and moved by the memory of his enemies, he sang:

“Thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
From out thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart? Awake thou shalt and must!”

Some, who through long lives wore the garb and outward seeming of Christians, went far astray from the beautiful lessons of Jesus Christ and wholly ignored in their deeds that book they profess to follow. Mr. Crowley, after a youth spent in struggles and hardships, found himself at last in congenial surroundings. In 1857 he began the study of law with Gardner & Lamont, continuing a year later in the office of L. F. & G. W. Bowen. These gentlemen were all men of the highest standing, of profound learning and of lofty character. The friendship inspired by Judge Levi Bowen and his nephew, George Bowen, has burned in his heart, a pure flame, through all these years. It shines now

with an added luster, for, in the cruel and bitter struggle through which he has just passed, they nobly came to the rescue of their protégé, bravely expressing their contempt of those whom he had made rich and strong in his days of power, and who waited until he was changed in fortune and, as they hoped, broken in spirit, to turn viper-like upon him who had loved and befriended them. Fortune still smiled when, in 1861, he was admitted to the Bar of Lockport and commenced the practice of law with Mr. Edward I. Chase as partner. Mr. Chase was a brother of the Chief Justice, Salmon P. Chase, Mr. Lincoln's first Secretary of the Treasury, and, like him, a superbly handsome man, and possessed also of great attainments. Ah, generous friend! Alas! that but one short year was permitted of the charm and benefit of this companionship! In the noontide of life came the dreadful messenger, and the noble heart of Edward Chase was stilled. Twenty-seven years have elapsed since his sudden death in 1862, and since then Mr. Crowley has found many friends of many degrees, but never one he so loved and admired as Edward Ithamar Chase. With some others, time has brought change. Some have regulated their regard according to fortune's caprice. Some have proved false and ungrateful, but the one to whom the confiding affection of his early life was given still lives in memory's most sacred shrine, stainless, changeless, noble and true as of old.

"The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."

How many times, in all these years, I have heard him exclaim: "Edward Chase was a king among men!" Amid the many little traits one observes in a dear friend in the close companionship of every-day life, I remember one he noticed, that Mr. Chase would turn aside from the cares of business to watch the falling of the snow, which seemed to give him a special delight. How soon after this did it weave for him a spotless covering in his last bed! Had he lived longer, Mr. Crowley might have been spared many struggles, but the veil of mystery which hangs over these awful sorrows can not here be lifted. Sometime we shall know why we seem so constantly to lose what we prize most, and what makes life most full of hope and light. He seemed and

looked to be in perfect health of body and mind, and was just beginning to enjoy the reward of his life's labors. He had built, only a few years before, a beautiful home on a spot of ground long selected by him, on which he had planted many a stately tree, under whose shade he hoped to spend his declining years. The sturdy oak flourishes in beauty, and the evergreen smiles through snows and suns, and for many a long year the gentle hand of him who placed them there lies still and cold. But he is not forgotten by us, and few sons cherish a father's memory more fondly than does Richard Crowley that of Edward Chase. As the house seemed large and lonely to the sorrowing widow, who, in losing her husband, had lost her all on earth, she grew restless in the place which sadly reminded her of the blasted plans of her life and the happy past. And as Mr. Crowley had shared always with Mr. Chase the attachment to the spot, and it was doubly attractive to him on account of the owner, he purchased it in 1870, and we have lived there ever since. Thus, though we have spent some time in other places for brief periods only, this has been our home for almost twenty years. Now, for us also it is hallowed by a great sorrow. "Home," said Meg Merrilies, the Gypsy queen, as she turned her failing eyes to the bonnie woods of Ellangowan, "you will know what that means when you come to die."

Mrs. Chase's name was Mary Eliza Colburn, and they were married in 1843. She is one of the most devoted wives I ever saw, and everything in any way connected with his life still interests her more than aught else in this world. I am indebted to her kindness for many interesting facts in the lives of Mr. Chase and his brothers, particularly his brother Salmon, between whom and himself always existed the tenderest affection. He frequently visited Lockport, and at one time his celebrated daughter, Kate, spent a year here in the care of Edward's wife, and under a regimen prescribed by a cousin of her father, Dr. Ralston Chase. It was then feared that she might develop consumption, as her mother had died quite young of that insidious disease. It was very interesting to me to trace in the ancient family Bible, brought from the old home in Keene, New Hampshire, the time-worn characters on the yellow parchment, which tells that the parents of Salmon and Edward Chase were married on the 26th day of June, 1792: Ithamar Chase and Janette Ralston. Ithamar Chase was the son of Dudley Chase, and

was born in Sutton, Massachusetts. Janette Ralston was the daughter of Alexander Ralston, and was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The record tells that Ithamar Chase died on the 8th day of August, 1817, aged 55 years. The record of his wife's death is so faded that I could not decipher it. They had a family of ten children, and Salmon and Edward came close together on the list, Salmon the seventh and Edward the eighth, which may partly account for the close intimacy which lasted all through the lives of the two brothers. The eldest sister, Hannah Ralston Chase, married Mr. John Whipple, of Concord, Massachusetts, at which place she died. Next to her was Alexander Ralston Chase, who died at Cincinnati. This name seems to have been frequently repeated in the family history. Then there was Abigail Corbitt Chase, who married Mr. Isaac Colby, and died in Ohio. The fourth child was Dudley Heber Chase, who died at the early age of twenty, at Margarett, South America. Then come Janette Logan Chase, who married Josiah R. Skinner, and who died at Toledo, Ohio; Alice Jones Chase, who died at Columbus, Ohio, then Salmon Portland Chase, born the 13th of January, 1808; Edward Ithamar Chase, our friend, born on the 2d of March, 1810; William Fredric Chase, who died at St. Louis, and Helen Maria Chase, of whose life and death the records are too faint to trace.

For all these brothers and sisters and their children, their wives and their husbands, Salmon Chase seems by his letters to have felt the fondest interest. It is very plain to see in their family records that, beneath the cold and dignified exterior of the great statesman, was the warm heart of the brother, and of the husband and the father as well, for his love and pride in his beautiful daughter Kate was well known, and in his family sorrows he speaks with much tenderness. He was thrice married, and Mrs. Sprague was the daughter of the second wife. I believe that she and her sister Janette, Mrs. Hoyt, of New-York, are now the only ones left, and that he had four other daughters who died in infancy. It is delightful to me to hear Mrs. Edward Chase tell the stories and traits of the family in whom I feel so great an interest. I have often told her there must be some powerful motive for this, and that there might be something in the coincidence of their having in their genealogy the name of Corbitt, that being my own father's name. The

maiden name of the grandmother of Salmon and Edward Chase was Alice Corbitt, the wife of Dudley Chase. The name of Chase shines out as one of the beacon lights in the dark history of slavery, and an anecdote of the sister, Abigail Corbitt Chase, well illustrates "the ruling passion strong in death." She was attended in her last illness by a Baptist clergyman, who was a strong pro-slavery man, and on his asking her if she would like to have him pray for her, she replied that she would if, at the same time, he would pray for the abolition of slavery. He did so with great fervor, probably overpowered by the strong will of the dying woman. The genealogy of the Chase family was much discussed in connection with the settling of the vast estate of Lord Townley, of England, in 1846 or thereabouts. Mr. John Whipple, who married the eldest sister, thus traces it out in a letter to Edward. Aquila Chase, the English ancestor of the family in America, was a brother-in-law to Lord Townley:

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 11, 1846.

My Dear Brother:—Your letter was received some time since, and I ought to have answered it before this; but I have been waiting to get some further information on the subject which you alluded to in your letter, "The Townley estate." * * * * * Now if anything of the kind exists, there probably can be no doubt that the affinity of your family can be traced with as much certainty back to Aquila Chase as any other Chase family in this country, for papers which are in the hands of Aunt Baruch Chase, which your uncle procured while living, show clearly that your late father stood in the fifth generation from Aquila, and Bishop Chase's reminiscences show the same facts, which I presume you have; lest you may not have them, I will give you the genealogy which appears from papers in the hands of Aunt Chase, which will show you in what light your family stands to the great Townley estate, if there be such: Moses was the youngest son of Aquila Chase. He married Ann Folansbee Nov. 10, 1684. His first son was Daniel, and he married Sarah March and moved to Sutton, Massachusetts. They had children, and their first was Samuel, who married Mary Dudley; their second son, Dudley, married Alice Corbitt, and they had many children, of which your late father was one. The papers state that Aquila Chase was one of four brothers, and he, with two of his brothers, came into this country, and Aquila settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. So much for the great estate.

Yours truly,

JNO. WHIPPLE.

The following letter from Salmon to Edward is somewhat interesting in regard to the politics of those days:

CINCINNATI, June 10, 1835.

My Dear Brother:—I believe you are indebted to me for a letter, but I am not disposed to hold you to a very rigid account, so I will just write

as if I owed you one. I suppose you are celebrating the triumph lately achieved by your party in procuring the nomination of Mr. VanBuren at the Baltimore convention. I congratulate you upon the happy event, and on the prospect that the great State of New York will at length give a President to the Union. But what are we poor Whigs to do? We are likely to be so cut up and divided between our great men that we shall be able to show no front at all in the contest. While our army is engaging in little questions of precedence among its generals, yours will have marched into the disputed territory and taken quiet possession. I congratulate you upon having so opportunely disposed of the pretensions of Calhoun, and all others who might have been in any way troublesome. How I wished that some half dozen, whom I could name, who occupy conspicuous positions in the opposition, might be disposed of in a like manner. Can you not make room for me in 'The Republican Party'? Is there no process by which I may be transformed into an 'Original Democrat'? I have become tired of defeat after defeat. I don't like this fashion of being cut up in divisions. I don't care about belonging to a party which is imbued so thoroughly with the Robadil tactics, only reversing their applications, but think of this and advise me. I am getting on slowly with the third volume of my Statutes, and I shall send you a copy whenever a suitable opportunity presents itself. My business generally has rather fallen off than increased; for the last two months it is, however, tolerably good. I have been buying some property lately, which I hope will yield a profit in addition to my business. I did intend to visit you this summer; I thought nothing could prevent me; my wife's health, however, will not permit her to travel so far. Dr. Colby said it would be dangerous, and I can not leave her. It was my intention to proceed to Lockport from Columbus, where I must go to attend the Circuit Court in July next. What is the reason you can not come to see us? You are yet a bachelor and have nobody to consult as to your movements except yourself. You ought to come and see us, if not us, yet the Great West where we live. I anticipate the day is not distant when an excursion from any part of New York to Cincinnati will be a mere matter of moonshine. The Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad is to be put under contract immediately; when that is completed it will be extended at once to Cincinnati, right alongside of the Miami Canal and along the shore of the lake; then some morning you may come along and take breakfast with me and return home to tea. What preposterous folly ballooning is! As if the wings of the wind could carry us faster than the wings of steam!

Your affectionate brother,

S. P. CHASE.

The first great grief is well expressed in this letter of long ago, which tells of the death of his first wife:

CINCINNATI, April 26, 1836.

My Dear Brother:—I did feel, and I felt deeply, your neglect to write me on the occasion which deprived me of all that made life to me most desirable. It is true no sympathy on such an occasion can reach the evil itself. That can not be repaired. The wound can not be healed. Still to know that our friends do sympathize with us, that they share our sorrows and would, if possible, relieve them, is in itself consoling. I could not believe that your silence was a consequence of indifference. You could not be indifferent, for I am your brother; you could not, for she was your

sister, not only in law, but in affection. How often have I heard her say: 'How much I like that brother Edward! How much I wish he would pay us a visit.' Your kind attentions when we were at Lockport won much upon her heart, for she was all alive to kindness; and could you have known her better, you would have esteemed her, and she would have esteemed you more. Do not understand me as reproaching you; I am only candidly saying that you acted on mistaken views, and that you ought to have written to me. I can not paint to you how much I feel my loss. You could not understand my feelings, even if I could describe them. It is as if sudden night had descended upon the prospect when fairest and most smiling. At the very hour when the difficulties under which I labored were giving way, when prosperity was mine, when we had been blest with a little one, in loving whom our mutual affections would have found a new and intense life, at that very moment she was cut off. I bow to the mysterious sword of Divine Providence. I mourn that my sin has brought this terrible blow upon me. But my heart bleeds at the remembrance of her, and that she is not. Oh! that I could but once recall the past! But the past is beyond hope of recall. * * * * * My little babe is also very well. She is a sweet-tempered little child, happy and contented in her unconsciousness from morning until night. She is very strong. She can already, though only five months old, support herself standing by holding onto a chair or my fingers. * * * * * And the babe has been healthy from the first. For this and all my remaining blessings I ought to be, I hope I am, thankful, but, Alas! what are they all to the blessing which I have lost?

Ever your affectionate brother,

SALMON P. CHASE.

Another letter contains a theory, relating to politics, which he found it afterwards impossible to practice, and at the same time shows how profound his religious convictions were:

CINCINNATI, March 8, 1842.

My Dear Brother Edward:— * * * * * I am glad you like the address of our Liberty Convention. I think it contains true Democratic doctrines, and that it will gain public favor in time. I mean to keep out of politics, however, myself. I am glad that you do, too. Unless a man is independent or means to make his living by politics, and a poor living that always is, * * * * * he had better keep off. * * * * * I don't, however, have entire confidence in any reformation unless it is based on religious convictions. If I could only see you and our other dear friends cherishing a well-grounded hope in Christ and enjoying the happiness and content which religion inspires, could rejoice in tribulation.

Your affectionate brother,

S. P. CHASE.

Here is another letter on "Democracy":

WASHINGTON, August 3, 1852.

My Dear Brother:—I am very glad to receive your letter showing your action in Niagara County; it is indeed cheering. I was

absent when your letter arrived, attending a meeting of my class at Dartmouth; otherwise I would have taken care that your letter, or rather the facts stated in it, should have appeared in the *Era*. It is very important to keep the encouraging facts before our friends and the country. Barney, in a letter received to-day, says he has sent you a list of names in different parts of the state; make the best use of it you can. I rejoice to learn that so true and good a man as Bradford R. Wood, of Albany, is all right. Do you know him? He would make a good candidate for the Presidency if attention had been directed to him early enough. You see my position defined in the *Era* in the article on the P. Convention and its nominees. I don't mean to be a candidate, and have taken such steps as will secure me from the nomination without formally declining. I hope you will go to Pittsburgh. It is very important to get the convention to take a right platform, and the name Independent Democracy. It will cost very little from Lockport, and the benefit is worth the cost. Go there, and stand firm for a reasonable platform, free from ultraism, but comprehensive in scope and taking the name "Independent Democracy" boldly and distinctly. Give my love to Eliza and my dear little Kate.

Very affectionately yours,

S. P. CHASE.

This gentleman referred to in this letter was Mr. Hiram Barney, who was made Collector of the Port of New York eight years later, when Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury. The "dear little Kate" was his idolized daughter, afterwards Mrs. Chase Sprague. The next letter was written on the death of his second wife, the mother of "dear little Kate":

CINCINNATI, Nov. 3. 1845.

My Dear Brother Edward:—I received yours of the 27th ult. this morning. It is, indeed, a heavy affliction that has fallen upon me, and, though not unexpected, not on that account the less distressing. I have watched over Lizzie for years, and it was my chief comfort to contribute to her happiness; and the approaches of death were so slow that I did not realize that the hour of departure must at length arrive. I am truly thankful that she was so calm, so submissive, so trustful. She expressed repeatedly her confidence in Christ, and seemed like a child led through an unknown path in darkness by a father's hand. This is the only consolation I can appreciate. With love for your dear wife and all friends, I remain affectionately and faithfully.

Your brother,

S. P. CHASE.

Salmon Chase's life was so often shadowed by bereavement that he might well have applied to himself the poet's words:

"Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?"

As those who dote on odors pluck the flowers,
 And place them on their breast, but place to die,
 Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
 Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."

I do not know how soon after he married the third wife, but in 1852 he writes of her death also; she was the mother of "Nettie," Mrs. Hoyt. Ten years later the dear "brother Edward" had passed into the better land, and he writes to his widow thus:

WASHINGTON, October 25, 1862.

My Dear Eliza :—The world is dark, but God is light and love. Oh, that we trusted Him more completely! Then even the world would be brightness! I wrote Mr. Bush about the office; both the President and Governor Seward have assured me that it shall not be disturbed until at least after the November Term, and I hope not before the end of the year. Mr. Bush says all is right, and he expects to be here next week.
 Mr. Dickinson is now in Nicaragua and will not return probably for a month or two, and perhaps not before spring. This will be settled when Mr. Clay, who is to be his successor, shall arrive. My heart's sympathies are with you, dear Eliza, in your present affliction, and all I can do for you shall be done. Kate will write. She would send her warm love if she knew of my writing; she loves you and loved her uncle dearly.

Your affectionate brother,

S. P. CHASE.

The office to which Secretary Chase refers in this last letter is that of United States Marshal of the Northern District of New York, which Edward Chase held during the war and up to the period of his death. Mrs. Chase then assumed it and attended to all the duties with ability and fidelity until the summer of 1863. Mr. John T. Bush, of Niagara, whose recent death was so much deplored, was an intimate friend of the family. He was well known all through western New York in political, financial and social life. He owned the "Clifton House" on the Canada side of the falls, and a most superb residence close by. Many people think the view from there the best one to be obtained of the Great Cataract. It seems to have been about four years after the death of the first wife that Salmon Chase married the second; and between her death and his marriage to the last wife but one year intervened. His periods of wedded bliss were brief, indeed, his first lasting only eighteen months, and, singularly enough, the two others were each of six years' duration merely. Thus Fate ever

robs of something dear, even when appearing to give with a lavish hand. I think it was a very sweet and romantic idea to name Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, the child of the second marriage, after the wife and daughter of the first one. It evidenced two sentiments, one that he wished to renew in beauty the love of his youth, and the other the most perfect confidence in the heart of the second love. For it was a graceful concession on her part, and one which a narrow-minded woman would have refused. What a small and evil nature it would show to be jealous of the dead! Yet I have known such. This lady, Mrs. "Lizzie" Chase, once visited Lockport, so Edward's wife, "Aunt Eliza," has told me. She describes her as being very lovely, of a slight figure and exquisite complexion, with fine light brown hair and marvelously bright eyes, which the daughter, Miss Kate Chase, inherited; for hers are rarely beautiful, of that indescribable color, one hardly knows whether to call hazel or brown. She also describes her as having had a charming gayety of disposition, full of frolic and fond of playing capital jokes upon her stately husband, and withal very affectionate. All this life and loveliness passed away at the early age of twenty-three. What a loss such a mother was, and how much the girlhood of her daughter missed! When we think of this, it seems wonderful that she could have grown up so finely and become possessed of so many accomplishments without a mother's fostering care. Of course her father took the deepest interest in her and watched over her health and improvement tenderly, but she must have relied principally on herself after all, for he was necessarily very greatly occupied with law and politics. Her life, though brilliant, never knew the sweet careless freedom of a happy girlhood. In later years I have heard her tell that, when at a ball, at the very hour when the gayety was at its height, she would be forced to depart, like Cinderella, at the fatal hour of midnight. The stroke of twelve was the signal for flight.

It really appeared as though in her life the Fairy Prince was Governor Sprague, for he seemed then to possess every thing which renders life delightful, but he was only another instance of the eternal truth the world's history is forever telling, that, when one's star is at its very brightest, the danger and the downfall are at hand. In other words, when the radiance blinds, then the shadow is already stealing behind us, to snatch away our joys, to crush the smiling

brow into the dust it lately spurned. I have also heard her attribute to the care of her father the erect carriage so often observed in her. He always insisted that it was a matter of culture, and if he saw her inclined to stoop in the least, she would at once feel his warning thumb in her back. Aquila Chase, the ancestor of the American Chases, came from Cornwall, in England, which is always associated with the ancient ballad of Trelawney:

“ And shall Trelawney die ? And must Trelawney die ?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys shall know the reason why.”

The grandparents of Salmon and Edward Ithamar, Dudley Chase and his wife Alice, were the first white settlers in the town of Cornish, New Hampshire, which was granted to them by Governor Bowdoin in 1765, and which they named in honor of the English town of their forefathers. All these members of the Chase family of whom I speak were born in this town of Cornish, although at times some of them afterwards lived at Keene. But there were Irish Chases, of whom one, Mr. Newby Chase, of Black Rock County, Dublin, wrote to the Chief Justice in 1767, regarding the coat of arms used by the Chases of Ireland. Their motto, *Pro Christo et Patria*, For Christ and my Country, the descendant, the Chief Justice, seems to have nobly kept. This letter gives a story told by the writer's father years before: “A vessel arrived from England in the Port of Dublin, a great many years ago, commanded by a Captain Chase. One of the name, who resided at that time in Dublin, hearing of the arrival of a namesake, called to see him and told him what brought him. ‘Oh,’ says the captain, ‘I am an English Chase, and don't know you.’ ‘Well,’ says the other, ‘I am an Irish Chase, and don't know *you*,’ and was turning to go away, when the captain seized him and said he should not leave him in that way, for he was surely a Chase. He made him go on board the vessel, and ever after they were intimate friends.”

I have never heard whether the Irish Chases were among the English Colonists who went over with Strongbow in the time of Henry the Second, but I think that was probably too early a date for them. Nor have I heard it stated whether Alice Corbitt, the grandmother of Salmon and Edward was Irish or English. The name Corbitt is found in both

countries, with a slight variation in the spelling. There was a Corbitt Chase, an uncle of the Chief Justice, and the names are just at present mingled again after more than a hundred years, as one of my sons is named after Edward Chase, and is called Chase Crowley. The greatness and beauty of the mind of Salmon Chase are well shown in the following extract from a daily journal, which also proves that those destined to fame feel a warning voice bidding them not to loiter on the way: "January 13, 1829: My birthday, and I have no guardian save Him whose wards we are through life. I am twenty-one. 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day,' yet at length the most distant imaginable point of time will be reached. How precious a treasure is time, and how have I lavishly squandered it! Oh, that I could recall some of it from the abyss! Vain is the wish. Time lost can never be recalled or redeemed. Yet even now there is time, if I will but resolve and act, to do much. Knowledge may yet be gained, and golden reputation. I may yet enjoy the consciousness of having lived not in vain. Future scenes of triumph may yet be mine. Let me awaken, then, to a just sense of my great deficiencies. Let me struggle earnestly for the prize of well-doing and leave the event to the great Arbiter of all destinies!" This little fragment from one of his letters coincides with what his daughter so often told me, that he wished to treat every one kindly: "Act as though you cared for them," said he, "and the good feeling will come." He always disliked to be at variance with any one, and had that distinguishing characteristic of great men, a lack of the spirit of retaliation. "Say what you please kindly of your friends, but keep a bridle on the lips when you tell of those you do not like so well." I am glad to find this link in the chain of his life which connects his spirit with that of the great Daniel O'Connell. Both ardently desired the universal emancipation of mankind. One strove in Erin's blood-stained land, and the other toiled in the Republic that the word "Freedom" might be a mockery no more, and thus both names are immortalized!

At a meeting of the Royal National Repeal Association of Ireland, held May 10, 1843, Daniel O'Connell said some things in his fashion far from favorable to the Irish-American supporters of the then "peculiar institution of the South." Such eminent Irish-American repealers as David T. Disney

were greatly concerned about that utterance of the great Irish leader. They responded to the liberator. Mr. Disney was thought to have surpassed himself in that response. But Mr. O'Connell, in a letter dated October 11, 1843, replied *more suo*, whereupon such eminent Irish-Americans as Salmon Portland Chase took up the tale. "The Friends of Liberty, Ireland and Repeal," assembled in Cincinnati, and Mr. Chase, as one of a committee, prepared an address, reviewing the relations of the Federal Government to slavery at the period of its organization, setting forth the original anti-slavery policy and the subsequent growth of the opposite policy, and vindicating the Liberty Party. It was surprising to find how much Irish blood and Irish extraction showed themselves in born Americans at that time. Chief Justice Chase presided when Mr. Crowley was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1865.

Far back to childish days date my recollection and friendship for the other Chase family of Lockport, the cousins of the Chief Justice. Their paternal grandfather was General Chase, an Officer in the Revolution, and his son Jonathan's children came here from the Green Mountains of Vermont. They also were a large family, ten children in all, the same number of those of Ithamar and Janette. There were two physicians, Dr. Jonathan and Dr. Alexander Ralston; a dentist, Dr. Samuel Logan, a very handsome and popular gentleman, whose wife, the good "Aunt Sarah," is one of the angels who help to redeem this world and whose life, though full of sorrow, is a shining example of unselfish devotion to others. It did seem too hard that, after all her other trials and losses, George, her beautiful one, should be taken! Beautiful he was to look upon, beautiful in his life, beautiful in his death in the Christian Mission to which he was so early called! As his later years of manhood were passed far away in the West, and I did not see him for many years, the portrait in my memory now is of a glorious youth, whose dark eyes shone with the light of genius, and kindness, and all high and holy aspirations. The first time I saw him he was ascending the steps of his uncle's school-house with my brother, James Corbitt, whom I have before mentioned, and when I think of those two in their magnificent prime, of the promise held out to their fond parents of a brilliant future, of all their adoring friends, I wonder still, through all the philosophy years have brought, why such bright beings

were created to dazzle and charm for awhile, and then plume their radiant wings for flight and leave us in a darkness doubly drear by contrast! But on the other hand, what awaits those who stay? To find opposition where once was encouragement, treachery where once was trust, and at last to grow so weary in the race that we look back with regret that we too did not share the early grave so wept over and so deplored!

That morning I speak of was one of those which seem like a dream of our lost Eden; the garden of the school-house was blazing in color and rapturous with the song of birds; my brother introduced me to his young friend. I was then a child of seven, and the scene remained imprinted forever on my mind. The simple words, "It is a very fine morning," which he first spoke, I hear still even to the very tone. Shall I listen to those voices again in scenes which will not vanish? If finite mind could create a phonograph where tones are caught and imprisoned, what can not infinite intelligence do? This famous school, where fine men taught, and whence many a bright scholar issued, had been in former days the old "Coffee-House," a sort of combination of hostelry and post-office. There the winding of the stage-driver's horn had been heard long before the Latin conjugations. The teacher, Mr. Chase, was a man of much ability, and there were in his family four brothers, David, Nathan and William, who did not reside here, and George, who is still living, a hale old man of eighty, and has always been somewhat of a recluse. The sisters Mary and Eliza I do not remember. Not far off stood the "Old Seminary," originally a Presbyterian Meeting-House, where so many matrons will remember having spent some girlish years. When I went there, we had for our teacher Miss Hemiup, a lovely woman, who is now, I believe, living somewhere in the West.

We were married in the autumn of 1862, and commenced housekeeping in a little cottage opposite the home of Judge Gardner, in whose office my husband was first a student. I have the fondest recollections of that old neighborhood. All the bright hours of my childhood and early girlhood were passed there. To retrace those lost paths, to revisit those old spots is, indeed, to gaze on the tomb of vanished joys. Just around the corner, not far from the old "Coffee-House" on New Main Street, my father and mother lived for some

years after my marriage. Oh, happy days! when in the soft summer evenings I could trip lightly back to my old home, and feel no sense of separation. When I think of the bright bevy of school-mates who surrounded me at that time, I pause to wonder where their wandering feet have led them since those careless days. There was Cornelia Spooner, a literary genius, a girl of great nobility of soul. She passed years ago to "where beyond these voices there is peace." There was Mary Fassett, who never seemed worldly enough for the terrible conflict here, and who entered the higher life before her dear friend Cornelia. Their souls did not need a long discipline on earth, and I love to think of them as treading together through amaranthine bowers, enjoying the splendors of the immortals. Early they listened to the voice of Jesus.

"The Master's voice was sweet;
 'I gave my life for thee;
 Bear thou this cross through pain and loss,
 Arise and follow me.'"

They obeyed and meekly trod the appointed way, though it led through the desert, and the flowers were left behind, though the cross was heavy, and the pathway dreary. Long have they seen the lilies bloom on Canaan's shore. There were Sue Baker, my loved and inseparable companion, still here, though now so seldom seen; and the little beauty, Belle Smith; and her bright cousin, Helen, the niece and daughter of the Methodist minister here at that time, and the fascinating young doctor, Simeon Tucker Clarke, the child of the Muses, who had just then strayed from Parnassus and elected to fold his radiant wings and dwell in this region. How all this little band of friends, including my husband and my brother James, flocked nightly to burn incense at the shrine of the dazzling Eliza Prentice, our favorite heroine of romance. She was the light around which all these moths fluttered in those happy days. Could any love-lorn señorita, listening behind lattice-bars to the magic tones of her lover outside as he tuned his guitar for her ear alone, ever thrill as we did to Eliza's voice singing:

"Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow!
 My dark-eyed love, be glad awhile!
 Has Leila's voice no music now?
 Is there no spell in Leila's smile?"

And what Spanish cavalier, ever feared by duennas, could weave a sweeter spell of youthful romance than Dr. Clarke, as he swiftly caroled:

“Meet me by the running brook
Where the silver waters flow,
Meet me in the shady nook
Where the drooping violets grow !”

The poet-physician has well fulfilled the fair promise of his spring-time. Though the works of his later years are worthy to rank with those of our greatest writers, yet all the first blossoms of his genius have even now a greater interest for me. More than a quarter of a century ago he wrote for me the following acrostic, which, though admired at the time, seems lovelier than ever now, for it much better suited my angel daughter Maud, whose name was the same as my own:

“Joyfully waken the harp-string,
Utter thy voices, ye Muses !
Love, to the altar thy torch bring !
Is there aught vocal refuses ?
Angels are waiting to bless thee,
Maud, the delight of the angels !
Angels themselves would caress thee,
Up in their home where pure love dwells.
Do not deny them their birthright ;
Call them thy sisters then ; love them ;
Open thy heart to the heaven-light
Radiantly shining above them,
Beaming from Jesus, thy brother ;
Into thy heart, O, receive him !
Trust him, and trust in none other ;
Think how thy coldness would grieve him !”

—S. T. Clarke.

The spirit of beauty leads him in her footsteps everywhere in Nature. In conchology, one of his favorite sciences, he seems to prize most the fairy-like shells, such as might have been left after Titania's revels by the sea-shore, and in his long country drives he will often be inspired by the tiniest wild flower, blooming almost unseen, to pen some charming bit of verse, quite as much as by the lily's spotless chalice or the rose's heart of fire. Thus he immortalized the asters and golden-rods, raising them forever from their lowly station. The passing years have left so little of impression on him that one might imagine him to have found, in his botanical

and alchemical researches, the magic waters for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. In the sick-room his tender sympathy is cherished as a blessing, and his memory endeared to all with whom he thus comes in contact.

- As glowing visions, undimmed by the mists of years, come back to me the faces of the beautiful Spencer girls, who might have been houris straying by chance from some Persian paradise, and the gifted and lovely Lounsburys, Ida and Imogene. How the strange mystery of some human destinies overwhelms us! Even as we wonder why such skill should be shown in the building of the ocean world, where the light never comes, why the gem should be hidden in the dark mine, why the consummate flower of genius should so often burst into bloom under the saddest environments, so we wonder that the best and brightest of our friends should pine away in the dark shades of gloom, while the petty natures, without heart, without grace or attraction of any kind, often devoid of beauty or intelligence, should be forever in the sunshine and walk through life to the sound of a perpetual triumphant march! If we did not hope that the Master's hand would attune these tangled chords again into harmony in the life eternal, who could endure?

“And now I ask with throbs and pain,
Ah! when shall we all meet again
As in the days long since gone by?”

The day, the brief days, when my dear brother James was with me, and on moonlight nights we drove out to the Lounsburys' delightful home, where we were always received with the true southern hospitality! Mr. Lounsbury was a remarkable man, and he possessed the faculty of describing in a thrilling way the experiences of a varied life. Ida Lounsbury possesses all the esprit which made the leaders of Parisian society famous in the days of the Empire. Fortune could not place her too high to please the friends who knew her best, or to reward her sufferings and her lovely and heroic qualities. The late Doctor Bishop was at that time a great favorite in this special circle, and when he brought his beautiful young bride, Miss Leah Howes, from some eastern city, we instantly, with youth's poetic fervor, pronounced her to be the perfect type of Byron's Gulnare in his story of the Corsair. Doctor Bishop was a very handsome man, and his death, just in the height of usefulness and

success, was greatly deplored. He was for many years associated with Dr. Evans, one of the most ardent and devoted of the disciples of Esculapius. The two daughters of the mythological god of medicine, Hygeia and Panacea, must have attended him in his professional path, for not only is he personally blessed with radiant health, but he brings consolation as well as healing in his train. Though he has many friends, it is still a great privilege to count for one, as I feel that I do, through his kindness to some dear to me who have "Gone before to that unknown and silent shore." But after all my observation, I must express, as the result of comparison, that Lockport has been and is still rarely fortunate in its physicians. However, they are in all places the very noblest and kindest of men. It is only fitting that the grandest of all professions should be recruited from Nature's noblemen. Before their achievements the fame of earth's greatest warriors, the story of the most brilliant victories, must pass away like a mist and a dream.

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Written in characters of unfading light should be the histories of the pioneer doctors who, to relieve suffering in the wilderness, took long rides at the peril of their own lives, guided only by the trails of animals or Indians, and carried the medicines in their saddle-bags, thus greatly impeding their toilsome progress on these errands of mercy. If the badge of knighthood were conferred on all who had thus come to the rescue, though not sung in minstrel's lays, or emblazoned on the historic pages of our country, a new book of heraldry would be devised, and we should read there many a dear familiar name, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor would decorate many a faithful breast. I would rank among the foremost heroes Dr. William M. McCollum, Dr. William B. Gould and Dr. M. S. Kittinger. Perhaps they prefer the records they have, in the hearts of the living and the sacred memories of the dead, whose farewells to friends on earth they have so often sadly witnessed. A more skillful physician, a truer gentleman, a friend of finer feelings, a more sincere Christian than Dr. William Gould I have never known. Early in my life I had occasion to feel his generous kindness, and the changing

years can never wear the memory away. I have often said that, if he had not chosen the medical profession, he would have made a great actor, for his powers of mimicry are simply marvelous. His fine memory enables him always to use his knowledge for the pleasure and benefit of others, so that socially his presence as a visitor adorns, and enlivens, and helps to dispel the shadows that gather around the couch of suffering. He must be very lonely now, having recently lost the accomplished and devoted companion of his life, who entered into all his hopes and trials. Alas, in these sorrows we can only give our sympathy, for the assuaging must come from a mightier Hand. And Dr. McCollum! All the older inhabitants must recall his boundless charities, his profound scholarship, his unique peculiarities. Early troubles, though they made him somewhat cynical, did not in the least harden that great and sympathetic heart.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

Dr. Kittinger, when I first knew him, was a member of Dr. Fassett's household, and in the companionship of this great-hearted man he enjoyed special advantages. Besides the daughter, Mary Fassett, there was the brilliant and erratic Henry, who also, "loved of the gods, died young." He was in boyhood my husband's most intimate friend and comrade. His mind was like a flashing meteor, suddenly lighting up the sky and then sinking into impenetrable darkness. Had he lived, he might have won many a laurel, for a lofty mind was expressed in every flash of his changing eyes, which were of the hue of the ocean, now darkly gray, now softly blue. But he rests with many another noble youth in the Cold Springs Grounds. For him life's "gaudy, babbling and remorseful day has passed." One of the most magnificent specimens of humanity the Almighty ever presented to the world is Dr. M. S. Kittinger, of Lockport. He possesses a physique of marble, such as the Wandering Jew might have possessed in his centuries of travel, on which the flight of years could trace nothing; a nobility of soul greater than any diadem could crown; a constancy in friendship like that of General Grant, whose name means fidelity. Dr. Kittinger went in 1856 to Europe and spent several years in the hospitals of the principal cities of the Old World, in Austria, France and England. In 1861 he became surgeon of a vol-

unteer corps and gained thereby much of the valuable experience which has brought him such celebrity. His skill as a surgeon, his devotion to his profession, would have enabled him to gain vast wealth had he gone in his youth to some larger field, but then, perhaps, Cæsar was wise when he said he would rather be king in a little Liberian village than second in Rome. He has a very attractive family. His first wife was a lovely, gentle woman, dear to all who knew her. She was a Miss Laura Day, of Albion, and I first met her at the house of Dr. Fassett, where we all greatly admired her brilliant musical attainments. She died at an early age and left four children, who have been most tenderly cared for. In addition to the ministry of their devoted grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Day, of Albion, they had a double share of paternal watchfulness.

To this fine array of physicians has in recent years been added Dr. Rice, who came here from Niagara Falls, and he makes a formidable recruit to the stalwart band of warriors in their crusade against disease and pain. Stalwart he is indeed in all ways, for in politics he is a powerful force and always for the right. His two pretty daughters, the quiet Mary and the dashing Anne, are greatly admired and respected. Dr. Rice and Dr. Kittinger were a striking and distinguished looking pair as they entered the Court House on the day Mr. Crowley received the nomination for Congress in June, 1888. I am told those old walls witnessed a memorable scene that day. It gave the young men, who especially liked and admired Mr. Crowley, a chance to exhibit their devotion to him in their contempt for treachery and ingratitude. The heroic young blood of the Pomroys, the Keeps, the Kittingers, the Nicholls, the Westermans, and many others of our friends, was stirred in a way that will find expression in the future. Nothing arouses latent chivalry like the base attacks upon true greatness. Foremost in the ranks of those who fought for the right on that day was Wallace Dempsey. Like Henry of Navarre, his white plume towered amid the throng. No man could be insensible to the flattery of the devotion of men like these, and I trust their own futures will be as bright as they nobly tried to make ours. And, since no brave effort is wasted, perhaps their triumph is but deferred for a short space, to shine all the brighter for its brief eclipse. What laurel could be proudly worn without the struggle for its possession?

Among the groups of men who congregated in Mr. Crowley's office during the campaign, I noticed especially one pale, thoughtful and interesting face. This was Herbert Harrington, and he was one of my husband's best supporters. I think some spiritual magnetism drew me to regard him at that time, for I afterwards learned that his wife was Rosa Levi, one of the dear companions of Maud's childish days. Rosa, like all her family, was gifted in music, and Maud from childhood had in that way seemed inspired, and they played duets together at school, so surely it is not strange that our lives should be harmonious now. I do not believe the pretty dark-eyed wife of Herbert Harrington, though happy now in husband, home and children, will ever forget the golden-haired angel friend of her school-days, Maud Crowley. One feature of that struggle was very marked, and is especially gratifying to me. It was the ardent sympathy of young Irish-Americans with Mr. Crowley, for, strange to relate, Niagara County has not kept pace with the rest of the United States in progress of liberality in regard to race and religion. From Maine to California, from the rocky coast of the Atlantic to the smiling shores of the Pacific, through the rolling prairie, and over the towering mountains, in every district in which a great man dwells, the people delight to honor him. Ohio sent Garfield for over seventeen years to speak for her in the House of Representatives at Washington. But here public opinion seems to resemble the definition of bigotry which Fitz-James O'Brien gave: "The mind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye, the more light it receives, the more it contracts."

Both the school-mates and the neighbors and friends, who are associated with that period of my life, during my early housekeeping on Niagara Street, are enshrined in my heart so deeply that here, in these pages, I wish to pay more than a passing homage to their names, and if this humble tribute should perchance meet the eye of any of their kindred now surviving them, let these words speak my affection, like the flowers laid on graves where love and hope lie buried. The great particular star of those days was Mrs. William Keep. Beautiful and gifted, with marvelous intellectual endowments, she was to me a companion no after years replaced. The deep interest she always took in my life, the tender sympathy she felt for me when the Death Angel entered into my family, the consolation, the inspiration she was

to me, words are faint and weak to tell. For ten years she has dwelt in the abode of spirits blest, and when I reach those gates, which the weariest must find opened to them at last, beyond those shining portals shall I not find her once more, and renew the sweet intercourse so cruelly broken here? How we read and talked together! In the frost-bound days, by her fireside, with the outer world shut out, what discourses we held upon history, upon the ceaseless changes of humanity! How we reveled in romance and poetry, in the long summer days in the old-fashioned garden, among the gorgeous flowers! Surely no butterflies are seen now with such brilliant plumage as the ones that fluttered there from blossom to blossom. In the land of fadeless flowers, where the Tree of Life is blooming, shall we not meet again, O, beautiful and steadfast friend? I never met any one in whom the ideal and the real, the poetic and the practical, were so perfectly blended and shaded as in the character of Mrs. Keep. She seemed to comprehend intuitively all sides of life, though only the bright one had been presented to her own gaze. As a wife and mother she was a marvel of devotion, and the success and happiness of her children are largely due to her training. Seldom is a fond mother so worshiped and appreciated! Children are so apt to take self-sacrificing love as a matter of course, and this is, to a great extent, natural, but with her family respect and warmest affection went hand in hand. One and all of them realized that in her they possessed a treasure more precious than all other good fortune. She was familiar with all subjects, history, romance and poetry, yet was always interested in the little details which made up the sum of life. Her presence was in itself so potent a charm that often, after entrancing hours spent in her society, I have felt that the only excuse for monopolizing so much of her time would be best expressed by the poet's apology:

“ Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftmess brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their swiftmess to his wings?”

She left five children, one having died in infancy. Her husband, William Keep, had died some years before, in 1865. Her eldest daughter, Sarah R. Keep, now Mrs. Edward P. Beach, of New York City, was from childhood just what

one might expect the daughter of such a mother to be. If among her school-mates there was one less fortunate than the others, poor, or ill, or unhappy, to that one her sweetest attentions were given. Reared in luxury herself, she had that sympathy with misfortune which only exquisitely fine feeling combined with intelligence can bestow. As time glides on she resembles her mother more and more, and she so adored that mother that I know this is the very finest compliment I can pay her now. And to the other members of the family I know she has, so far as possible, assumed the mother's duties. Her husband, Mr. Edward P. Beach, of New York, is connected with the Canada Southern Railroad. He is not only a most elegant gentleman in every sense of the word, but also he is one of the noblest characters I have ever met. I, myself, have seen it put to the test, and I can but wish the world had many more of the same stamp. But nature does not give us such fine specimens of her craft every day.

He has one son, Mr. Frederic Beach, and if to be popular makes one happy, then this favorite of fortune should never know a sad moment. Idolized by his young friends, eagerly sought after in the very highest circles, both in this country and abroad, there must, indeed, be about him a most powerful personal magnetism. At his birth good fairies must have attended, and over his fate forever hovers a bright and auspicious star. Having early lost two other children, the father sees his own youth restored and his hopes fulfilled in this handsome son, in whose superb figure and remarkable athletic powers he reads a long life promised. May his shadow never grow less! As the Arabs say, Bismillah! Frances, the second daughter, is one of the most delightful companions in the world. She is the typical Frenchwoman of the *salon* in her vivacity, her charming *esprit* and her sympathetic qualities. Like her mother, she is tender at the mention of sorrows she can never know by experience. She is one of the few people one always feels a thrill of the heart at meeting, whose very name suggests the memories of joyous hours. To be with her is an exhilaration! Ah, Frances, cold indeed would be that heart which would not melt beneath your smile! Alice, the youngest daughter, is very happily married to Mr. Watson Blair, of Chicago, whom his friends declare to be the prince of good fellows, and in every way worthy of his lovely wife. But a short time ago I saw

her, one who had but "fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life"; two cherub infants, little Beatrix and Rose, lent the last and most perfect touch to her happy life. But, ah! that Silent Reaper, whose eye is ever on our fairest blossoms, plucked them from the young mother's arms, and now

" They bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by his care,
And saints upon their garments white
The sacred blossoms wear."

A dark-eyed son, the image of his grandsire, now embodies her dearest hopes. May he live to be worthy of the race to which he belongs, as the very youngest representative. Of Mrs. Keep's own family, the Rhoadeses, of Syracuse, there is but one surviving, Mr. Joseph Rhoades, of Lockport, an artist of high culture and one of nature's nobility. If one believes in the doctrine of the soul's transmigration, one would surely think him to have been an Oriental prince, or a Roman patrician in the days when the seven-hilled city ruled the world, when highest art and luxury prevailed. The dreamy life he leads always seemed to me like the echo of a past life so ordered that care, disease and death were almost unknown. Generous and kind, and devoted to his friends, his society is always eagerly sought by young and old. Ambition, that quenchless fire, has never disturbed his enjoyment. I believe the only account he will have to render at the final settlement will be to answer the question, "Joseph, what hast thou done with the talents I gave thee?" But, if the penalty should prove too harsh, there would be so many just inside the pearly gates, whose happiness would not be complete without him, Saint Peter would say, "Pass in, your loved ones are watching for you." I fancy that Raphael and Michael Angelo would take him by the hand and say, "Brother, at last, after long years of visions and hopes, behold your dreams!" The Keep family will be celebrated in America's annals for their magnificent success in business, their unimpeachable integrity and their tremendous industry. What a country we would have if such men were more numerous! William Keep was the eldest of the brothers who settled here in Lockport. There were seven in all, two of whom, Albert and Henry, became residents of Chicago. They are famous in the western world of finance. Chauncey, Charles, Augustus and George have been prominent

here for many years. George has recently transferred his business to Chicago, but keeps his home here. He would be very much missed, should he detach himself from us altogether, for he is exceedingly popular and is a most loyal man in friendship, and a valued member of his church. He is an active and earnest Republican. When he came to his old home to vote, he did not join the ranks of the traitors, who, for personal jealousy alone, united with the Democrats to defeat a man towards whom they felt the sentiments Shakespeare ascribes to Cassius: "Such men as these be never at heart's ease while they behold a greater than themselves."

The Keep brothers came here in 1834, from Homer, in this state, a place to which our town owes several of its bright particular stars who will shine in the records of its posterity. William Keep was a magnificent looking man. His face had somewhat of the cast of the great Napoleon. In its massive features could be read the determined will and the strong intelligence which produced such great results in his life and those of his descendants. Yet in his home he was devoted and indulgent, and his sudden death, which occurred in 1865, was a terrible calamity to his family, which consisted of the wife and three daughters I have mentioned, and two sons, William and Frederic. They have inherited many of his best characteristics, and have been for many years living in Chicago, where they occupy a most enviable place in both the commercial and social world. On their visits to their native town, for which they still cherish a fond and flattering esteem, they are always warmly welcomed by troops of relatives and friends of their happy childhood's days. And 'tis here their honored parents sleep, and though, since the sad day they gently laid their dear mother to rest, they have roamed over many a distant land, nor time, nor change, nor newer loves, can turn their thoughts from that mother's grave.

" 'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain;
'Tis the only one that will long remain."

How well I remember the joyous hospitality of their home! As the fabled waters of Lethe were said to bestow forgetfulness, so, standing on that familiar doorstep, even before crossing the threshold, I have felt my cares folding their wings and leaving me to revel in the sunny hours of perfect love, in a blissful companionship that was at once soothing

to the heart and inspiring to the intellect. When these children come to gaze, in the intervals of the passing years, upon those old walls, they must feel that

“ There’s a rift in life’s beautiful music,
A shadow across its bright sun,
And a dirge in the tremulous zephyrs
That girdle their boyhood’s home;
There’s a pall o’er the dear old homestead,
The light of its altar hath fled;
The mother, its ministering angel,
Lies sleeping the sleep of the dead.”

William resembles his father in feature, and Frederic in figure. They are both such fine, manly characters! Such firm friends, and such genial companions! The industry and self-denial they have practiced would furnish a worthy model for many a young man not born in the purple. For, although they were perfectly well aware that they inherited a competence, they commenced in just as unassuming a way as though their lives were dependent on their own exertions, and they were compelled to take for a motto:

“ *Perseverantia omnia vincit.*”

From their mother’s poetic nature was transmitted to them the power to adorn the practical side of life with the bright leaves of sentiment. I know that every little verse dear to her has been carefully treasured by them in a way that evinces the finest depth of feeling. Fancy’s golden rays thus cast a gracious halo over the beautiful past, gently illumine the busy days of the present, and point to a still fairer future in the life eternal! Chauncey Keep, a remarkably fine-looking man, also, like his brother William, passed away in the very prime of life. He left a charming family, which consisted, besides his wife, of two lovely daughters, and a very promising son. The two sisters have always seemed to me a lovely contrast, Gertrude so dreamy, so pensive and poetic, and Sallie so bright and captivating. Their types of beauty, too, are different. Gertrude has the Greek head and profile, and Sallie the dark sparkling eyes and clustering curls of the Italian women. In character they are a happy combination of the romantic temperament of the mother, with the fine judgment and discretion for which their father’s family are renowned. Sallie married Mr. William

Harrison Brown, of Philadelphia, a man whom his associates always describe as generous and noble in all ways, in business and in social life. Of late they have spent most of their time in Paris, owing to the foreign investments of the firm in New York which he represents. Edward Kirke Keep is a most interesting compound of the best qualities of the two families from whom he traces his descent. He has the Keep caution, judgment and prudence, and he has a heritage of the ideal from the mother's side.

Mrs. Chauncey Keep is a very handsome woman, possessed of marvelous health and superb physique, and endowed by nature with all the qualities to make her a leader in society. She is a type of which we can not have too many, and who confer a grace and elegance upon the place in which they live. A delightful hostess and a sincere friend, she fulfills well the mission of a charming woman. Her mother, Mrs. Center, retains at a very advanced age the brilliant qualities of her mind. Her brother, the Rev. Mr. Kirke, of Boston, an eloquent divine, probably transmitted his higher qualities with his name to Edward Kirke Keep. Perhaps, too, the spirit of the youthful Sarah Voorhees, the aunt who died long ago, may have inspired him with that love of the Muses of whose influence over her own brief life she has left such a lovely record. At all events, he is well equipped for the changing scenes of life's theater, the capacity of joy for its carnival, as evinced by his impassioned love of music, the power to deny himself for some special object, the philosophy to sum up its various chances and choose the best, and, above all, the soul and courage to stand by the right, to defend his friends from base attacks, and win for himself, with their gratitude, something higher and nobler, the sanction of his own conscience and the approving smile of Heaven! Charles Keep, who has steadily resided here since 1834, would be a distinguished man in any field he might choose to take. He has also mixed with the prosaic details of an every-day business life a pronounced taste for literature. Familiar with all the standard writers of fiction and poetry, he has developed in his sons a taste for classic learning that their high records at college have well illustrated. His wife is a very fascinating woman, and comes of a fine Boston family, the Crocketts. There were ten of them in all, brothers and sisters, and I was always deeply interested in their special histories,

several of which would have formed little romances of themselves. One sister, Mrs. Grélaud, always possessed for me a most peculiar and mystic charm. Her pretty daughters, Marie and Aurora, are well remembered here, also the daughter of another sister, Hartley Dana, whose early death was deeply regretted. Mrs. Charles Keep has been noted for her amiable rôle of reconciling rival factions, in which she has specially excelled.

“Blessed are the peace-makers!”

Augustus Keep is the only unmarried brother, and is therefore claimed by all the nephews and nieces as their especial and favorite uncle on the father's side. I remember, when I was a child, that I thought he resembled the pictures of the Cæsars copied from Roman coins and shown in the pages of the School History, and the very unassuming life he lives now may be in contrast with some former incarnation of lavish splendor. His manner, reserved to strangers, is very friendly and kind to those whom he knows well, and his charities are numerous and unheralded. He has all the integrity of his race, and is capable of the most steadfast friendship. Noblesse oblige. Mrs. William Keep and the wife of Judge Hiram Gardner were like fond sisters, and her memory is still, and will ever be, tenderly cherished in that family. This is one of several reasons why I hold them in admiring recollection. When I was their near neighbor so long ago, the aged father of Mrs. Gardner, Deacon Scoville, lived with them, and it was lovely to see the eldest daughter, Anna, now Mrs. Ashley Smith, supporting the failing footsteps of the good grandsire. He often came to see me and tried to chain my wandering thoughts to the future state, and sometimes I would say, in alluding to the suffering caused by the death of loved ones, “Why does God allow all this?” He would shake his head slowly and reply, “My dear child, our finite minds can not comprehend the infinite.” As the leaves in the book of life unfold, some bright, some darkly shaded, how we come to feel the truth of this! Judge Gardner came to Lockport in 1822, and can therefore be counted as one of the eminent pioneers of the city. He could remember the log cabins, where now stand stately dwellings; the flourishing places of business, where he saw the bear, the wolf and the deer driven from their haunts by the first settlers; the great Erie Canal coursing through the

path hewn out by human genius and energy through the solid rock and dense forest, and the advent of our illustrious guest, the Marquis de Lafayette, the very thought of whose visit sheds a glory over the waters which bore him on his journey through the land he had helped to deliver from tyranny's chain. He was constantly honored with important offices, having been successively Assemblyman, Surrogate, County Judge and Canal Commissioner. He was a successful lawyer for a great many years, and one of the most highly respected members of the Presbyterian Church. Judge Gardner possessed in a marked degree the fine chivalric manner of the old school. He was most courteous to the plain, the feeble and the aged. A true Christian spirit accounted for this, I believe. Somebody says "Christ was the first true gentleman that ever breathed." Without a pure and lofty soul, the finest chivalry is impossible. Lord Chesterfield, though the model of elegance in his time, was yet not truly a gentleman, because through all the polished suavity of his famous letters there breathes the spirit of heartlessness and licentiousness. Though a sort of Puritan firmness pervaded the happy household of the Gardners, yet in their blooming garden the peonies and hollyhocks flaunted their blood-red silken banners to the wanton breeze and nodded temptingly through the hedges to the passers-by. The first thrilling poem I ever learned to repeat was given to me by Mrs. Gardner, and I still think it beautiful. It is now quite widely known, and it is called "Mona's Waters."

" Oh, Mona's waves are blue and bright,
 When the sun shines out like a gay young lover,
 But Mona's waves are dark as night
 When the face of heaven is clouded over."

Thus begins the sad little melody, which tells in touching verse of the drowning of a widow's only son. And when gold is offered to her in recompense for the life of her child she replies:

" Can gold bring back my darling boy ?
 Go back and seek your mountain home,
 And when you kiss your fair-haired daughter,
 Remember him who sleeps to-night
 Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Her gentle and kindly heart keeps her almost unchanged by time, and she is now in her old age as fondly sheltered as

in youth from the storms of life by her devoted daughters and her sons-in-law, one of whom, the popular and manly Mr. Carl Jackson, is really the staff of her declining years. He practices charmingly and faithfully the fourth commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee." His own father, the genial Mr. James Jackson, is also well worthy of filial devotion. I always think of him as the kind friend of my brother James, whom all the prominent Democrats of that time regarded as one of their most promising young orators, and many of them believed him to be destined to a brilliant leadership in the future. But the bright star of the morning sunk early here to rise upon a fairer land. The name of the Hon. James Jackson is well known in the Democratic party throughout the state. Had he not been so absorbed in business, he might often have led them on to victory in his own city. All the fine qualities which attract men, the cordial manner, the benevolent disposition, the broad mind so free from bigotry, are combined in this attractive and popular gentleman. His wife was one of Niagara's beauties, and shares with him the affection of a large band of devoted friends. Another dear friend of James Corbitt was Mr. Solon Pomroy, the editor of the Democratic paper here, a man of culture, broad mind, and depth of feeling. He was so close to that brother that his name and life will ever be held gratefully in his sister's memory. The gifted lawyer, Mr. William Farnell, was James' partner at the time just preceding his death. Not all the vicissitudes of time have caused me to forget the pleasures I felt when, soon after we were installed in our little cottage on Niagara Street, we received a visit one evening from Judge Levi F. Bowen, and his beautiful and stately wife. It was under his guidance and supervision that my husband and brother had both first tasted of the spring of legal learning, and it is still his sage counsel and his kind sympathy we seek in times of war or sorrow. We are indebted to the town of Homer for this eminent gentleman, for he came from there in 1832. He has adorned many positions of trust and honor; no title could decorate him now. His nephew, Mr. George W. Bowen, has been in business partnership with him for many years, and the honored Judge must feel that in him he has a worthy successor to his fame and the judicial ermine. Should the

mantle of his uncle fall upon him, its spotless folds would be as faithfully and proudly worn as now. George Bowen is incapable of any action that is not noble and true. He rejoices in the success of his friends, and is especially delighted when one of the Judge's "boys" makes a name in the world. The serpents of malice may hiss and threaten, but they are utterly powerless to fasten one fang on lives so spotless and so guarded by love and reverence. The wife and daughters of George Bowen have done much to brighten the society of Lockport. They are noted for their charming entertainments and their unchanging courtesy to their friends through all circumstances, be they clouded or bright with hope's rosy hues. Kind attentions, though sweet in youth's golden hours, are sweeter still in the mournful time when the fair buds of life's promise seem blighted, and we find persecution where we looked for consolation.

George Washington says in his *Social Maxims*: "True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation." Among my earliest friends now brightly shines in memory's light the name of Marks. Mr. and Mrs. Silas H. Marks and their children have always held a high and honored place in Niagara's annals. They came here from Connecticut in 1836, and were always most active in church, business and social life. In the first organization of any company likely to benefit the village of that day, Silas H. Marks stood foremost, and it is to such men as he that we are indebted for the first impetus given to our most important movements. Fine-looking, dignified and affable, of great intelligence combined with kindness of heart, he commanded the esteem of every one and the warm attachment of many. Charles Marks, the only son, perished on the threshold of manhood. The two daughters, Emma and Abbie, remained to console the parents and reflect luster on their early training and example. Emma's path has been cloudless and prosperous, but who could have foretold that Abbie's lovely dark eyes would be doomed to shed such bitter tears? Emma's husband is the son of Luman H. Nicholls, who was a native of Albany County, in this state, and a successful lawyer here. Mark Nicholls is capable of heroic and steadfast friendship, and has a most unmitigated contempt for all that is base and mean. He agrees with the man who said: "Ingratitude is the basest of crimes," and, like Augustus

Cæsar, he can not "commend traitors." Only a few days since I attended the funeral of his lovely sister, Mrs. Robert Lewis, of Rochester. Greatly was she beloved and long will she be mourned. Yet we might have known she could not stay longer in this cold world, for, as Gertrude Keep, one of her dearest friends, observed, "she belonged to youth."

" She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth ; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful, such as had not staid
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well."

Fred, the bright and fascinating younger brother, died in life's morning, and there are now left, besides Mark, Carrie the pretty sister, so early widowed, and Burr, the gifted artist brother, who has of late years lived mostly in Europe, and whom I always thought to resemble strongly the portraits of Edgar Allan Poe.

Close beside me on Niagara Street lived dear Mrs. Emeline Webber, on the one side, and the Pullmans on the other. When I was trying my newly-fledged wings in housekeeping and facing the trials of life generally, I wonder what I should have done without the cheerful Christian counsel of Mrs. Webber and Mrs. Luce, the daughter of the Pullmans. Lovely spirits they were and are, accepting all things without a murmur, and breathing in every act of life the belief of Him who doeth all things well. General Watson Webber, the eldest son of his widowed mother, was a rarely gifted man. With fine taste in literature and pleasing manners, he was an ornament to his native city. It was his mother's fate to see him depart before her into eternal life, as well as the two younger brothers, Alfred and Luman. Only one, Edward, is left to cheer her last days, and he dwells afar in the prairies of the great West. Mrs. Luman Webber married some years ago a young gentleman of whom Lockport was especially proud, and justly so, William Bruce Douglass. I remember telling him once that his chosen flower should be the edelweiss, as it represented noble purity. So courteous and so affable was he that no one would have suspected, on first meeting him, that he was the idol of a fond father and indulged in every wish. To that father he was deeply indebted for more than mere wealth could bestow, for the same

knightly air might be observed in both. Asa Douglass, George H. Boughton and John Jackson represented in their time fine qualities, which their descendants inherited and of which they are entitled to boast, if the pride of ancestry should be allowed here, and so far as it relates to noble traits like these, I think it should be honored everywhere. Mrs. Webber and Mrs. Luce were so fond of my darling Maud, and hence they will ever be remembered by me in the fondest and most grateful way. Sweet were these blossoms of affection that clustered around my early path. And there was Mrs. Ensign, with her flashing black eyes, her wit and gayety, with beauty and mind enough to gain attention anywhere. Where is she now? How strangely our ways diverge, sometimes to be so strangely re-united.

How often, in describing friends, or recounting the stories of their lives, one feels how far short of the reality all paintings of pictures in language must necessarily be. This strikes me as I now attempt to portray the Hon. Sullivan Caverno and his family. The artist, if he succeed well, not only gives us the outward semblance, but can catch the fleeting expression of the immortal mind, and stamp forever on the canvas the impress of the soul. The sculptor, though his statue bears the fixed repose of death, can yet recall in its mold the familiar lines, and suggest thought imprisoned in its marble brow, but a description in words can never reproduce the departed glory of those we would fain make live again in our story. Mr. Caverno was the pioneer of classic learning in this place. It was his hand that first offered the waters of the Pierian Spring to the eager lips of many, who might have lived on without the most priceless blessing of this world, education. It was largely through his arduous efforts, and contending against much prejudice, that we obtained our Union School, which has sent out so many bright and successful people to life's larger school. Before this the log school-houses were almost the only ones here, and teachers as well as pupils labored under great disadvantages, though many brilliant stars shone then in both capacities. The last of these picturesque landmarks I remember is the one which stood, until quite recently, near the Maloney farm, some few miles out on East Avenue, and located near a pleasant bit of woods. It has vanished with many another memento of those days connected with the family, who were among the earliest and kindest friends of my parents. How true it is

that, as the shadows on life's dial point towards the ending of our day, our thoughts turn to our first impressions and the people connected with them. Who, that has stood mournfully by the death-bed of kindred, has not observed that on the threshold of immortality the mind constantly sees pictured the scenes of early days? Though my father was but a youth of one-and-twenty when he crossed the ocean to America, in his last illness he talked all the while of his boyhood in Ireland and described scenery and events with a wondrous and vivid power. To my mother the brief bright days passed in her native village of Kilfenora were fresher in her dying eyes than all the long years in America, which seemed to have been but a forgotten dream. I was at these times reminded of an expression which occurs in a famous drama, uttered at the sad death of the heroine: "She speaks of things long past, a fatal, fatal sign!"

In addition to his great learning, Mr. Caverno possessed the most genial qualities as a friend and host. Not alone do I judge now of the entire family by my early love and admiration for them, for then my natural enthusiasm might have swayed my judgment, but a wider knowledge of the world, and comparisons with many who have attained celebrity have endorsed my first opinion and given it the seal of a truthful homage. The whole family sparkled with wit and gayety. The diamonds of their discourses formed a perpetual libation, which did not need the actual dissolving of a jewel, like Cleopatra's famous pearl, which she drank to the health of Antony. Ah! Mr. Caverno:

"In Attica thy birthplace should have been;
Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne."

Always associated with the thoughts of old days at the Union School is Mr. Atwater, the teacher of mathematics. He was beloved by all the pupils for his unfailing kindness and patience. As I meet him occasionally now, I observe that Time, as if to reward him, scarcely leaves upon him the shadow of the swiftly revolving years.

Among the most distinguished of the old régime were the two daughters of Judge Holmes, Helen and Fanny. Helen is a brilliant woman and would adorn the most exalted position, but I have no doubt she is perfectly contented as the wife of the cultivated and noble gentleman, Edwin A.

Charlton, at that time Principal of the Union. On Fanny the Muses had smiled, and her lovely verses will never be forgotten by her cotemporaries. Their surpassing ability can be readily traced to their father, the Hon. Alfred Holmes, the oldest living practitioner of the law in Niagara County. He belongs to a type we see passing away with great regret. Ardent and true in politics, utterly free from the trickery and meanness of too many of the modern would-be politicians, he stands, a spotless record behind him, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, close to the sunset of life, close to the sunrise of eternity. We could wish that such noble souls might linger far beyond the span of human days, for their influence is precious, their help in times of need is glorious, and sustains the despairing, and comforts the persecuted. Fortunate in spite of everything is he who can count among his friends the Hon. Alfred Holmes. To cheer his declining days are left here his faithful daughter, Lizzie, and the talented and noble Kate, who married Mr. Calvin Haines, a man who has the courage to stand by his friends when they are, as the soldiers say, under fire.

Another Principal of the old Union, whom I remember with grateful friendship, is Prof. B. M. Reynolds. He was blessed with a remarkably gifted wife. Still another, since more widely known in woman's fast advancing field, is Mrs. Belva Lockwood. She was for some time the Preceptress, a position she filled most admirably. Perfectly just in her judgment, kind and encouraging to her pupils, she parted from them as friends for her lifetime. Miss Sarah Ransom was one of the favorite teachers at that time. I remember, when she married and went to the West, how the pupils grieved, and it really was a parting forever in this world, for her useful and lovely life was soon cut short by the shears of the fatal sisters:

"Clotho, and Lachesis, whose boundless sway,
With Atropos, both men and gods obey."

Mercilessly do they continue to snap the threads of this family's lives. For of late, within a short space of time, three have gone, the lovely Cherrill, the father, and the handsome and genial Frank. The one who was my school-mate still survives, Washington H. Ransom, and I can truthfully say that time and sorrow have dealt gently with him,

and that he has well kept the promise of his bright and studious youth. No one could have a higher sense of duty, and no one could despise cant and hypocrisy more than "Wash." Ransom. His wife, Miss Kate Stickney, was one of the many charming girls who went to the "Old Union" at that time, 1860, 1861 and 1862; and there was also the handsome Nell Keith, whose chestnut braids and rosy cheeks were the admiration of all. How, to this day, I remember the facility with which she worked out the problems in algebra, over which I struggled long and vainly. Still another, whose cheek was like ripe peaches, was Maria Rogers, who married handsome Charlie Brown. These two were among the first to show their deep sympathy for me when Maud was taken. And, alas! since then the same sorrow has stricken them. It was well we could not know in those careless school-days. Full soon are the mystic pages unrolled, and yet the solving of the problem lies far beyond. Charlie did not take all the beauty of the Brown family, for his two sisters, Julia and Fanny, were perfect little pictures.

How many times have I said that, among all those early friends, not one was more amiable than Annie Aiken, now Mrs. Moses Brady. She is the same sweet, gentle soul still, and her husband is in every way worthy of the trust and friendship in which he is held. Another school-mate with whom friendship's tie has never been broken is Sarah Reynolds, now Mrs. Matthew Witbeck, of the *Commercial*. The Witbecks are one of the oldest and most respected families in Niagara. John Witbeck was one of the popular pioneer landlords, and those who were for any length of time his guests always felt a strong regard for him and for his family. One daughter married Mr. William Jenney, and they have for many years been our nearest neighbors. I do not believe that Mr. Jenney has an enemy in the world. Even religion and politics, those subjects on which like rocks in the ocean, which cause ships to sink, many a friendship has been shattered, have never caused him to lose a friend. As a family they are generally beloved, and as they have always been ready with their kind ministrations in times of trial, so in their dark hours the whole city felt shadowed. What a different world we would have if all people were thus true to the Golden Rule! But for this we must wait till the Millennium.

In an old album, in handwriting somewhat faded after a

lapse of more than a quarter of a century, I have the names of those who left the "Old Union" with me, The Graduating Class of 1862. Of these names two at least are now traced upon the silent tomb, those of John B. Heroy and Helen M. Bouck. Ella Williams and Mary Squires have staid on within those classic walls and watched other classes come and go, other forms take the places of the scattered and departed ones. Their lives are, indeed, worthily spent, for I think there is no higher earthly mission than that of the teacher! None which demands nobler minds. Prof. Ashur B. Evans, the present Principal of the school, has occupied the position for many years. He is celebrated as a mathematician as well as a classic scholar, and the constant improvement of the school is greatly due to his wise and careful supervision. The scientific bent of his mind reaches in many directions, for he is one of the oracles concerning geology and botany in this region. Nature has given to him many of her rarest secrets, hidden from the ordinary gaze. To the eye of genius alone she discloses the open sesame to her mysteries! As a friend he is staunch and true, as a Christian, free from bigotry. He is fearless in expressing his opinion in the cause of the right, and, like Lord Nelson, when once his colors are nailed to the mast, there they stay, and no fear of storms or unjust criticism ever tempts him to tear them down. His charming wife is a descendant of Lockport's first surveyor, Jesse P. Haines, and the sweet Quaker virtues inherited from that good line are still reflected in her bright face. Like her husband, she loves to see merit in others, and, as the gold-seeker digs into the ground and the diver goes to the depths for pearls, so these people search for the gold and gems of the mind and find beauty where others are blind. But there are none so blind as those who do not choose to see.

The first school I attended after the primary was one presided over by Mr. Fitts, the father of Major James Fitts. The time is fixed in my mind as being associated with my first knowledge of dates and years, which he impressed in a peculiar way. I noticed in a New Year's address the poetic license of the expression:

"And down the hill sped '53."

°I asked him what this meant, and he explained to me the legend of the flying years. Many a one has since flown by,

yet I do not forget thee, gentle guide! I think he possessed the very genius of teaching, and he led me through the mazes of grammar as though it were a path of flowers, and the goal were some enchanted land. It has been said there is no royal road to learning, but I know there is, for I walked there with my first feeble childish footsteps under the inspiration of my dear friend and teacher, Mr. Fitts. He soon after departed for other fields, and so I have always missed something I might have achieved had he stayed longer. Of late, they tell me, he had lived long in the sunlit lands of the Pacific. Perhaps in that magical atmosphere he found Youth's Elixir and tasted in advance the joys of Paradise, for he lived happily and in the perfect possession of all his rare qualities of heart and head to a very advanced age, and very shortly before his death sent to his son, in fine, clear handwriting, a copy of his favorite poem, Mrs. Barbauld's Life:

“Life, we have been long together
Through pleasant and through stormy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.”

And, says the son in his biographical sketch, “The lines that he so dearly loved were strangely prophetic of his own quiet and peaceful end.” His son, James Franklin Fitts, is one of the best of our modern writers of fiction. In some of his later stories one feels absolutely acquainted with the principal characters. Whence comes the wondrous power to evoke, as by the wand of a magician, such creations, living, suffering, dying, leaving a positive sense of loss? To one gifted with this strange spell the surroundings of every-day life are as nothing; they are the dream; in the mind dwells the reality. They are but shadows, the substance is elsewhere. Slaves of the lamp, as the literati are sometimes called; they have the power, like Aladdin, to rear around them the palaces, not of earthly splendors, but of thought, where the soul can revel, free from the galling chains which often fetter their lives. There no earthly cares can enter, no boding fears disturb them. Is it not somewhat symbolic of the houses not built with hands promised to us by the inspired writers of old?

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." His wife is the lovely and amiable Harriet Gooding, whose sister Mary, Mrs. Edward Williamson, was one of the dearest and most attractive of my school-mates. Ed. Williamson is one of the finest and most loyal souls God ever sent to this vale of tears. I have often observed that great affliction is sure to have one of these two effects: either it will embitter the disposition, and cause one to look with an utter absence of charity on all people, or it will sweeten and broaden the character. And this is the result of Ed. Williamson's illness. To a heart naturally warm and tender, and a soul incapable of petty jealousy, has been added the perfecting touch. Fit now for the company of angels is he who never had an unkind thought or word for any of his fellow-pilgrims on the way to the final rest.

Then, later, there was Mrs. Ralston's school, designed more to enshrine the rosebuds of society until the hour arrived for their proper and brilliant blooming. She might have been appropriately styled the lapidary, for the gems sent to her gained a polish and a luster no other hand could bestow. Certainly I feel eternally indebted to her for the impressions she made on my life and character, and for the gracious interest she ever took in me. Her sweet words of praise and encouragement have never ceased to help and inspire me.

"And from those days serene and far,
Her voice falls like a falling star,
Excelsior."

How often in the storms of these later years have I wished that these school friendships could all have remained unbroken! Alas, that ought should ever have been permitted to cloud the dazzling rays with which they shone on life's gay morning.

Of those who have carefully studied the Geological History of Niagara County are prominent the names of Othniel Marsh, Professor Evans, Doctor Grosvenor, Doctor Clark and Doctor Tryon. Othniel Marsh and my husband were boys together, and in their school-day experiences there was little to denote the great extent of research in this special direction which Mr. Marsh has since achieved. He is now Professor of Palæontology in Yale College, a place created for him, thus standing at the very head of this great branch of science, which, speaking with its huge monuments of the silent con-

cretion of countless ages, tells of myriad lives before our own. His uncle, the great English philanthropist, George Peabody, was deeply interested in the life-work of his distinguished nephew. I remember, when Dr. Grosvenor came here from New England as teacher of the natural sciences at the Union School, how we all wondered at his profound interest in plants, and bugs, and stones. How eager he was to search into the secrets of the universe! Mary Fassett, the daughter of the Doctor, was his first wife, and his present wife was once the charming Maria Van Horn. She also has a beautiful sister, Mrs. Hugh Rose, of Buffalo. Their father, Mr. John Van Horn, was one of the foremost politicians here many years ago. Dr. Walter A. Tryon, too, always had an innate love of the beautiful, and Nature spoke to him in all her various languages. He concludes his fine essay on "The Fossils of the Niagara Epoch" with these words, alluding to the time when the land we tread on was a vast sea, as evinced by the unerring prints of the successive epochs: "Though this ancient ocean teemed with a curious life, yet it was a silent, lonely waste of waters. No bird sported over its bosom, or dipped its crest in its slumbering surface. No animal haunted its lonely barren shores. Yet in these mysterious waters the processes of laying the foundations of a vast continent were going on. Slowly beneath that wide-spread sea corals, crinoids and molluscs were elaborating the rocky material of a vast tract that, after the lapse of an almost infinite period of time was to teem with a life and an activity immensely superior to the creatures which laid the stepping-stones on which we tread to-day. Yet such are the ways of the Infinite Creator. More than 2,500 feet of solid rock, deposited out of the sea teeming with lower forms of life, and preserving in its rocky strata the petrified forms of their existence, contain God's record of what has been, and which lies beneath the feet, and the line of ascent of him who proudly treads above them now." Geologists prove that Niagara Falls have gradually moved from Lewiston to their present position.

In the picturesque road which winds into lower Lockport is pointed out to the traveler the ancient site of what in early days was called Rattlesnake Hill. That such a place could have existed so long, and the deadly denizens crawled around the streets of the village to the wild alarm of the first settlers, proves that Lockport really needed the ministrations of Saint

Patrick, who freed the Emerald Isle forever from this foe to Eden's bowers. Baleful creatures, whose permitted existence is a mystery! Symbols of all that is most detestable and deplorable in human nature! Would that I could say that from my native village all things emblematic of these pioneer marauders were also eradicated. But as long as jealousy and malice flourish and combine against true greatness, so long will Rattlesnake Hill be more than a hideous memory of the past, with the difference that now, as in the days when Eve walked unsuspecting in the radiant groves of Paradise, the serpents wore the guise of angels of light and disguised the native hiss under the honeyed words of love. Burke, the peerless Irish orator, was once the subject of a witty impromptu, in allusion to Saint Patrick's banishing of the snakes:

"Oft it is wondered that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile has as yet been found;
Revealed the secret stands of Nature's work:
She saved her venom to create a Burke."

Pleasant recollections of the early taverns and their genial hosts are connected closely with our childish days, and principally the old Pavilion, where I played in those happy hours with Ella Tenbrook. To me it then seemed like the Moorish palace of the Alhambra, and I never now pass its still familiar walls without the reflection that all things in this transitory world are as we view them for the time, and are but the reflection of our own minds. If we have been happy at any particular place, as I was with the Tenbrook family at the Pavilion, there is always a charm around it, even in decay; but if we have been miserable, an air of gloom will always pervade the spot associated with our unhappiness, perhaps through no fault of its own. There Andrew, the eldest son, is now the proprietor, with his wife, the pretty Barbara, and on a visit I paid to them last summer I could hear the "leaves of memory" rustling with ghostly whispers as I thought of the many vanished forms that had once gaily passed through those doors. There was the old Coffee-House near my own home, where, as I have heard my parents tell, in pioneer times the stage-coaches stopped with the mail, before we could boast of a post-office. We had not advanced to the possession of a John Hubbard in those days, the most perfect of postmasters. Sears Dickerson was in

his native town of Dickersonville, and the mazes of politics were an unknown quantity of the future in his untroubled dreams. To those two men the words loyal, brave and true inseparably cling in my mind. The Old Coffee-House is now occupied by the family of William Wicker, one of the purest and best of our first citizens. Colonel Frank Wicker, the eldest son, has had, perhaps, the most eventful life of any of the family, having passed many years in travel and army life. He married the beautiful Miss Harriet Spalding in early youth, and she is still very handsome.

The Washington House was renowned as having been once honored with the presence of the Marquis de Lafayette. It was burned in 1865, the year Lockport became a city, and also the year of the assassination of our heroic Lincoln. It was certainly according to the fitness of things that the illustrious Frenchman should have come to the house named for his noble friend. The host and hostess of that memorable time were Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Colburn, the adopted parents of Mrs. Edward I. Chase, whose own name was Metcalf. The hotel itself was built by her father, Mr. Henry H. Metcalf, in the year 1823, and her grandfather, Mr. William M. Bond, gave the land for the old Court-House, and the tract donated also embraced the land on which the new Court-House now stands. Surely from the archives of the past his name should be recalled with gratitude!

When the French hero came to this town, the canal was not quite completed, though some portions of it were navigable; still the solid walls of stone on either side were being severed by the undermining blast. It was as though Nature spoke with a mighty voice in response to the resistless march of mankind. We had no cannon then, for the war was ended, and Lafayette came to observe the effect of peace and liberty on the land for which he fought so well. But some salute must be given besides the welcoming shouts of the people. The workmen, more in sympathy than all others with this disciple of Liberty, arranged that a tremendous blast should shake the skies at the appearance of the honored guest. "Ah!" exclaimed the Marquis, as he heard it in surprise, "the very rocks rend to salute me!" Thus in thunder tones spoke the laborers on the Erie Canal to the man who had helped to make a refuge for the down-trodden, the victims of tyrants everywhere! Thus yet will rend the last monument of oppression, and the liberator, not the op-

pressor, be served and defended. Not only did they have no cannons at that early period, but they also had not arrived generally at the luxury of possessing carpets. The only one in the place was owned by Morris H. Tucker, the father-in-law of our distinguished townsman, Mr. John Hodge. This was brought out and laid on the street at the point where the visitor was to alight. The horses were driven up to it, and thus the renowned Lafayette first pressed his foot on a carpet in the possession of a man destined to be nearly connected with him, who since has crowned our city with glory. For no one can say this is not true of Mr. John Hodge. It needs no glamour of childish romance now to see great and beautiful changes here in Lockport, wrought principally by his magic skill. There is the superb Opera-House, the pride of the city, which was once burned down in all its splendor, blazing like the palace of Sardanapalus with a gorgeous light that carried dismay to the people's hearts; but soon it rose in all its former beauty, to show that man's genius and courage can trample on the elements, and from the nettle defeat still pluck the flower of victory. With princely munificence he recently offered the beautiful country-seat, built and occupied by Governor Hunt, to the Society of Free Masons for an Asylum. Mr. John Hodge is one of Mr. Crowley's earliest and truest friends. His life is a strange instance of a bright star presiding, but also of the reward of almost unparalleled industry and integrity. He is one of the few wealthy and successful men who has placed to his eternal account a shining array of good and charitable deeds, which will make his now brilliant earthly record pale! Faultless in all points as a gentleman, and honored and revered in the many societies of which he is a most conspicuous member, I believe that none of the Knights Templar, whose fame is cherished from Solomon's Temple down to the present day, can present a record more closely resembling that of Chevalier Bayard, "*Sans peur et sans reproche!*" He entered as a student the law office of Edward I. Chase at the same time with Mr. Crowley, but his tastes seemed to incline more towards active business pursuits, which he has ever since followed with ardor and wonderful results. If the shade of the great Lafayette could revisit now the place which proudly welcomed him in its infancy, though he would not hear the crashing of the great rocks, he would hear many a church bell and the jingle of the street-car, and the prattle

of children on their way to our great schools would greet the ear of him who smiled upon our pioneers! For these great blessings we are indebted to the heroic deeds and the patriotic spirit of John Hodge. His name will be perpetuated in the imperishable record of the works he has performed for our city, and the gratitude of a loving people will be his monument.

Another building that, like the Pavilion, was gilded with the rays of youthful fancy and magnified into palatial proportions, was the residence of Mr. George W. Hildreth, in whose employ my father was for twenty-five years, during which time the strongest friendship existed between the two men. The fountain in the once bright garden is silent now, and when I pass there I notice how it is all changed from long ago, when the many children came gaily trooping in and out; there were eight of them in all, four sons and four daughters, and they are all living still. Henry was my father's special favorite, but he was very fond of them all, and seemed almost as much interested in their progress and welfare as that of his own children. Mrs. Hildreth was a lovely woman, and I remember her kind sympathy for my father and for his people in their sorrow at the loss of their brilliant son, James Corbitt. Both this gentle lady and her husband have long since gone to rest, but their children and friends fondly cherish the remembrance of their useful and lovely lives, and the name of Hildreth is a part of Niagara's history. Mr. Hildreth contributed by his valuable inventions and machines very largely to the improvement and comfort of the people of his city. He was celebrated for his skill in all the mechanical arrangements pertaining to schools, and also in making agricultural implements. The many members of his then happy and prosperous family have, as is usual, drifted afar, and I believe there are but two residing here, Mrs. Louis Viedt and Mr. Charles Hildreth, the able and popular secretary of the Holly Manufacturing Company.

We can now very fairly boast of our manufacturing industries. Here are the headquarters of the celebrated Holly Water Works, whose machinery is now in such extensive use all over the United States, supplying cities and villages with water. Here the inventor, Mr. Birdsall Holly, lives. Here also are the Holly Steam Works for heating buildings, residences, shops and stores from one common source, the steam being conveyed, like gas, in pipes under ground.

There is Mr. William Richmond, the head of our principal institution connected with flouring-mills. One can see at a single glance the indications of power in his face, the expression of marked ability he has shown. His wife is the daughter of an old friend of my father, Mr. William McGill, and is not only a very pretty, but also a very amiable, woman. Her brother, named for his father, possesses the family integrity and noble qualities of heart. We can also speak with pride of our fine glass-work done under the superintendence of Mr. Alonzo J. Mansfield, a man who worthily holds the respect of the best element of the people, a man true to the right and not to be swerved from his honorable course. I must not omit the Cowles Aluminum Works, to which we are indebted also for the sojourn of the elegant and interesting Doctor Waldo and his charming family. These, with Mr. Charles Keep's flourishing paper-mills, the Westerman Rolling-Mills, the Lockport Pulp Manufacturing Company, the Boston and Lockport Block Factory, and the cider-mills of the Oliver Brothers, which sent an enormous amount of cider to France last year, and the Jackson and Sons Lumber Mills, constitute a powerful array of industries.

Our Niagara County is famous for its fruit-growing, and chief among those who can claim the reward of merit in this direction is Mr. Claudius L. Hoag. I think the Niagara grape, which is now found in the markets of all our large cities, is the most delicious grape in America, with possibly the exception of the Tokay grape of California.

Governor Hunt, who resided here for many years, and is now buried at Glenwood, was very highly appreciated throughout the state. I remember, on my first visit to Albany, on being presented to a famous litterateur, that he instantly, on learning I came from Lockport, proceeded to lament the untimely end of Washington Hunt. "Madame," said he, "Lockport is about to lose her brightest ornament." Many a time, in response to a most welcome invitation, have I rushed away, if but for a day, from pressing business, to join a dinner party at his Lockport country seat, and I was always well repaid for the journey in the pleasant time and the cherished memories. Robert Hunt, his only son, the fairest gem in all his brilliant life, the crown of his proudest hopes, perished from the fever caught in some fatal hour in the fair and sometimes deadly Roman Campagna, and the widowed mother, like Eugenie, the sorrowing Empress of France,

lives on alone, brooding over mournful memories of past grandeur, and of joys departed, to return here nevermore.

Among the many old friends who have passed away from earth, there is one whose name I fondly cherish; it is that of James G. Porter. His friendship for me began with my infancy and continued through life. Of his large and brilliant family but three survive, the two daughters, Mrs. Cornelius Roosevelt, of New York, and Mrs. Adolph Mensing, of Germany, and one son. Laura Porter was a great belle here long ago, and I have often heard an artist friend say that her face was absolutely faultless. The beauty and grace of Marie Mensing attracted the attention of the Empress Eugenie in her palmy days of splendor, the gorgeous glitter of the Empire, when the days of doom and exile were far distant. Capt. Grove Porter is the only son left of six gallant sons. The brave boys, Stanley and Ben, died for their country's glory, and the others were all cut off in the flower of their lives. And thus it was with the Moss boys. Who does not remember those awful days when the whole city wept and implored for the precious lives of those glorious fellows? First the noble Charley, then Ed, a superb specimen of young manhood; then the gay, the gifted, Fred, all went down before the pitiless scythe of the fatal Reaper! The vision of Fred Moss, as I saw him last, is the one I always recall when his name is mentioned. What a glorious picture is left on the minds of friends of those who are called away in early youth! He stands before me with his waving brown hair, his bright blue eyes so full of fire and feeling, the stamp of rare intelligence upon his brow, and in his whole manner and bearing the gentleman, and better still, the true and tender friend. Every one loved Fred Moss, and he is not, and never can be, forgotten, for

“ 'Tis not the tear at the moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's dead,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

Had he lived, he might have written the name of Moss upon the temple of our country's fame, for his talents were great and promising. But it would have been at best but brief, and the struggle is so hard that the game is not worth the hunter's perils and persecutions. George Moss alone

remains, the last of that remarkable band of brothers. He was left for the conflict and the trials, and he has kept and transmitted the honorable name untarnished, and when, on the resurrection morning, he meets his brothers once more, then, and not till then, will the mystery be solved, why they were snatched away with "Life's enchanting cup still sparkling near the brim." For many a year they have lain in their graves at Cold Springs, where many a gallant comrade sleeps beside them.

Capt. William Stahl, handsome and gifted, stricken down just when fame beckoned most alluringly, he, too, lies there. We, who have so long remained behind, might almost envy them their dreamless rest, when the shots of traitors ring madly about our ears, and we grow weary of the perpetual smoke and din of battle.

"Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more?"

One of my husband's pleasantest youthful experiences was when he taught school at Chestnut Ridge, in the winters of 1857 and 1858. His most intimate friends were the family of Nathan G. Stebbins, the Flaglers, who lived opposite them, and the Terrys. Of course the "boys" have scattered widely since then, but the friendship with the Stebbins family he never will allow to grow cold, no matter what intervenes. Mrs. Stebbins is a perfect type of lovely Christian character. I always thought Eugenie, the one who married Frank Terry, one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, and the second sister, Mary, now the wife of Mr. Norman Allen, is very graceful and fascinating. How sweet is true friendship when it holds firm through the changes of the years, and how bitter it is to be deserted by those who were kind only when fortune smiled, and waited till we were wounded with the sorrow they should have felt and understood to attempt to strike us down. And still further back in my own life I can see a charming picture, never to lose its place on Memory's walls. A little vine-covered cottage, near where once stood the Baptist Church, was occupied by Mrs. Thomas Wall and her family. She was a lovely old lady and my mother's very dearest friend, who used to say that, soon after her arrival in Lockport, they constantly met

on the way to mass on Sunday mornings. Finally, she greeted her with saying: "Well, surely we will meet in Heaven!" And so, at last, after doleful and dreary years, they have, I trust and believe, met once more in Heaven. Her children have all prospered. Her grandson, Mr. William Spalding, was, in Mr. Crowley's opinion, one of the best Mayors our city has ever known. The clustering grapes which drooped over Mrs. Wali's windows, framed, as in a portrait, one of her daughters, the handsome Elizabeth, with her flashing black eyes and long glittering ear-rings. I have always been specially partial to these barbaric ornaments. They have been well described as "the golden lamps that light up the shadowy dimples on the cheeks of young beauty." The love of jewels has existed in all ages and races, from the Indian girl, with her necklace of wampum, to the modern belle, for whose sake the deep mine and the ocean cave are penetrated to their most dangerous depths,

"To make the mighty magnet set
In woman's form more powerful yet."

Many of the old familiar landmarks of my childish days have disappeared, but one, I notice, still stands where I often went in those days. It is a very narrow building, just hanging over the canal, near the bridge, and in early times it was a village store, kept by a man named Doyle. At the back, actually over a precipice, clambered the flowering-currant in sweet and wild profusion. With what reckless delight I climbed for the loveliest branches, which would persist in growing on the very top, where danger menaced the daring hand that plucked them. But is it not always so? Later on in life do not the blossoms seem brightest which grow at the highest summit, and does not the fruit of success gleam with a richer bloom from the topmost boughs, which can only be reached by deadly peril and conflict with mortal foes? But the sages of all the ages will tell you, in all their different languages, that the coveted blossom fades quite as quickly in your grasp as if you plucked it near the lowly ground, and that the fruits which glowed with such tempting luster strongly resemble in flavor those fabled ones painted as luscious to the sight, but as ashes to the taste. About where the Erie depot now stands I watched with wonder and awe the flaming forge of Thomas Kennedy's blacksmith shop. What a marvel to see the iron turn from ruby to white, and

then to dull black again. And the flashing sparks from the anvil, I can see them still, so strongly is the spot impressed upon my memory. I remember, too, how kind and patient he was in answering my thousand childish questions, which often afforded him intense amusement. Around the walls of the shop hung marvelous pictures of gallant steeds, whose matchless symmetry was due to the use of the famous Gargling Oil, one of Lockport's panaceas, patented by a Mr. Merchant, and now made under the supervision of Mr. John Hodge. As long back as I can possibly remember, I listened with eager delight to the talks of Joshua Giddings, a venerable neighbor, whom the old residents can not have since forgotten. He was a Spiritualist, and the first séances in Lockport were held at his house. How the table-tappings frightened people, and how agitated they became over the possibility of holding converse with departed friends! Since then what an advance this exciting science has known. The famous séances held at the White House in Lincoln's time are well told in the "Rebellion Records," and his interest dated from the death of "Little Tad," whose spirit he often fancied hovered near to inspire and console him. I could name, if I wished, two other Presidents who were investigators, if not believers, and also many another distinguished name of which strange experiences could be narrated, but I shall wait until these personages have assumed the masque and domino of my "Romance," for their incognito must, for the present at least, be kept.

Mr. Giddings also talked a great deal on the subject of Free Masonry, and especially of Morgan's fate, whose story he recounted eloquently to his awe-struck hearers on certain evenings. In appearance and manner he was like the Bible seers, and his words were listened to with deep attention. Mrs. Baker was Mr. Giddings's daughter, and I think our place never knew a nobler, lovelier character than hers. She was a superb looking woman, and as good as an angel could be, and to those who loved her, as I did, her memory will ever be dear.

In that neighborhood there was a great excitement among those who caught the gold fever of '49, and rushed to California, making a hurried disposal of their household goods. I remember well those parting scenes among old friends who had started out in life together. But I presume this was nothing to the commotion, which occurred just before

my recollection, of the Millerites preparing for ascension to the skies. They were the believers in the second advent of Christ, and I have heard my mother tell how they actually had their ascension robes prepared, and even went so far as to go upon the roofs of their houses at the predicted hour. But in vain they waited, no wings were sent, no heavenly message was proclaimed. There is to me something profoundly pathetic in these people, who are always hoping that the end of the world is at hand. They are so fervent in their trust, and so indifferent to earthly things! But hath it not been written that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light? What deep and broad rivers of meaning are pent up in this sentence!

In the twelve towns which comprise our County of Niagara there is an interesting field for historical and biographical research. The descendants of the heroic pioneers may well be proud of the record, considering the formidable difficulties and dangers encountered before the present comfort and beauty resulted. In each town to-day dwells some leader, who seems to concentrate within himself and his chosen band of friends the strength, the courage, the fidelity of yore, when the war-cry of the savage sounded the alarm, or when their country issued, not in vain, the bugle call to arms in her defense! There is the town of Royalton, where the family of Philip Freeman holds regal sway, where grand and fearless men like James Compton, George Judson, George Eddy, Frank Terry, George Hoyer, Archibald Kinney and hosts of others stand forth ready to defend the right, to espouse the cause of justice and rally round peerless intellect, the only royalty we recognize in this free land, the only allegiance we acknowledge.

I think the people of Middleport are as fine a representation as one could find in America of everything worthy to admire in our people. This deeply impressed me on the occasion of a banquet given by the leading citizens in honor of Mr. Crowley, in order to express their indignation at the manner in which the election to Congress last year was bought, betrayed and perjured away. Some who assisted in this act of treachery must feel a profound sympathy with Lady Macbeth, when she exclaims: "Out damned spot!" Verily, not all the "perfumes of Arabia" can for them wash this stain away.

In the town of Porter there is the family of Peter Tower, who came here from Massachusetts in 1815. During his long life, of more than ninety years, he was constantly devoted to the improvement of the place and the people by whom he was surrounded. In his house was held the first town-meeting, and he presented the ground for the first log school-house erected in his village, thus laying the most valuable foundation possible for its future. He was celebrated as a foe to Free Masonry, having been a warm, personal friend of William Morgan, whose secret removal caused such wild excitement. The same strong, fine traits of character which made him dear to his friends and neighbors are plainly to be traced in his children and grandchildren, notably in Mr. Harmon B. Tower, whose personal integrity and manly worth are widely felt and respected.

Ransomville was the scene of joyous youthful days, when I used to go in vacation time to visit Sue Baker, whose father, Mr. Dilman Baker, lived on one of its pleasant farms. There I met many kind friends—the Ransoms, from whom the place takes its name, and others, who have long since passed away. How sweet the June roses were in Ransomville! What a romantic charm there was in the moonlight nights! How jolly were our rides in the stage-coach which took us on our enchanted way!

“ Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon! ”

In the lovely village called Niagara Falls, which holds as its proudest possession the famous cataract, that jewel to which “all Nature is the setting,” live and have lived many illustrious people. The Hon. William Poole, editor of the *Niagara Courier*, has long been noted for his political and literary ability. A loyal Republican, a true friend, his life is unshadowed by any act of selfishness or treachery. He was in the Assembly in 1866, and there began the deep friendship between himself and Mr. Crowley, which time has but increased and trials but brightened. How of late the barbed point of his pen pricks through the bubbles of falsehood perpetrated by the feeble minds who vainly dream that they can cope with him in bitter irony and stinging sarcasm! The famous Porter family, who were among the very earliest settlers, have shed a luster over the history of this place. Foremost in all things, war, politics, or the elegant hospi-

tality which is always associated with their illustrious name, they have countless friends and admirers, both in this country and in Europe. The present representatives of the family are the Hon. Peter A. Porter and his brothers. And there are the Delanos, the Pettibones, and many others whose lives should be part of the history of the place. Charles Young, of Cambria, George M. Swain, of Somerset, and Ralph Stockwell, of Wilson, are men cast in that heroic mold which seems to be born and inspired for great purposes—men who leave deep impressions on their time, whose friendship and alliance decorate the brows of those in whom they place their trust.

Closely connected with our later years, dear to us and to our children, will ever be the memory of the gifted, the genial, and the noble Will Chaffin. Too lofty to be capable of envy, rejoicing in the success of his friends, he was a type of all that is best and chivalric in young manhood. He was summoned from this world in the very freshness of life's morning, while yet the dew lay upon the flowers of hope and love by which his path was strewn. And, ah! he was his mother's only son, and she a widow. Yet proud even in her sorrow is the mother of such a glorious child. And forever she will feel:

"Thy voice is far, thy face is hid from me,
But day and night are full of dreams of thee."

Lockport has always been pre-eminently a church-going town, and it has many believers in almost every sect, but the spires all point heavenward after all! There is the first Roman Catholic Church built here, St. John the Baptist's. Thither did our childish footsteps tend, and as the first deep impressions are said to be the ones we carry with us to eternity, I am sure mine will be the odors of the incense, the devout old women telling their beads over and over again, the solemn chanting of the mass. I believe that at last all other creeds will once more be absorbed in this, the first and truest, and that Rome, in spirit at least, will resume her vanished sway! The Episcopal Church draws nearer to us every day; they have now their sisterhoods, and many of their observances, especially of Lenten devotions, are becoming more and more similar to those of the once abhorred Papists. The brightest star the Episcopal Church ever knew in Lockport was the Rev. Foster Ely. Gifted,

sympathetic, without bigotry, and full of charity, he treads as closely in the path marked out by Christ as any one I ever met in this world. He resembles Edwin Booth very much, and his face bears the imperial signet of genius and nobility. If he had not chosen the holy vocation of divine ministry, he might have found fame and fortune at the Bar or in the field of belles-lettres. Another most perfect Christian gentleman was the Rev. Charles Gilliatt, a profound scholar and a very brilliant conversationalist. I am told he is greatly admired and appreciated at Newport, where he now presides. The Methodist Church, so pleasantly connected with my youth, owing to the fact that the Rev. Mr. Smiths' families, both Griffin's and Ryan's, were among my dearest friends, is now presided over in both parishes by two eminently able men, the Rev. Mr. Sanborn in the upper, and the Rev. Mr. Stratton in the lower town. Mr. Sanborn is a very highly cultured man and a great student of history and the sciences. His elegant appearance might be accounted for by the fact that he is a lineal descendant of the royal house of the Stuarts. And there is certainly a much greater charm attached to the stories and reminiscences of the Cavaliers than to the grim followers of the hideous Cromwell and the cruel Knox. His researches on the subject of Indian history and customs have endeared him to that singular race of beings. They have given him a name which, translated from their language, means "Clearer of the Skies," which is a very poetical way of describing the power of the minister to console. To his pretty wife they have given an appellation signifying a pendant flower. The ill-starred family from whom he traces his descent had many noble qualities, which now shine in this scion of their blood here in the New World. The Rev. Mr. Stratton has enshrined in his frail body the courage and hope which sustained the martyrs of old, when they fearlessly mounted the scaffold, or watched unfaltering the flames curl around them as they died for the sacred cause. Like St. Stephens he would be stoned to death before he would waver for an instant, and the growling of the wild beasts in the arena could strike no fear in his breast. Torture could never make him surrender, nor death itself cause him to be false to the right! Mr. Stratton served as a soldier all through the war, and for this reason, as well as his eloquence, was selected as one of the orators on Memorial Day at the reunion at

Gettysburg. He accompanied Mr. Crowley there on the 18th of June last. He gives unsparingly his time and strength to the Republican party, and has always been an ardent admirer of Mr. Blaine. His devotion to Mr. Crowley's interests in the Congressional contest arose from the highest and purest qualities of his mind. Daniel Webster once said: "Though I have little of that spirit which would lift a mortal to the skies, I thank my God that I have none of that which would drag an angel down." Such men as our friends, the Rev. Mr. Stratton and the Rev. Mr. Furbish, of the Congregational Church, (who is always a warm and valued friend of Mr. Crowley,) soar higher than the great statesman, Daniel Webster, in their efforts to uphold a struggling spirit; they would gladly "lift a mortal to the skies," and during the continuance of trials here would agree with the poet that

"He merits best a knightly crest
Who slays the demons that infest
The soul within.
A victor here,
He well may seek a wider sphere."

Of the Catholic priests of St. John's, my memory dates back to the third, Father McMullen. The ones I knew best were Father Creedon, Father Bede and Father Gleason. Father Creedon was one of the most brilliant and fascinating of men. Though I was but a child during his pastorate here, I knew him well, as I frequently visited his little niece, Julia Grogan. The changes of recent years have transformed the old house close by the church, where he lived, but in memory's eye I see him still, with his black velvet beretta, so infinitely becoming to his handsome face, as he sauntered through the garden, conning his breviary, now and then sitting with us children in the old fashioned grape arbor. Flowers grew on both sides of the long walk leading up to the door, and ivy clung to the ancient walls. All have vanished now, flowers and friends of long ago. Father Creedon removed from here to Auburn, where he became the intimate and trusted friend of William H. Seward, a man he always wished to see President. He was devoted to the interests of the Republican party, and was deeply versed in politics as well as literature. This gifted man died quite young, as so many Catholic priests do, for the exposures and fatigues of their

lives must inevitably shorten them. Father Bede was a very quiet and good man, and very much beloved. He, too, has long since passed away. Father Edward Gleason performed for us the marriage ceremony. He is a fine scholar, and speaks French and several other languages. When he was promoted from this parish to be the Vicar-General of Buffalo he was very deeply missed and regretted, having been much loved by the people. For my part, I think the red hat of the Cardinal would suit him to perfection, and none of those I have met are half so distinguished looking as he. What a part they have played in history! Wolsey in England, and Richelieu and Mazarin in France, in the time of Louis XIV, or as he was justly styled, Louis Le Grande Monarque! Father Hugh Mulholland was sent here in his place. His kind and gentle mission will never be forgotten, though at first his plain, unvarnished simplicity seemed a great contrast to the elegant manners and polished sermons of the adored Father Edward Gleason. He sleeps his last sleep among the dead lambs of the flock he tended so well and faithfully. Father Mulholland was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Kelley, a man who in a very short time endeared himself forever here, and whose recent death deprived his friends of a wise and faithful counselor, incapable of being swayed by sordid motives, and he in turn was followed by the present priest, our good friend, Father Darcy, whose unfaltering labors in the church he loves so well, have almost caused him to be transplanted untimely to meet the rewards of a life of self-denial and devotion here in this world of sorrow. The beautiful new Church of St. Patrick, which is in the parish where my parents lived, and in the place where the last rites were performed for them, owes its beauty and its flourishing condition to the untiring zeal of Father Cannon. I believe him to be a sincere and earnest laborer for the good of the flock committed so many years to his care, both to their temporal and spiritual advantage. The fine Stations of the Cross, which he has recently imported from Europe at great expense, are so artistic and lifelike that they speak far more eloquently than the finest sermon of the passion and anguish of our Saviour. "Behold Me!" they seem to say, "and complain not of your brief sorrows here, for if you bear them patiently some day you shall be with me in Paradise!" A very brilliant young priest was lately called to assist Father Cannon in his too arduous labors, the Rev. Mr. Barrett,

whose eloquence proved a magnet for the young lambs of the fold. He is deeply interested in literature, and has written some very able articles, biographical and critical. He has a mind capable of grappling with and properly considering the great questions of the times. In the smaller outlying towns of Niagara County have been, and are, some remarkably accomplished and educated priests. There is Father O'Donohue, whose stock of classic and poetic lore is inexhaustible, and in whose company one can sip delightfully of the Castalian fountain, and the ardent and eloquent Father Malloy, and the young disciple, Father Noonan, whose beginning of the priestly life is so noble and honorable in all ways.

“ Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.”

So softly stole the gentle music of the Angelus over this hitherto practical town, and cast about it the spell of ancient story and the lovely picture of innocence and rest. Among the plainer churches of the more modern sects, the Old World buildings of our Convent of St. Joseph stands out like the structure of a dream, or a page from antique history. The good Sisters, who left their native countries, France and Belgium, to offer their lives and services in their purifying and holy mission, are entitled to our warmest love and gratitude. Some of them have found their graves on this foreign shore, among them the wise and lovely Mother Superior, who died two years ago. I can never forget good Father Ulrich, of St. Mary's, from the fair province of Alsace, who seemed surrounded with such a halo of forgiveness that one would fain have him beside the death-bed. When quitting this vale of tears, may I find some such gentle, saintly usher into eternity! And so, with the mention of these holy men, I take my leave for awhile of home and early friends, to describe other scenes and people, but to return once more, *au premiers amours!*

CHAPTER IV.

SENATE AT ALBANY.

“Come back, ye friends whose lives are ended,
Come back with all that light attended
Which seemed to darken and decay,
When ye arose and went away !”

NIAGARA sent my husband, Richard Crowley, then twenty-nine years of age, to Albany as State Senator, in 1865, a position he held for four years. Then began my serious observations and experiences of life and character. Looking backward through the mists of years and judging now by comparison, I think the New York Senate of that time was a remarkable body of men. Harken to the roll-call.

Many will not answer, having long since appeared before the great Governor of all. Some day we shall hear again those now silent voices. May they greet us with the sweet welcome of old, before time, or change, or estrangement had dimmed the radiance of those early smiles. First and best, “Here’s a health to thee,” Tom Murphy, at that time Fortune’s favorite son. Who could have foreseen that she would one day cease to smile, and that the friends to whom thou wast so royally generous would, after mounting the ladder of success, the lowest round of which their feet had never pressed but for thee, prove false, and cold, and ungrateful? Mr. Murphy’s house on 39th Street was then the headquarters of the most famous New York politicians. Fortunes and careers were planned and made in his drawing-room, and over his hospitable dinner-table the brightest bon-mots of the day were uttered, while the wine sparkled freely, and fashion and beauty listened to eloquence and learning, to reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion from Grant, Sheridan, Porter and others, to lovely poetry from the lips of Roscoe Conkling, to Miles O’Reilly and many another brilliant form now vanished. There the wires were pulled which overthrew Reuben E. Fenton, which drew Roscoe Conkling into prominence, which made Alonzo B. Cornell Governor, which made Chester A. Arthur Collector, the stepping-stone for him to the Presidency. For Thomas Murphy all these advantages and blessings were crowned with the companionship of a noble wife, one of the best and

truest women in America. This is not alone the opinion of my partiality for her, and the strong friendship of many years, through sunshine and storm, but it is echoed by all who had the pleasure of her society at that time, and I never meet one of those old habitués of her once celebrated home without hearing the most devoted affection and admiration still expressed with all the eagerness of yore. The large family of children and many other relatives who surrounded them then are somewhat scattered now. To many not at all connected with them they are fondly alluded to as "Uncle Tom" and "Aunt Mary." Nellie, the beautiful daughter, whose life began so brilliantly, married a young Cuban, Mr. Manuel de Rivas, but, as often happens to the fairest destinies, the clouds came all at once, and even her devoted husband was taken from her. Manuel de Rivas possessed the faultless and elegant manners which are only seen in their perfection when accompanied by a truly amiable disposition. Alas, that such spirits should be so rare, and when found, that they should be allowed to dwell with us on earth so briefly. She has two lovely children, in whose dark Spanish eyes the adored father is recalled. The sons have grown up fine, manly fellows. The elder, Richard G. Murphy, is exceedingly popular. He married a very lovely girl, Miss Ella Jameson, whose father is one of the most agreeable and best-informed men in New York. He was named for his uncle, Mr. Richard Gibbs, a highly accomplished gentleman, whose life was varied enough in its stirring vicissitudes to furnish material for a thrilling romance, having been spent mostly in Cuba and South America in times of great political excitement. He had a pretty wife named Caridad, the Spanish word for charity. And there was another in that bright coterie, whose memory sadly and sweetly shines from her early tomb. Dear Lizzie Murphy! Never will she be forgotten by those who knew her and loved her. From the happy circle she was taken first, but since then how many have gone to join her.

True to the unerring law that

"Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn,"

Charles J. Folger and Richard Crowley at once became friends. Mr. Folger was a singularly interesting character, and those who met him at that time may be said to have

known him in his prime, for in latter years, as a member of Arthur's Cabinet, he was one of the most sadly degenerated men I ever saw. He was always subject to terrible fits of despondency, during which the thought of suicide assumed a most alluring aspect. Like Seneca, he would wonder why one should endure the ills of life when, on the crest of every wave, and at the point of every dagger, death sits smiling and beckoning. Like many persons of poetical taste, he was extremely fond of hymns, and often repeated in sad hours the well-known one:

"Why should we mourn departed friends,
Why shake at death's alarms?"

His affectionate nature may be seen from his letters, which we have always carefully treasured. Here is part of one:

GENEVA, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1867.

Dear Richard:—I think that, though the Governor says that he is about to retire from politics, he means to die like the dolphin exhibiting his brightest hues as a politician, that is, showing how much he can be a politician. For, notwithstanding what he may have told Ben Field, he said to Hugh Hastings that, if the committees of the Senate were not such as were proper and to suit the public, it would be for the reason that *I, I. Folger*, was in fault. So Terwilliger writes to me. However, the programme you give is not much, if any, different from what he talked with me, only he is decided as to municipal affairs as far as you are concerned, when he was non-committal to me. Who knows but the word I spake may have taken root and sprung up to fruitage? Whether or not, I am glad, dear Richard, that you are like to have what you coveted. It is not an easy place, but I know that you can fill it with credit and usefulness. You need the spur it will give you, and I trust that the next two years may lay the foundation for you of a future all that you deserve, and all that you and your friends may desire. I wish that I was younger, so that I might live to see you at your zenith. It is the dying night, almost the dying hour, of the old year. Sixty-eight comes in with a burden of events, the catastrophe of which none can foretell. But this I know, that it shall not be my fault, or it shall be my *fault*, if the blows his hammer daily strikes shall not rivet firmer the bonds of friendship and mutual esteem of Richard Crowley and Charles J. Folger. Give my warmest happy New Year to Mrs. Crowley and Maud, and the little innocent, whom to have christened Charley would have glorified me.

FOLGER.

We have very pleasant memories of Mrs. Folger, who, though in delicate health for many years, always treated her husband's friends in the most cordial manner. Their country-house on Seneca Lake, near Geneva, was noted for its genial and informal hospitality. There were two men, though not in the Senate, yet well-known habitués of Albany in those

days, George Bliss and Chester A. Arthur. It is often interesting to note the development of men in the lapse of time and the never-ceasing change in human affairs. We shall meet these two twenty years later, when one of them had arisen to a height which, if then foretold, would have awakened general surprise. Mr. Folger always joined the band who accompanied Mr. Murphy to his home in New York City to spend the interval from the Friday adjournment to the next meeting of the Senate on Monday. Then would gather around the festive board the choicest spirits of the day: Mr. Rufus F. Andrews, a very brilliant gentleman, at that time engaged in editing a paper; Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, whose conversational powers are celebrated, and whose very presence seemed to stimulate the brilliancy of others; Mr. Thomas C. Acton, whose genial manners endeared him to us all; Mr. Alonzo B. Cornell, with his attractive wife, and her charming sister, Mrs. Lyman Hastings, of Albany; General George H. Sharpe, a man whose versatility of mind I have never seen excelled, and who always received the most enthusiastic welcome. Beauty resorted there as well as genius, and thus in that famous banquet-hall the symposium of the gods was often realized.

One of the most beautiful women I ever saw was Mrs. Louis Pettee, a little more than twenty years ago. She is a blonde of the striking coloring, with light hair, and eyes and brows much darker. Her handsome features are of the type one sees represented in the flower of the French nobility, and in the full splendor of evening dress, glittering with jewels, one might fancy that she had stepped out of the frame and was a portrait come to life of some belle Marquise of the old régime, the magnificent Empire whose blazing sun set in a sea of avenging blood. Her story is a startling illustration of life's changes. Fortunate it is indeed that we can not look beyond the veil which hides the future from our eager eyes! With an only daughter of superb beauty, with a fond husband, whose greatest pleasure it was to strew her path with proofs of love, with all that wealth, health and beauty could dream of with no earthly wish ungratified, what would she, what could her loving friends, have thought, could they in prophetic vision have seen her as she is now, a solitary figure, the very personification of Niobe, shrouded in sable weeds of woe, no smile lighting up the lovely face which once beamed with happiness, alas, too bright to last!

Husband gone, child gone, and but little left of a once large fortune; summer friends gone too, though the few who always knew the noble woman's heart beneath the jewels and laces cling to her more fondly than ever in her desolation. Beautiful Josephine! In thy immeasurable grief thou hast shown more than the heroism and patience of thy namesake at the sad palace of Malmaison; thy sorrows have ennobled thee, and when the welcome summons comes which calls thee to thy adored ones, thou wilt come to them as a spirit far transcending in beauty the earthly loveliness they left behind. Lulu Pettee was one of those children of whom people say, looking back: "We might have known she would not stay." Sunny and bright, with her faultless loveliness and all her gifts of fortune, she was always tender and kind to others. She went before, clouds appeared in her youthful sky, and entered Paradise but a short time before my Maud, and I love to fancy them there together.

"Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love."

As I stood by the grave of Louis Pettee, on a sad mid-summer day, and saw him laid beside his loved daughter, I felt how well might be applied the lament of Halleck over his friend:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise!"

How many a time since he left us have we missed the consolation of his friendship! How his kind and noble face comes back to our dreams! Friend of our "better days" indeed.

Sooner or later, but always unflinching, was the well-known ring and footstep of General Arthur, as we used to call him. Always smiling and affectionate in his manner towards his friends, and apparently as attached to Mr. Murphy's family as though they were his nearest and dearest relatives, what a desperate stretch of the imagination would have been required to picture him seated on some lofty height, giving orders to his attendants to close the doors against the very men whose fortunes were squandered and whose own plans were broken

in order that his pathway might be smoothed. Walter Scott, in his matchless romances, tells of the wizards of old who showed in mirrors or clear water the images of events to come. Nobles of high degree, and even crowned monarchs, were not too wise to consult these weird oracles with the spirit that impelled Mark Antony to ask the ancient sooth-sayer: "Say, does the star of Cæsar rise or mine?" At these gay and convivial times, could some prophet of the past have arisen and shown us what a few short years would bring forth, Conkling in his grave after comparative oblivion, Arthur first triumphant, then stricken down, Folger and many others gone, and most of those left estranged from each other, how the smiles would have faded from rosy lips, and the hearts which then throbbed with hope have been chilled with deadly fear. But we did not know, we did not even dream. We went on blindly trusting, and, looking back, it seems to me that the cold and selfish alone met their reward here. I have never seen generosity appreciated. I have never seen goodness receive gratitude. I have never seen charity bring a blessing—here. But I turn from all these reflections to the story of Jesus Christ, when the Jews reviled and derided him for not rewarding them with worldly goods and appointing them to high places, and he replied unto them, saying: "My kingdom is not of this world." If this did not teach us to wait for a higher court to decide, and that beyond this brief and stormy probation called Life, we shall see justice, how then should we account for the fact that misfortune could ever touch such men as Thomas Murphy, who could not sit in peace at his prosperous table if he was told there was a beggar at the door, or who could not leave an opera or a theater without stopping in the coldest winter's night, before entering his carriage, to give to the little children who sold flowers and matches on the streets of New York City. Dear old friend, I believe that every penny has gained interest for thee in an account thou canst draw on for eternity. I believe that, in the dread time to come, when the Goulds and the Sages, and their class will be sharing the fate of Dives, thou wilt be living in royal splendor in that Eternal City, whose gates are of pearl and gold.

Chauncey M. Depew, then a young man, was at Albany a great deal during those four years, and from the opinion I formed then of his talents, nothing in his subsequent career has surprised me. I really believe, though I never heard him

say so, that he had that premonition of future greatness which successful men are said to feel. He seemed to have such settled principles and maxims in regard to life in general. I remember his saying once that he thought reserve was necessary to a man's success in life, but it was a very unattractive quality in woman. I have often thought of it since, and the more I see of the world the more I think he was right. A man can not afford to disclose his plans, and I observe that great men never do, but a woman who asserts herself in that way would lose all her charm. At all events, none of the most fascinating women I have seen were at all what we would call reserved, though of course a gay and affable manner does not imply indiscretion, and certainly a good woman, who is a good conversationalist, is not necessarily in any more danger of betraying a secret or a friend than a dull, cold, stupid woman would be. On the contrary, fine qualities and attractions are more apt than otherwise to be associated with a high sense of honor. We were always delighted to have Mr. Depew sit at the table with us at the hotel, for then, as now, a perpetual flow of wit and eloquence fell from his lips. And no one enjoys all his bright thoughts or reads them more eagerly than my children do, for, aside from his present renown and his high example of what an American can achieve, they are interested in the fact that we knew him, as the psalmist says, in the days of our youth.

Rufus Andrews used to say to me: "Why don't you write a book and call it 'The Romance of a Young Politician's Wife'?" I reply to him now that he, of all the men I know, should write one and call it "Memories of a Veteran Politician." But, alas! There is so much that we can not say! Was the true history of any time ever told, I wonder, even in the fiercest of lights that ever beat upon a throne? What a story he could tell of Lincoln and his time, and of the inside life of the great men of that day, editors, statesmen and all! What intrigues of love and politics he could unravel, what names of spotless integrity he could cloud, and also what clouded names he could clear without a stain, if he only dared! But reserve, as Mr. Depew said, so essential to man's success, and higher than reserve, honor, honor to friends dead and living, seals the lips and stays the pen against criticising aught besides public acts. I maintain that in these the dead as well as the living should be judged, else to what purpose should history be read and volumes of

antiquity be searched? The glittering pageantry of the past does not shine alone on saints and martyrs, but on men and women who struggled and were tempted in the battle, even as we are of to-day. No true record can be written which can say aught but good of Rufus Andrews, a friend warm and true, a fine intellect, a powerful influence in his party, a man incapable of anything approaching falsehood or betrayal.

One of my dearest friends in Albany was Mr. Bogart, a correspondent who wrote for the New York *World* under the nom de plume of "Sentinel." He was enthusiastic on the subjects of poetry and art, and flitted constantly either to the library, presided over by Mr. Alfred B. Street, or to the studios of Palmer, the sculptor, and Elliott, the artist. I always deemed it a pleasant privilege to accompany him, as there was much to charm and interest in both places. I felt a special interest in Mr. Elliott, for he had painted fine portraits of several of my friends, notably one of Mrs. William Keep, which is very lovely and life-like, and is now in the possession of her only brother, Mr. Joseph Rhoades, who is himself an artist; therefore the picture possesses for him a double value, not only as an image of the sister he adored, but as the work of so great a painter as Mr. Elliott. This famous artist died some years since. I believe Mr. Palmer is still living. In his most perfect statues he took his children for models, and I recall one, especially lovely, of a child with a butterfly on her shoulder that had just escaped the chrysalis, which led to a most interesting discourse among the statesmen and writers present in regard to immortality. All agreed that the butterfly was the best possible emblem, and was given to us for this special lesson. How inspiring to imagine the spiritual body rising from its discarded tenelement of clay, glorious and dazzling in its immortal and angelic form! Still there must be some indefinable something by which we retain our identity and are recognized in the transformation. It was a pagan belief of long ages ago that there was one single divine spark in this earthly tabernacle which defied decay and rose resplendent from the ruined shrine of the soul.

One day, visiting the poet Mr. Street at the Library, we had the pleasure of meeting John G. Saxe, whose poetry I had long admired. We also claimed at Lockport a special interest in him, for he was a law student there at one time in the office of the Hon. Sullivan Caverno. This day was

also one to be remembered, for the reason that it was then that N. P. Willis died, one of the sweetest of our American poets. In the matchless beauty of his "Sacred Poems" the spirit seems to see the Jerusalem of old. Jesus was there but yesterday. The prints of His departing feet were at the door. Mr. Bogart repeated for us the lament of David for Absalom. In the vividness of this wondrous word painting how we can almost see beneath the pall "the matchless symmetry of Absalom, his banner, soiled with trailing through Jerusalem, was laid, reversed, beside him." Strangely enough, on the very day I thus recalled my old friend Mr. Bogart to mind, I received the news of his death; but a few moments before I had expressed a wish to meet him again, and this was the answer, at least for the present, but in a higher existence I trust that pleasure will again be mine.

Mr. Thomas C. Acton, then President of the Metropolitan Police Board of the City of New York, was one of the most active and popular men of the time. Always gay and full of animation, even when, as at one time, death seemed to have sent his imperial summons to call him from a world he found so bright, he had not only the charm of winning friends, but of avoiding enemies. This I consider especially remarkable, for usually a favorite is pursued by a trail of jealousy. Every one is familiar with the ancient proverb of Courts: "A favorite has no friends." One may still see him, pleasant and cheery as of old, in the Bank of New Amsterdam, where it is sometimes interesting to watch the curious looking foreigners, the dark Italian or the blond Teuton opera singers, as they come to deposit there the American gold they left their native shores to win. He is one of the few friends now easy to find in the bustling city which has no time to spare in reveries over vanished greatness, or beauty, or fortune. The most distinguished personage upon its streets may disappear, and after a day will be remembered no more than one of the million drops of the ocean, or the countless sands upon its shore.

There is another, loyal to old friendships, loyal to all things great and true, Isaac H. Bailey. For eloquent discourse he might be styled the American Mirabeau, and for brilliant repartee no one could surpass him. To show that "age does not wither" or change his powers, I will quote a charming reply he made to me not long since. I had a very important errand to perform, and requested him to accompany

me, as it happened to be one of those things which could only be accomplished if under quite a favorable combination of circumstances. I told him I would take the one chance, out of many which I knew were against me, to succeed. In obedience to his wise suggestions the much-desired result was obtained. I said to him on the way back: "You see, you were my guardian angel." "Ah, no!" he quickly responded, "I was guardian to an angel!" This little incident impressed me, because the affair was one of grave importance, and it serves to illustrate a truth most people have experienced, that some of our friends are associated with our blessings and others with our trials. Who has not known those who always rush to one with evil tidings, and often with a gusto that would lead us to suspect there was considerable truth after all, in maxims of the great cynic, Rochefoucauld, who said that our friends found something pleasant in our worst misfortunes?

Mr. George H. Andrews was in the Senate of 1866, and he had been there for two years just previous. He was a highly cultured and amiable man, and our whole circle of acquaintances were attached to him. His family all died early, and about three years since he was called upon to join them. Just at the close of his term in the Senate there was a very strongly expressed wish on his part and on the part of all the other New York Senators, that Mr. Crowley should go to New York City to live. In order to add to the already brilliant allurements, an office was specially created for him, that of Counsel to the Tax Commissioners' office, at ten thousand dollars a year. Mr. Crowley made, perhaps, one of the greatest mistakes of his life in declining, for fortune seldom raps twice at one's door, and, instead of accepting the kind offer, he presented the office to his then dear and trusted friend, Chester A. Arthur. This continued long enough to enable Mr. Arthur to extricate himself from the pecuniary embarrassments which then troubled him, but which he so despised in others when he became prosperous. It was not alone the coat-of-arms, which spoke of long and spotless pedigree, that he desired in his associates in the White House, but also great fortunes, the Astors, the Vanderbilts and many others with whom he never had the very slightest acquaintance when living in New York. He demanded money or blood. Genius he did not wish to be contrasted with, and even beauty was never represented in the circle

that surrounded him. All this goes to prove that he must have estimated himself at his proper value, after all. For instance, he knew that Conkling would attract all eyes from him in any assemblage, though he should wear a triple crown. An unintentional compliment is always conveyed by such people when they show their greatest favors to the most ordinary. The object is at once apparent, it is the vain endeavoring to make themselves appear great by being surrounded by those who are pygmies intellectually, and almost repulsive physically. Then, their brief day over, they sink into the ignominious oblivion they richly merit, for prosperity, which turns for ages to pay homage at the tomb of genius, were it only marked by the modest cross or tablet to tell of the sacred ashes buried there, will never even pause to look at the most stupendous mausoleum ever built which covers the forgotten dust of gross men notorious by chance alone.

Gen. George. H. Sharpe, whom we constantly met at Albany, has been for many years a power in the Republican party in this state. He is more deeply interested in general literature than most public men, and has the advantage of being familiar with several languages, so that he can enjoy the best works in the original. We are constantly told that we miss the best of Goethe and Heine, of Racine and Lamartine, and the rest. I remember the profound regret expressed by some Germans, after attending a performance of Schiller's "Mary Stuart," that we could not have heard it in the native tongue. But, then, I do not think that Schiller has all the proper conception of the character of the lovely and most unfortunate Queen of Scots. The Union League Club then, as now, gave superb receptions, but they were in the old place, so full of joyous memories. I suppose the young people who attend them to-day find them equally enchanting, but

"The mind will in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.

To long departed scenes extend
Its visions with them flown,
For Memory is the only friend
That Grief can call its own."

Sometimes, in a crowd, the very ones we wish to meet are overlooked, or in hearing a great many names we fail

distinctly to catch them all, this being said to be the attribute of royalty alone. At one of these balls I remember being introduced to a gentleman who talked with great fluency and eloquence, and I said to him that there was one man whom I had a great desire to meet, as I had enjoyed his poems so extremely. It was General Halpine, known in literature as Miles O'Reilly, and it proved to be the very man with whom I was conversing. I was much surprised, on meeting Mr. A. T. Stewart, to find him a very plain, unassuming person, with not the slightest aureole about him to prove him the modern King Midas. Andrew Johnson then occupied the Presidential chair, Abraham Lincoln, one of our greatest men, having fallen by the assassin's hand only the summer before, and Reuben E. Fenton was Governor during the first two years of Mr. Crowley's Senatorial career, being then succeeded by Hoffman. On leaving Albany, Mr. Fenton was elected United States Senator in the place of Edwin D. Morgan, who had filled the position with great dignity and ability. Fenton's star was soon eclipsed by the brilliantly rising one of Roscoe Conkling. This, however, was largely due, in the first instance, to the fact that General Grant was firm in his preference for Conkling. Thomas G. Alvord was Lieutenant-Governor. The Senator from the First District was Nicholas LaBau, afterwards a member of the Assembly, and now dead. From the Second came Henry R. Pierson, who is living in Albany, and is the Chancellor of the Regents of the University. He was a general favorite. Mr. Folger and Mr. Crowley were both very fond of him, and, though it is some years since we have had the pleasure of meeting him, his attractive personality is one which can not be forgotten. From the Third came Mr. Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, a very prominent Democrat, who was, in Buchanan's administration, the American Minister to the Hague. It was said of him that no man was more conversant with the history of the Netherlands and our relations to that power than he, inasmuch as he was perfectly familiar with the Dutch language. His wife, who was a very pleasant lady, spent a great deal of time with me in Albany. Both Mr. and Mrs. Murphy passed away some years ago. The Senator from the Fourth District was Benjamin Wood, a brother of the well-known Fernando Wood. Both of these brothers were in Congress with Mr. Crowley in the terms from 1879 to 1883. Charles G. Cornell repre-

sented the Fifth District, and Abraham Lent the Sixth. The latter, I believe, died long ago.

The Seventh District sent Thomas Murphy, our esteemed friend, to represent it, and the Eighth sent Edmund G. Sutherland, since dead. Henry R. Low, who came from the Ninth, is also dead, and whether George Chambers, of the Tenth, is living or not, I do not know, but I have been told that Edward G. Wilbor, of the Eleventh, and James Gibson, of the Twelfth, are both dead. Lorenzo D. Collins, of the Thirteenth, is still living at Troy. Charles Stanford, of the Fourteenth, died at Locust Grove, Niskayuna, August 24, 1885. What unspeakable sorrow this sad notice conveyed to many hearts! Charles Stanford dead! That warm heart stilled, that hand never again to be clasped in the friendship of old days, when he was one of the rare, bright spirits of the Senate! Beautiful Locust Grove! What scenes of merriment and mourning thy stately walls and grounds have known! The joyous laugh of childhood, the greetings to the bride, the tears falling over the face of the dead—called from all thy loveliness and the fond and clinging affections which made thee so dear! Soon after the election of Charles Stanford to the Senate, the two children, Maude and Victor, were born on Christmas Eve. These were the youngest children. Victor died in his nineteenth year, only a few months before his father. Before this sad event the eldest daughter had married Mr. William T. Wells, and since then Maude has married Dr. H. S. Kinmouth. I believe there are six children now living, three daughters and three sons. Another son, Josiah, had died in 1873, being at that time a student at Fort Edward Institute, as Victor had also just entered the Hudson River Institute the year before his death. Senator Charles Stanford was not only a great man in politics, but in business as well. He came of a very energetic race. Two of his brothers are now ranked among the famous millionaires of the world. One is United States Senator Leland Stanford, formerly Governor of California, and the other is Thomas Welton Stanford, of Melbourne, Australia. His wife must have precious volumes of noble and tender recollections to console her in his departure to a higher destiny than the greatest of his earthly successors could ever prophesy. And in her children she must see his shining qualities of mind renewed, for in the writings of more than one of them can be observed a high order of literary merit.

The descriptions of a trip made by the family to California in 1877 were beautifully written by the eldest daughter, Nora. Mrs. Charles Stanford's life has been made up of dazzling sunshine and darkest shadows, but yet it is a most beautiful picture, after all!

Adam W. Kline, of the Fifteenth, is, I believe, living, and Moss K. Platt, of the Sixteenth, is dead. Abel Goddard, of the Seventeenth, is still living, also John O'Donnell, of the Eighteenth. Samuel Campbell, a native of Scotland, was the Senator of the Nineteenth, which includes Oneida County, the City of Utica and the town of York Mills, where he lived. A fine brand of cotton is produced there. I recall him as a most picturesque and striking figure, with his massive frame and his powerful head crowned with snow-white hair. He also has gone over to the great majority. George H. Andrews, of the Twentieth, died three years since. John J. Wolcott, of the Twenty-First, has passed from our knowledge, of late, and is still living, for aught I know to the contrary. The Senator from the Twenty-Second, Andrew D. White, is a distinguished scholar, and has been American Minister to Berlin and President of Cornell University. The following letter, written several years after, when Mr. Crowley was in Congress, gives an idea of the broad and patriotic mind of Senator White. It is on a theme interesting to every American heart:

PRESIDENT'S ROOMS,
CORNELL UNIVERSITY,

ITHACA, New York, April 15, 1882.

Dear Mr. Crowley:—I have been requested to call your attention to House Bill No. 4,347, in regard to monuments upon Revolutionary battle-fields. I can merely say that it seems to me a wise and patriotic measure, calculated to relieve the country from the stigma of neglecting our most important centers of patriotic inspirations. I am a firm believer, not only in the justice of such monuments to the dead, but in their great value to the living. I can assure you that there is no greater incentive to the sort of effort which has made Germany so successful in war than the fact that, not only on every great battle-field, but in towns, public places, and churches, monuments, tablets and slabs in enduring marble bear the names and glorify the deeds of those who fell in battle. It is unfortunate, in my judgment, for any country to get into the habit of neglecting the sacrifice of those who give their lives upon the field of battle. No one can tell how soon such sacrifice may be needed. No nation has ever yet been relieved from them. If any country in the world can afford to commemorate noble deeds of this

kind, ours can. Asking your favorable consideration in the matter, I remain,
 Very truly yours,

AND. D. WHITE.

The Hon. Richard Crowley,
 House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

I do not know whether James Barnett, of the Twenty-Third, is living or dead. Ezra Cornell, the Senator from the Twenty-Fourth, was the founder of the Cornell University and the father of the Ex-Governor. He died some time ago. Stephen K. Williams, of the Twenty-Fifth, is dead, and Charles J. Folger, of the Twenty-Sixth, died at Geneva just before the close of Arthur's administration. As I write these words, I recall a saying frequent with him in his melancholy moods: "Would that these words were written, 'Died at Geneva, Charles J. Folger'." And they were written at last, written as, so soon they must be for all of his contemporaries. Sad, indeed, it is to chronicle the death of a dear friend, but sadder still to count the hearts grown cold as years roll by, to miss the once cordial greeting, to mark the change which success on the one side and misfortune on the other brings about in lives which once blended in perfect harmony.

"They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which have been rent assunder."

Stephen Hayt, of the Twenty-Seventh, is still living, and Thomas Parsons, of the Twenty-Eighth, is dead. Ex-Mayor Parsons, of Rochester, is his son. Richard Crowley then represented as Senator the Twenty-Ninth District. The late Senator Wolcott J. Humphrey was a warm personal friend of Mr. Crowley. He was in later years engaged in the banking business at Warsaw. Always deeply interested in politics, he was first a Whig, and afterwards a strong Republican. Daniel S. Bennett, of the Thirty-First, is now living in Buffalo. Walter L. Sessions represented the Thirty-Second. His brother, well known as "Lo" Sessions, and himself, have long been active and successful in New York State politics. In this Senate of 1866 and 1867 there was an immense Republican majority, only five out of the thirty-two Senators being Democrats. Those were the Senators representing the third, fourth, fifth, eighth, and tenth districts. Gen. George S. Batcheller was on Governor Fenton's staff while Mr. Crowley was in the

Senate. He was Brigadier-General Inspector-General. The warm friendship then begun has never known a change or wavering through all these succeeding years. The Hon. Edmund L. Pitts, of Medina, Orleans County, was in the Assembly all through that time, and has since been a member of the Senate. I can pay Mr. Pitts three, at least, very sincere compliments. He is a loyal friend, a staunch Republican and a very fine speaker. Such men are by no means so numerous as one would wish to have them. In 1868, the second term of Mr. Crowley's Senate life, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford was Lieutenant-Governor. I have always considered him an elegant scholar and a polished gentleman. He was at one time most interested in the history of ancient Greece, and wrote some very fine essays upon it. This must be a theme to fire the poetic mind as well as the patriotic, for there Lord Byron met his death, soon after his prophetic poem written on completing his thirty-sixth year.

“ Seek out, less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.”

General Woodford was a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln, and ever since has been a faithful and efficient speaker in the Presidential campaigns. He also figured prominently in the War of the Rebellion.

The First District, which then consisted of the Counties of Suffolk, Queens and Richmond, was represented by Lewis A. Edwards, a pronounced Democrat, since dead. James F. Pierce, of Brooklyn, Democrat, was then Senator from the Second, which included eleven wards of the city. He is still in the Senate and is, I am told, as popular to-day as of yore. I believe he is the only one left of the old régime. I was interested to notice that, at the recent assemblage of Indians at the Iroquois Hotel, Buffalo, our old friend, Senator Pierce, was adopted into the Cayuge tribe, under the name of Hah-yah-neh-sho-nis, which, translated, means “The Island Law Maker.” The Totem of the tribe is the Heron. In olden times this ceremony would positively have made an Indian of the Senator, but now it simply means brotherhood or comradeship. Having been once the regent for the St. Regis Indians, the Senator felt a special friendship for this much-abused race. He replied in

his usual graceful style, assuring them that, while "on this side of the river," he should be true and faithful. The sympathy I feel for the Indians prompts me to a warm appreciation of this affair.

Henry C. Murphy was still Senator from the Third District, which was made up of eleven wards of the City of Brooklyn and five towns of the County of Kings. The Fourth District, which comprised nine wards of New York City, was represented by William M. Tweed, the noted leader of Tammany Hall. There was then nothing to indicate the terrible experiences of his latter days. Senator Michael Norton then represented District Number Five, which comprised four wards of the City of New York. He died about a year ago. He was also a member of Tammany Hall. Thomas J. Creamer was Senator from the Sixth District of New York City, which was three wards. He is a strong Democrat and is now Member of Assembly. He has also been a Member of Congress. John J. Bradley, the Democratic Senator from the Seventh District, which comprised three wards of New York City, was a special friend of Mr. Crowley and was very much liked by all the other Senators, irrespective of party. He is still living in New York. Henry Webb Genet was Senator from the Eighth District, which consisted of three wards in New York City. He was a genial and attractive man and a Tammany Democrat. He died quite recently. The Ninth District, represented by Senator William Cauldwell, embraced the Counties of Westchester, Putnam and Rockland. The Ex-Senator is now the editor of the *New York Mercury*. In politics he is a Democrat. William M. Graham was the Senator of the Tenth, composed of the Counties of Orange and Sullivan. He was a Democrat also, and is now dead. Abiah W. Palmer, the Republican Senator from the Eleventh District, the Counties of Dutchess and Columbia, was an intimate friend of Mr. Crowley, and dear to all the Senators. I have not been able to ascertain whether he is still living, as he traveled a great deal for his health, which was then not at all firm, but I would be delighted to hear from him or some of his near friends once more. District Twelve, the Counties of Rensselaer and Washington, was represented by an able Republican Senator, Francis S. Thayer, now dead. Senator A. Bleecker Banks was from the County of Albany, the Thirteenth. He was very popular in the Senate in the

time of which I speak. He is a Democrat, and still lives in his old home at Albany. He is widely known as the head of the great house of Banks & Brothers, publishers of law-books. A Democrat Senator, George Beech, represented the Fourteenth District, composed of the Counties of Greene and Ulster. He died some time ago.

Senator Charles Stanford represented the Fifteenth District, which included the Counties of Montgomery, Fulton, Hamilton, Saratoga and Schenectady. Senator Matthew Hale, a very able lawyer and a prominent Republican, still living in Albany, represented the Sixteenth District, embracing the Counties of Warren, Essex and Clinton. I have often heard Mr. Crowley say that few men could equal Senator Hale, either in delightful conversation or great reflective power. He was one of a family of eighteen children. Though we have not met him now for some years, I have been told by his relatives here in Lockport that time only adds to his genial charm of manner, and this proves to me that nature constructed him out of her best material. If the juice and spirit of the vine can only come to its rare perfection after long years, then why should not the best minds ripen in the process as well? Why should youth be the only season in which blossom hope and kindness, these roses of the desert? Such spirits as Matthew Hale's prove that the true El Dorado is in the path before us, could we but see the sparkle of its dazzling wave. One observes in friendships formed early in life that some, though delightful, are like the flowers in their briefness. They exhale a sweet perfume, whose aroma returns long afterwards, but the strands, which bound them to us and once promised to be enduring, in the corroding of time snap apart. Others, perhaps, from which at first we did not dare to hope so much, sometimes prove to us in later years that their chords were far-reaching and had grappled round other lives, fast bound to our own. Of these is now the name of Senator Matthew Hale, of Albany, whose brother, Mr. Henry Hale, of St. Paul, Minnesota, we have since had the pleasure to count among our friends. Mrs. Henry Hale is a sister of Mrs. John Buck, of Lockport, whose children are the dearest friends of my daughter, Alice. Thus now so many bright links reach back to old Albany days that I am willing to say with the poet:

“ And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of Hale shall burn.”

Still further the circle of interest is widened by the fact that one of Mrs. Buck's daughters married Mr. Spalding Evans, who is one of those beings we meet occasionally, though not often, in these prosaic days, a veritable hero of romance. By this I mean a young man who combines within himself all the fascinations which make life charming, and yet possesses the heroism to renounce them all, if by so doing he can make the happiness of those dear to him. In ancient times such men wore knightly armor and boasted of an escutcheon unstained. We have changed all that, and it is harder to discern them now in our monotonous garb of the Nineteenth Century. Yet by the magic thrill, the indescribable glance, we do know them when we met them, after all. I often think how his mother, the fair Alice Spalding, though her life has known much sorrow, must appreciate this noble son. When I was a school-girl, I remember how Austin Spalding and his sister Kate were admired, not alone for beauty of face and form, but of mind and heart as well. In elegant manner and distinguished appearance, in fine accomplishments and amiable traits, Austin Spalding was the Admirable Crichton of his native town, and strangely enough he married a beautiful woman, which is a thing handsome men rarely do. She is also highly accomplished and educated, and they have three fine sons. I always said they would adorn a court, and my prediction has come as near being verified as things ever are in this world. They have now at Brunswick an opportunity to study those scenes of which they have read and thought so much, the lovely Rhine, and all those alluring spots,

“Where all unite in one enchanting maze
The brilliant, fair and soft, the glories of old days.”

The famous library of Mr. Ellicott Evans found its proper place in the hands of his scholarly nephew, and as Mrs. Evans shares her husband's literary tastes, their charming home is really classic in its atmosphere. They are generally admired, as, indeed, are all Mrs. Buck's attractive family. I told Mr. Hale, “Uncle Harry,” as they call him, that it was very easy for him to be a philosopher and rail at the ills of life, for, like the possessor of the magical carpet in the Arabian Nights, he could wander at will, accompanied by a lovely wife and sparkling nieces, all over the globe, from the sunny hills of Spain to the Egyptian pyramids, from the

lakes of Killarney to the Land of the Midnight Sun, and back again, when the mood seized him to repose under the Star Spangled Banner once more. To a mind as richly stored as is that of Mr. Hale, with the vivid recollection of the brightest sayings of the brightest authors, and always ready with his choice collection of bon-mots wherewith to regale his friends, thus giving them a perpetual feast of reason and flow of soul, philosophy is the natural result of culture and reflection. What glorious company the profound reader and scholar can always summon at will, and independently of all surroundings, too! For Shakespeare will come with all his retinue of kings and courtiers to visit the lonely garret of the poor student, and Byron will weave his witching spell of genius over the longing heart, weary with common life. Scott, and Bulwer, and Lever, and Dickens, and Thackeray, enchanters all! Upon the magic pages we glide into a higher and better world beyond the cruel power of the low, the sordid and the vile to follow, or to persecute!

The Counties of St. Lawrence and Franklin comprised the Seventeenth District, of which Senator Abraham X. Parker was the representative. He is a prominent Republican and has served with distinction three terms in Congress. We have pleasant associations connected with him in Washington, as he is a particular friend, and generally much liked. The Republican Senator, John O'Donnell, then represented the Eighteenth, which was composed of the Counties of Jefferson and Lewis. Senator Samuel Campbell's District was the Nineteenth, Oneida County. He was a loyal Republican. James B. Van Petten, the Republican Senator from the Twentieth, Counties of Herkimer and Otsego, had a varied career as clergyman, teacher, soldier and statesman. He is now dead. Abner C. Mattoon was the Republican Senator from the Twenty-First District, the Counties of Oswego and Madison. He has been dead some years. Senator George N. Kennedy, of the Twenty-Second, comprising the Counties of Onondaga and Cortland, is now Justice of the Supreme Court at Syracuse. Mr. Crowley always felt for him the highest regard, and he was a popular and able Republican Senator. John F. Hubbard, Jr., Senator from the Twenty-Third, which consisted of the Counties of Delaware, Chenango and Schoharie, is remembered as a very able and pleasant gentleman. He was a decided Democrat. Whether he is here to answer this roll-call I can not say—so many have

passed on. Senator Orlow W. Chapman, of the Twenty-Fourth District, Broome, Tioga and Tomkins Counties, was one of the finest members of the Senate. President Harrison has just appointed him to be the Solicitor-General of the Department of Justice at Washington. Mr. Crowley considered it one of the most fitting of all the honors conferred by the new Administration. Senator Stephen K. Williams, Republican, represented the Twenty-Fifth District, the Counties of Cayuga and Wayne, and Charles J. Folger the Twenty-Sixth, Ontario, Yates and Seneca. The Republican Senator of the Twenty-Seventh, Chemung, Schuyler and Steuben, was John J. Nicks. His friendship was highly prized by Mr. Crowley. He still lives, one of the few of the best of that old band. The Twenty-Eighth District, County of Monroe, was represented by the late Lewis H. Morgan, so renowned as an authority on Indian history. He has given us the most valuable account of these interesting people. He belonged to the Republican party. Richard Crowley still represented the Twenty-Ninth. Niagara, Orleans and Genesee were at that time the counties embraced, though a change has since been made in the district. Wolcott J. Humphrey was from the Thirtieth, Wyoming, Livingston and Allegany. Ashur P. Nichols, the Democratic Senator from the Thirty-First, Erie County, died some years ago. Senator Lorenzo Morris, of the Thirty-Second, Chautauqua and Cattaraugus, still lives at his old home. He belongs to the Democratic party, but is very much esteemed by friends of both parties. During the term of Senator Nichols of Erie County, Mr. and Mrs. John Ganson, of Buffalo, went to Albany for a visit. We had often heard Mr. Folger speak of them, for he had studied in the law-office of Mrs. Ganson's father, Mr. Mark Sibley, of Canandaigua. We found them all to be the most delightful company, both the Nichols and the Gansons. Many years have passed away since those days, but John Ganson's memory can never fade from the minds of those who met and appreciated him.

James Terwilliger was the Clerk of the Senate and he endeared himself to the entire body of men, not only by the faithful performance of his duty, but by his untiring thoughtfulness and kindness to his friends. He has a very interesting family and an agreeable wife. They are now living in New York City. Daniel Manning was reporter for the Albany *Argus* when Mr. Crowley first went to the Senate.

He was a powerful man in the Democratic party, and his life seemed to rise step by step to a brilliant climax. He was chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and head of the New York delegation to Chicago in 1884. Grover Cleveland owed to him his nomination and election to the Presidency. He therefore quite properly presented him with the portfolio of the Treasury Department. Mr. Manning did not long survive his well-earned glory, but died in the full fruition of his hopes. That, at least, was better than to depart with longings all unfulfilled, as many brave men do. But somewhere, somehow, there must for these be a recompense! Mr. Grover Cleveland, when a citizen of Buffalo, was often engaged with Mr. Crowley in the trial of causes in court, and, knowing him well for more than a quarter of a century, he has never expressed the surprise felt by many of the opposite party at his tremendous successes. His career may be said to be a contrast to his friend Manning's, for, while the one died just as the height was gained, the other, having ascended the topmost pinnacle, must once more join the dwellers in the valley. We hear much said of two terms, or one longer term, but I think four years is quite long enough for most men to occupy such a place of power. General Grant was the only man I ever saw with a head quite level enough to bear it for long. The tyrant in mankind is so soon awakened, and justice is so easily lulled to sleep!

I cannot write or think of Albany without tender reminiscences of some dear friends I visited there, in the very first days of Mr. Crowley's term in the Senate. They were a branch of the McGraws, of Ithaca. We first met them many years ago on a trip on the St. Lawrence River to Quebec and Montreal. At that time the Thousand Islands were untenanted, and, where now flash forth over the waters the brilliant lights of the hotels, and floats the merry sounds of many voices of gay guests, naught then was heard save the murmuring of the river or the boatman's song so sweetly rendered by Moore, who once passed through those rapids:

“ Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers !
O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs ;
Blow breezes, blow, and the stream run fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past ! ”

That was a joyous time, but since then these dear friends

have been engulfed in the Rapids of Life. They were not tossed upon the stream long enough to grow weary, but were snatched away in their early prime. So many lost, and gone and scattered of the old Albany list of 1866, and yet none are forgotten! Other Senates may assemble and pass away, but never one in the Empire State can excel in fire, and eloquence, and glory that one of long ago!

CHAPTER V.

UNITED STATES ATTORNEYSHIP OF THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

"We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done."

—Longfellow.

My first visit to Washington was in 1871. A pleasant party went with us from New York City, where we were, as usual, visiting Mrs. Thomas Murphy. Mr. Folger and Mr. Bliss were then in their happiest moods. Mr. Bliss is one of the wittiest of men and the best *raconteur* I have ever met. At that time his epigrammatic retorts were famous. Owing to the fact that Mrs. Murphy was in mourning for her beloved niece, Lizzie, and could not go to the gay receptions, Mrs. Roscoe Conkling kindly undertook the task of introducing me to the celebrities of the day. What she told me then I afterwards observed for myself, that the glory of popular idolatry is a brief one. She first introduced me to General Sherman, at whose house we paid a visit. The hero was then, as now, surrounded by friends and admirers, although the pathetic interest of to-day was of course absent, for he stands alone, the last of a brilliant band. Through all these years I have enjoyed meeting him in Washington or New York, and since so many of our great chieftains have been called to the unknown shore, I dread the voice of the Death Angel who shall summon to the Grand Reunion, William Tecumseh Sherman.

At a dinner-party at Senator Conkling's, during this visit, I was much amused at hearing for the first time, and from the hostess herself, the story of how the beautiful Mrs. Margaret Eaton broke up the Cabinet of General Jackson. It seems she was the dear friend of the wife he so fondly

loved, and when, at the suggestion of General Eaton being offered a Cabinet position, the wives of the other members immediately declared their intention of socially ignoring Mrs. Eaton, the President replied: "Let them do so at their peril!" The result was that Jackson compelled the husbands of those ladies to resign their positions, and a new Cabinet was formed. It is said that he first appealed to John C. Calhoun to induce his wife to visit Mrs. Eaton, but the aristocratic southerner declined, saying he left Mrs. Calhoun to judge alone for herself in these matters. Then Martin Van Buren came to the rescue of persecuted beauty, giving some very gorgeous fêtes in honor of the fair dame who proved such an apple of discord, thereby gaining forever the warm friendship and championship of the President. This was a grand trait in the character of Andrew Jackson, constancy to wife and friends. Some of the relentlessly severe women of this world would do well to ponder on the story of Christ and the penitent Magdalen, especially when He tells those without sin to cast the first stone.

"Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
Love much, and be forgiven!"

It is a fact, which every observing mind must note, that the purest women are the most charitable towards others. There is no one so unmerciful to the erring as those whose own lives would not bear inspection, and who in their censures are more moved by envy than religion.

Mr. Boutwell was then Secretary of the Treasury, and his charming family were the intimate friends of both the Grants and the Conklings. On my first visit to the White House, under the wing of Mrs. Conkling, I was escorted through the rooms by Governor Morgan, then Senator from the State of New York, one's beau-ideal of a stately gentleman. Clarkson N. Potter was also with us on that day. I believe he died some time before Governor Morgan. In March, 1871, Mr. Crowley received the appointment of United States District Attorney from General Grant, an office he continued to hold for eight years, during which time new friendships were formed and old ones renewed. This Northern District of New York extends from Albany to Buffalo, including those two cities, a distance of three hun-

dred miles, and from the Pennsylvania line to the Canada line. The March term of the United States Court being held in Utica each year, the home of the Conklings, that blustering month seemed in those days to wear for me the charm of the later spring. I always, if possible, accompanied my husband there in the hope of meeting them. In the storms of the past few years our paths have drifted somewhat apart, but never, while life and reason last, shall I forget my early friendship for the wife of Roscoe Conkling. We never had in America a woman more deserving of esteem, and she has proved herself worthy of the race from which she sprung, the Seymours, of whom her brother, the celebrated Horatio, ranks among our greatest and best statesmen. We met at Utica Judge Mason and his wife, a truly magnificent pair. The Judge was a highly gifted man, and so upright and conscientious that this earth held no bribe high or rich enough to tempt him for a single instant from the path to the Paradise he now enjoys. His accomplished and devoted wife sadly survives him, and, whenever I think of her, I recall the lines of Bishop Heber on the death of his beloved spouse:

“ Wait for me there, I shall not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale,
For, hark ! my heart, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ! ”

I never knew people more completely in unison than this couple, and I attribute it to the fact that Mrs. Mason was such an intelligent and lofty-minded woman. If only such men as Judge Mason wore the ermine of this world, “offense’s gilded hand” would never “shove by Justice.” Close by the Conklings’ beautiful home at Utica lived the family of Nicholas Devereux. I believe Mrs. Devereux was a sister of Senator Francis Kernan. Though one would have predicted for them a long life, it seemed but a short time afterwards I learned of the death of both.

In this, my early glimpse of Washington, I was much surprised to find that the people of whom I had heard and read most were the ones in whom I felt least interested. Beauty in women, I saw at once, was only a fictitious thing, dependent upon the whims of the newspaper reporters or the word of those whose interest it was to praise the people who were in power. In the glamour that surrounds a throne people

outside do not see clearly, people inside do not hear clearly ; thus they are both continually deceived, until the awakening comes and the dream is past. It is not, therefore, strange that those who have held high places feel dazed on entering the real world again, and that they always try desperately, in spite of former promises, to hold the reins of power. At the time Mr. Crowley was United States Attorney for this Northern District, Mr. Thomas Murphy was Collector of the Port in New York City.

“ All this was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun-al-raschid ! ”

In other words, it was in the Grant régime, one of the most glorious our country can ever know. Even if Grant had not been, as he was one of the greatest men that ever lived on earth, it would have been a noted period in our history as a nation, and especially in our New York State politics. Men of large hearts and great brains were at the front then, and when one observes those who have since crawled to the surface, and now attempt to take the places of the great leaders forever and ever gone, the contrast is most painful and disheartening. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* It is true that Mr. Murphy resigned his office, but the rare privilege was given him of naming his own successor. He thereupon chose Chester A. Arthur, this being the sole reason, as all the world knew, why Grant appointed him. The clamor which caused the resignation never moved the dauntless soul of General Grant. As President he was as brave as when the waves of rebellion dashed over him in vain. One of his most superb traits was his eternal and well-known fidelity to his friends. “Never desert a friend under fire,” was one of his favorite sayings. This alone would prove him truly great. In all history, as in daily life, it is observed that the small characters, on being suddenly elevated to some high station, at once proceed to ignore their friends of former days, especially those who contributed most to their success. Great minds and noble hearts can never be crushed by adversity nor hardened by prosperity. A bright volume could be written of the beautiful stories of Grant’s gratitude. One of the greatest pleasures, and, alas! one that we can not hope to have much longer, is to hear these delightful reminiscences from the eloquent lips of General Sherman

himself. He told me that an old French woman of St. Louis, who was a staunch friend in early days, was the first to whom the great man paid the tribute of a visit when he returned from the war covered with glory. When the dying hero was looking into the face of that foe before whom the bravest warrior must bow, he singled out among the names of those who should be his pall-bearers, that of Simon Bollivar Buckner! They had been on opposite sides in the great conflict, but long before, in the days when they were young together and no shadow of the awful future was before them, this man had been a friend in the hour of need. Not until its last pulse-beat could the impulse of grateful fidelity be stilled in the heart of Ulysses S. Grant. I am still proud to trace upon the state document, conferring this office upon my husband, the hero's name. I am also justly proud of the grand array of names on the paper which was submitted to the President by Senator Roscoe Conkling. Of course many of these bright names are now carved upon the silent tomb, but they will forever shine in the records of the Empire State. At least let me inscribe them here:

To the President of the United States:

Richard Crowley, of Lockport, New York, desires to be appointed to the office of United States Attorney for the Northern District of New York, and presents endorsements, asking such appointment, from the following persons residing in said district and State of New York:

- Hon. C. J. Folger, Judge of N. Y. State Court of Appeals.
- Hon. Ward Hunt, Judge of N. Y. State, Commissioner of Appeals.
- Hon. I. L. Talcott, Justice of Supreme Court of New York.
- Hon. Chas. Daniels, Justice Supreme Court of New York.
- Hon. R. P. Marvin, Justice Supreme Court of New York.
- Hon. Thos. A. Johnson, Justice Supreme Court of New York.
- Hon. George Barker, Justice Supreme Court of New York.
- Hon. E. Darwin Smith, Justice Supreme Court of New York.
- Hon. Noah Davis, U. S. Attorney, Southern District of New York.
- Hon. L. N. Bangs, County Judge, Genesee County, N. Y.
- Hon. J. G. Sawyer, County Judge, Orleans County, N. Y.
- H. A. Childs, District Attorney, Orleans County, N. Y.
- Hon. S. G. Headley, Register in Bankruptcy, Seneca County, N. Y.
- Hon. E. G. Lapham, and others, Ontario County, N. Y.
- Hon. D. Rumsey, Steuben County, N. Y.
- Hon. Stewart L. Woodford.
- Hon. Thomas Hillhouse, Sub. Treasurer, New York City.
- Hon. Roswell Hart, Ex-Member of Congress, Rochester, N. Y.
- Wm. Tyrell, Chairman Republican Genesee County Committee.
- Hon. E. L. Pitts, Ex-Speaker New York Assembly, Orleans County.
- Hon. G. G. Hoskins, Ex-Speaker N. Y. Assembly, Wyoming County.

W. H. Merrill, Editor *Western New Yorker*, Wyoming County.
 Hon. W. J. Humphrey, Chairman Rep. Committee, Wyoming County.
 Hon. John A. Griswold, Troy N. Y.
 Hon. Thomas C. Acton, New York City.
 Hon. Wm. Pool, editor *Niagara Falls Gazette*.
 Hon. John O'Donnell, Supervisor Internal Revenue, N. Y.
 Hon. J. H. Selkreg, Member of Assembly, Tompkins County, N. Y.
 T. E. Ellsworth, Collector of Customs, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.
 Hon. G. D. Lamont, Ex-Justice Sup. Court, N. Y., Lockport, N. Y.
 Hon. C. H. Holmes, Ex-Member Congress, Orleans County, N. Y.
 Hon. John Fisher, Ex-Member Congress, Genesee County, N. Y.
 Hon. Matthew Hale, Ex-State Senator, Albany, N. Y.
 George Dawson, editor Albany *Evening Journal*, N. Y.
 Hon. J. M. Francis, editor Troy *Daily Times*, N. Y.
 Hon. F. A. Alberger, Member Assembly, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Hon. J. E. Pound, Member of Assembly, Lockport, N. Y.
 Hon. L. R. Sanborn, Member of Assembly, 2d District, Niagara Co.
 Hon. John Berry, Member of Assembly, Orleans County, N. Y.
 Hon. V. G. Knapp, Member of Assembly, Genesee County, N. Y.
 Ex-Senator and Governor E. D. Morgan.
 Hon. Richard Franchot, Ex-Member of Congress, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Hon. J. I. Nicks, Ex-State Senator, Elmira, N. Y.

CONCURRED IN BY

Hon. H. Boardman Smith, Member Cong., 27th Dist., Elmira, N. Y.
 Hon. W. L. Sessions, Member Congress, 31st Dist., Panama, N. Y.
 Hon. C. L. Merriam, Member Congress, 20th Dist., Lewis Co., N. Y.
 Hon. John H. Ketcham, Member Cong., 11th Dist., Dutchess Co., N. Y.
 Hon. S. Wakeman, Member Cong., 29th Dist., Genesee Co., N. Y.
 Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Member Congress, 21st Dist., Utica, N. Y.
 Hon. Andrew D. White, Ex-State Senator, Commissioner San Domingo, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Hon. T. T. Flagler, Ex-Member Congress, Lockport, N. Y.

REPUBLICAN MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STATE SENATE.

LETTERS AND PETITION.

Hon. Francis S. Thayer, 12th District.
 Hon. James Wood, 30th District.
 Hon. A. D. Scott, 32d District.
 Hon. A. R. Elwood, 20th District.
 Hon. W. B. Woodin, 25th District.
 Hon. T. L. Winier, 27th District.
 Hon. A. V. Harpending, 26th District.
 Hon. O. W. Chapman, 24th District.
 Hon. George Bowen, 29th District.
 Hon. W. H. Brand, 21st District.
 Hon. N. Winslow, 18th District.
 Petition of all the Members of the Niagara County Republican County Committee.

PETITION OF THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN
STATE COMMITTEE.

A. B. Cornell, Chairman, Surveyor, N. Y.
L. L. Doty, Secretary.
George Opdyke, Treasurer.
C. B. Martin, editor Newburgh *Daily Journal*.
C. A. Arthur.
S. T. Maddox.
R. W. Daniels, Collector of Customs, Buffalo, N. Y.
C. S. Cole, Assessor Internal Revenue, 27th District.
H. Gardner.
H. S. Brown.
J. Hammond.
Levi Blakeslee, Collector Internal Revenue, Utica.
E. Blakeley.
H. S. Vande Carr.
S. B. French.
E. D. Webster.
George H. Sharpe, U. S. Marshall, Southern District, N. Y.
Ben. Field.
W. H. Robertson, Ex-Member Congress, 10th District, N. Y.
T. J. Chatfield.
Albert Jewett.

LETTERS.

John A. Place, Oswego *Commercial Advertiser*.
J. T. Williams.
Hon. S. B. Dutcher, Supervisor Internal Revenue.
S. C. Hutchins, editor *Democrat and Chronicle*, Rochester, N. Y.
M. C. Richardson, editor Lockport *Daily Journal*.
Hon. Chas. Stanford, Ex-Senator, Schenectady, N. Y.
George Bliss, Jr.
Tmair, Smith & Co., editors Syracuse *Daily Journal*.
Hon. Thomas Murphy, Collector of Port of New York City.
Hon. William Orton, Ex-Commissioner Internal Revenue and President Western Union Telegraph Company.
Petition of Hon. John H. Reynolds and twenty-two others, members of the Albany bar.
Letter, Hon. Wm. H. Larnport, Member Congress, 25th Dist., N. Y.
Hon. John E. Seeley, Member Congress, 24th Dist., N. Y.
Hon. Chas. St. Johns, Member Congress, 11th Dist., Port Jervis, N. Y.

I have carefully treasured the commissions, bearing dates of March 23rd 1871, and March 3rd, 1875, respectively. Here is a copy of the first:

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know ye, That, reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity, ability and learning of Richard Crowley, I

have nominated, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint him attorney of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York, and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfill the duties of that office according to law, and to have and to hold the said office, with all the powers, privileges and emoluments to the same of right appertaining unto him, the said Richard Crowley, for the term of four years from the date of the date hereof, subject to the conditions prescribed by law. In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seals of the United States to be hereunto affixed. Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the twenty-third day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight-hundred-and-seventy-one, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the ninety-fifth.

By the President,

[L. S.]

U. S. GRANT.

Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.

The young and gifted nephew of the great New York Senator, Judge Alfred Conkling Coxe, of Utica, said to Mr. Crowley once, in a graceful note of thanks for some slight service rendered when in Congress: "I believe there is some special magic in the letters R. C." They were certainly favorable to the star of his destiny, for the two R. C.'s to whom he referred in his letter, Roscoe Conkling and Richard Crowley, the one his distinguished kinsman and the other his devoted friend, were always sincerely rejoiced to be instrumental in promoting his well-deserved success. These initials were not the only points of resemblance that can be traced, though in temperament Mr. Crowley and Mr. Conkling are as opposite as the antipodes. But to both the experience came that those from whom they suffered most, in the way of calumny, were those whose lives were made successful by their efforts. I do not hesitate to aver that Mr. Crowley's bitterest enemies at this moment are the ones who really rest under deepest obligations to him, and Mr. Conkling said to me, not long before his death, that, though he had benefitted many to the utmost stretch of his ability to do so, if he accidentally met one of those men and he did not prove malignantly hostile, it was a pleasant surprise. Senator Conkling, who, through General Grant, possessed a power

in New York State which no President has since granted to any Senator, ardently endorsed Mr. Crowley's name for the office of United States Attorney. The press spoke in the kindest and most approving terms of both the first and the second appointments. Said one: "Mr. Crowley is to-day among the first Republicans of the State in influence, official and social standing." In the trial of the famous Central Railroad tax case, in 1874, the Press of the State were almost unanimous in their commendations. This great case was first tried at Canandaigua against Conkling, Fairchild and Elmore, and afterwards against Choate and Fairchild. Mr. Fairchild was the father of Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, succeeding Secretary Manning, and was for many years general counsel for the New York Central Railroad. Judge Wallace, whose appointment was recommended by Senator Conkling, was the presiding Judge. Said the *Albany Journal*: "The Central Railroad Tax case has been on trial before the United States Court at Canandaigua during the past week. District Attorney Crowley conducts it in a very able and thorough manner on the part of the Government, and Senator Conkling and Mr. Fairchild represent the other side, making a trial which in its forensic displays, as well as in the magnitude of its issue involved, is one of great interest." Day by day, as the celebrated case drew near its close, public opinion seemed to be unanimous that Mr. Crowley had won the victory over his formidable array of opponents. Much to the surprise of every one, the trial was postponed from Saturday to Monday, when it was supposed that an hour longer would have settled it. Judge Wallace then directed the jury to bring a verdict for the Central Railroad people. I remember how all the jurymen came to Mr. Crowley and expressed their disappointment at this unexpected change in affairs, and assured him that every one of them would have been on his side in the matter if allowed to act. I wish right here to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to those who once dared to assert that Mr. Crowley made an unjust criticism on the professional action of Mr. Conkling on this or any other occasion. Because, at one time later on, in Washington, he made the assertion, on being attacked for attending to a law-suit during his Congressional term, that it was perfectly proper and customary, that Mr. Conkling and many others did the same thing, he was publicly accused of asserting an untruth about the Senator. I believe no one will

venture to dispute that Conkling was in the Senate when this Railroad Tax case was tried. The fact is indisputable that, in the brilliant and now ended career of Roscoe Conkling, he had no friend more loyal than Richard Crowley.

The *Buffalo Commercial*, then edited by the late James D. Warren, said: "We learn from the *Lockport Journal* that, immediately after the decision of Judge Wallace, a stay of proceedings was granted, and Mr. Crowley, as the prosecuting counsel, took measures to carry the case to the highest tribunal. At the same time he telegraphed his action to the department and requested its endorsement, which was promptly given. If ever there was a case that had to be decided purely upon questions of law, we suppose that this is one. If ever a trial was contested on its legal merits, this was. The company was represented by the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, and of course he made the best possible presentation of their case. But his argument, as it has been described to us, was simply a calm and unvarnished statement of the legal points in his favor. There was no occasion for a display of eloquence. The department was represented by the Hon. Richard Crowley, United States District Attorney, and it is no disparagement to the great ability of his distinguished opponent to say that the points against the railroad were quite as ably presented as were those in its favor. The only unprejudiced conclusion, therefore, is that the company had the best of the case in the estimation of the Court." The result of Mr. Crowley's appeals to the Supreme Court is given in the extract from an article in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, April 10, 1875: "In our telegraphic despatches of the 7th inst. it was announced that, in the case of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company *vs.* John Bailey, the Supreme Court of the United States had reversed the judgment of the United States Circuit Court for this District. Mr. Crowley, the able District Attorney of the Northern District of New York, has fairly earned his laurels in this sharply contested case." Many other papers also noted the fact that the Supreme Court, in deciding, took the same ground and reasons used by Mr. Crowley, thereby endorsing him in the highest possible way. I think the best history of the case is given in the *Lockport Journal*, April 8, 1875, which is as follows :

IMPORTANT DECISION.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD
TAX CASE PASSED UPON BY THE UNITED
STATES SUPREME COURT.

"It will be remembered that some time since we published an account of the case of the N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad Company against John M. Bailey, late Collector of Internal Revenue at Albany, N. Y. The suit was brought in the Supreme Court of this state in May, 1873, to recover the sum of \$550,173.60 and interest, which the company claimed had been illegally collected from them as tax on interest certificates issued by them in December, 1868. The defendant was the collector, who enforced payment of the tax, but the United States was the real party in interest, and the action was to decide whether or not the sum sued for should be taken from the treasury of the United States and paid over to the company. By direction of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Hon. Richard Crowley, United States District Attorney, appeared for the defendant and caused the case to be removed from the State Court into the United States Circuit Court of this district, where it was tried before Judge Wallace, holding the Circuit Court, and a jury at Canandaigua in the last days of June and the first days of July, 1874. Hon. Roscoe Conkling and S. T. Fairchild, Esq., of Albany, appeared for the company, and Mr. Crowley conducted the case on the part of the defense. The trial occupied several days and consisted mainly in the argument by counsel of various questions of law. The arguments of counsel on both sides were able and exhaustive. After the interest certificates of December, 1868, had been issued by the New York Central Railroad Company, that company, in November, 1869, consolidated with the Hudson River Railroad Company, under authority of an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, passed in May, 1869, authorizing the consolidation of railroad companies, taking the name of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. The assessment under the Internal Revenue Law was in March, 1870, and after such consolidation, and in form was against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. Three legal propositions were presented by this assessment. First, was the assessment regular upon its face? Second, was

it valid, being against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, the interest certificates having been issued by the New York Central Railroad Company? Third, were the interest certificates taxable under the Internal Revenue Laws, they being made payable in the future at the option of the company and out of its future earnings? Upon the trial of the case the Court held: First, that the assessment was regular upon its face. Second, that the assessment was proper and valid against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, under the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, May, 1869. But held: Thirdly, that the interest certificates in question were not taxable under the provisions of the Internal Revenue Acts, and directed the jury to render a verdict for the company for the full amount involved, with interest, to wit: \$600,891.12. Mr. Crowley took an exception to this ruling and direction of the Court, and a stay of proceedings for sixty days was granted to enable him to prepare a bill of exceptions and remove the case to the Supreme Court of the United States by writ of error. Within the sixty days thus granted Mr. Crowley had prepared and settled a proper bill of exceptions, sued out a writ of error and removed the case into the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Supreme Court of the United States the case was argued in March last, and that Court has just announced its decision in the case, as will be seen by the following telegraphic dispatch from Washington: Washington, April 6. The following decision has been rendered by the Supreme Court: No. 528, Bailey, Collector, versus the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. Error to the Circuit Court for the Northern District of New York. The Court decides this case against the Company, holding that the interest certificates issued by the Central road before the consolidation with the Hudson River road, payable at the pleasure of the company, are properly taxable under the act of 1866, which provides that dividends declared by a railroad company, in scrip or money, due and payable to their stockholders as part of the earnings, profits, income or gains of such company, and all the profits of such company carried to the amount of any fund, or used for construction, are proper objects of taxation. By the terms of the act a dividend in scrip declared by such a company as a part of its earnings, is subject to the tax whenever or whatever or to

whatsoever party or person the same shall be payable. What is required to be due is the scrip, and not the funds, money or proceeds which it represents. Beyond doubt such scrip becomes operative and due within the meaning of the Revenue Act when it is unconditionally declared, without containing any provision postponing its effect. Mr. Justice Clifford delivered the opinion.

‘ In the Circuit, before Judge Wallace, it was maintained by Mr. Crowley, among other things, that there was no reasonable doubt but that the interest certificates in question were taxable under the provisions of the Internal Revenue Law, and it will be seen from the decision of the Supreme Court that his views have been sustained upon this as well as upon all other legal propositions involved in the case, and the result may be justly regarded as a brilliant and important legal triumph for Mr. Crowley. The decision also saves to the Government, not only the amount of this controversy, but hundreds of thousands of dollars yet uncollected and awaiting the decision of this case. Many of our contemporaries have been intemperate and unjust in their criticisms towards Mr. Conkling for acting as counsel against the Government in this case. The result has shown the charge that the courts and public officials were influenced in their action towards the case by Mr. Conkling’s political position was absurd, if not malicious.

A correspondent from Washington, alluding to the repeated postponement of the later or second trial of the case, after the Supreme Court decision, said: Washington, Jan. 16th. “ Some years ago the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company increased its capital stock from \$60,000,000 to \$120,000,000 by the issue of a stock dividend of 100 per cent., on the ground that the property of the road had doubled in value and that its earnings were sufficient to pay the maximum legal dividends upon such increased amount. The Internal Revenue officers promptly assessed such stock dividend as a division of the accumulated profits upon which railroads were bound, under the law, to pay an internal tax. The railroad company refused to pay, and their property was restrained. The tax, amounting to \$400,000 was then paid under protest, and the railroad company immediately brought suit for recovery. Judgment was given against the United States. The Government appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States,

and this tribunal unanimously declared that the tax was properly due, reversed the decision of the Court below and ordered a new trial before the Circuit Court of the United States at Albany. The railroad company, for reasons of its own, has caused the new trial of the case to be postponed from term to term, and the United States has been unable to prevent such repeated postponements. At last, in the summer of 1877, a stipulation was entered into and made a part of the record of the court, assigning a certain day, January 16th, 1878, for the trial of the cause, and agreeing that there should be no further postponement. Notwithstanding this agreement of record, the railroad company sought by various pretexts to secure further delay. Naturally it would be presumed that the government having the money already, would be indifferent to the postponement of a suit to recover, and that the company would be anxious for an early decision. In this instance, however, the United States is anxious for a speedy termination of the suit, because it has another claim against the same company for three-quarters of a million more, which stands in abeyance until the present case shall be finally disposed of. There are other reasons, known only to the law officers of the Government, why the public interests require speedy action. For the same reason, and others, the railroad seeks delay. Among those other reasons is the possible one that the present District Attorney of the Northern District of New York, who is familiar with the case, and whose fidelity to the Government has been tried and proved, even against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, is expected to retire on the 4th of March, next, and that a friend of Mr. William M. Evarts is to be appointed to the position. Evarts, Southmayd and Choate are the attorneys for the railroad company in this suit. It appears that, on Saturday last, an order was issued by Attorney-General Devens, at the request of Mr. Evarts, directing District Attorney Crowley to assent to a further postponement of the trial of the suit of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company against the United States heretofore assigned for to-day. Inquiry further develops the fact that Mr. Evarts had likewise made a request to the Secretary of the Treasury to consent to such order, and that the Secretary partially promised Mr. Southmayd that he would consider the subject, while the Attorney General fully promised Mr. Choate that the request should

be complied with. It further appears that neither the Internal Revenue Bureau, which, under the law, has exclusive charge of suits of this character, nor the District Attorney immediately in charge of the case, was consulted in the matter, or even informed of the fact of the postponement of the trial until rumor of such action reached them through the counsel for the other side, and that the District Attorney, upon such rumor and prior to the receipt of his instructions, telegraphed to the department his earnest protest against postponement, upon the ground that the public interests would be injured thereby, and that such protest was reiterated by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, but without avail."

Said an Albany paper: "We happen to know that District Attorney Crowley made unusual and most complete preparations for this trial, equipping himself with every weapon of law, authority and reason to make the strongest possible fight. He did make a most able, brilliant and resolute fight, all the more vigorous and determined because Mr. Conkling was his antagonist." In the second trial of this celebrated case, at Utica, I was present myself, and I shall never forget the intense and most flattering interest of all the young lawyers of the city, and their kind hopes and wishes for Mr. Crowley. And dear, kind, Judge Mason was utterly amazed at the decision of the Court, and did not hesitate to say that, if he had been on the Bench, he should have decided directly to the contrary.

A great fire, which occurred at Lockport in 1881, a memorable one because it was then that Mr. John Hodge's beautiful Opera-House was destroyed, and Mr. Crowley's office connected with his Government office being situated in the same building, burned up, unfortunately, all the papers connected with the other great trials in which Mr. Crowley was engaged, the Fort Niagara murder case, the Susan B. Anthony case, and the Ballard Counterfeiting case. Almost the only thing I remember about the Women's Voting Case is that I was very much fascinated by the fine address and prepossessing appearance of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was the only one of the ladies I had the pleasure of meeting. A coincident in regard to this great and disastrous fire at Lockport was that it occurred at the time of the Senatorial Contest at Albany, in which Mr. Crowley, Mr. Platt and others were engaged. Shakespeare wisely said, "Our troubles come not

in single spies, but in battalions." Mr. Hodge could, with his wealth and enterprise, bid a new Opera-House to rise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the one of which his city was so proud, but from the ashes of the buried hopes and friendships, which were the result of that fiercer political fire, there arose no new structure to take the place of the old! No palace of trust and hope sprung in beauty from the ruins there. It was the beginning of the end, as all who have impartially studied New York State politics will admit, for if men like these could deceive and betray, where then could we look with confidence again? Alas! to how many, in whom we once trusted, have I since applied these words:

"Their friendship is a lurking snare,
Their honor but an idle breath,
Their smile the smile that traitors wear,
Their love is hate, their life is death."

The following letter from Mr. George Bliss was written in the beginning of Mr. Crowley's second term as United States Attorney, and refers to an effort on the part of his friends to prevail upon him to accept the office of Solicitor-General at Washington:

UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE,
NEW YORK, June 12, 1874.

Dear Richard:—You have been receiving suggestions about becoming Solicitor of the Treasury. Many have been made here to get up a pressure on you to take it, but our friends here, who are compelled in form to favor it, feel that you ought not to do it. I write with their knowledge. Don't let any one ever know of this, however. Sharpe, especially, says we "can't afford to have you do it under any circumstances." I suppose he means we can't spare you here. I confess that, if you want to take the place and can afford it, I don't quite see why you should not, but such does not seem to be the view of our friends. Perhaps I am affected by the fact that it would be a great thing for me personally to have you take it. I don't see, besides, how you can afford it, and if you are of that opinion, write a strong letter to some one as if in reply to his urging you to take the place, showing why you can not, giving what I presume would be the strong argument, the reason that you can't afford it, just getting out of debt, present office worth double what the Solicitorship can be, expenses in Washington greater than in Lockport, etc. The fact is, Porter has got this very much on the brain and is pressing all here to urge you. Conkling will probably be made to do it also. I tell you the situation, and you can act. We, Folger and I, are going in pursuit of Montauk in the Cutter the week beginning 22d. Could you go along? We can't postpone, because Arthur goes Salmon fishing on July 1, and the Cutter is to lay up for repairs. Arthur, Blatchford and I go to south side, Long Island, for Sunday and Monday fishing, sailing, eating and D. P. I wish you could be along.

Yours truly,

Hon. Richard Crowley.

GEORGE BLISS.

Mr. Crowley had, in his office of United States District Attorney, in addition to the two Assistant District Attorneys allowed by the Government, one of the most efficient and valued clerks in the country. His name is James A. Murray, and his home is now in Buffalo. He was fully equipped for the place through his experience with Mr. Crowley's predecessor, Mr. Dorsheimer, and his fidelity and ability were remarkable. He possesses a very penetrating mind and is, through his position, aware of many important facts concerning cases and people which perhaps they little suspect, or they might feel more than one Damoclesian sword above their heads. 'Tis said that all successful people have at least one of these foes to peace, suspended over them by a single hair. Our young kinsman, John Laughlin, now State Senator from Erie County, then entered the office as a student. He possesses a marvelous faculty of winning friends, in addition to his great mental gifts. I believe he is really predestined to a brilliant future. He is capable of the most ardent and self-sacrificing friendship. Wherever he goes, the best people, the highest natures are always attracted to him at once. There is no magnet equal to that of a noble soul and a warm and generous heart like John's, and even the colder and lesser natures feel its powerful sway, though they sometimes show their consciousness of it by a spiteful and useless opposition. He is universally acknowledged to be a very handsome man, with an elegant address, an amount of *savoir-faire* that many an older diplomat might envy, and thus far his fortune keeps an upward course, and he is graced with wreaths of victory. But they will ever be wisely worn, and his best impulses, like the compass that steers the ship through storm and sun, guide him in the path of honor. He would renounce the crown of empire sooner than wound or betray one faithful friend. Therefore I believe his path will be onward, for no success founded on ingratitude or treachery ever yet was lasting. No matter how brightly might gleam the starry jewels of renown, if beneath pierce the thorns of conscious treachery. Better, a thousand times, one leaf of laurel nobly won, as John Laughlin's will ever be. He is very fortunate in his business connections. Mr. Joseph Ewell is, without doubt, one of the best and ablest men in Erie County. His mind is of a different order from that of John, and he thus presents a perfect counterpart. He is the very soul of truth and honor. Wise and gentle, dignified and yet affable, he is a fine and rare combination of the sterling qualities which

tion of the sterling qualities which

make a noble man. The younger partner, Mr. Wilber Houpt, gives every indication of most promising future, if industry, integrity and ambition can count in the race.

Then we had with us William J. Bulger, one of Lockport's most brilliant and promising young men. His bright record began at school, where he carried off nearly every prize, and on entering the arena of life he was equally successful. He is very fine looking, and his face truly is the index of his mind and heart. He resigned the office of Surrogate of Niagara County to accept a more flattering prospect in Chicago, having recently married a very estimable lady from the West. He is a very candid and fearless character, quite incapable of deceit, and is either your steadfast friend or openly and squarely your foe. Such men are, and deserve to be, more successful than those who fight from ambush. The Assistant United States Attorneys were Gen. A. W. Brazee and the Hon. John E. Pound, of Lockport. The constant and familiar association of eight years generally binds friends closer together. General Brazee has, so far as I know, never changed in his friendliness to us, and I shall never forget his wit and his cordial manner. Mr. Crowley and all the friends they met were especially fond of him. He was a brave soldier and a true gentleman. He afterwards held the office of United States Territorial Judge for Colorado, and was United States Attorney for that state during the latter part of Arthur's administration. I know that some of the most delightful memories of my husband's life are associated with those days and friends. The gentlemen whom we met at the different cities where his duties called him were in every way congenial, and now he recalls with pleasure the joyous hours spent with bright spirits like General McDougall, of Auburn, Mr. Robbins, General Quinby, of Rochester, and Judge Nathan K. Hall, who had been Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of President Fillmore. The son of the latter, Millard Powers Fillmore, was connected with the courts, and was a great favorite. Mr. Crowley recently heard with deep regret of his death.

“ Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place.
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we can not reinstate;
Ourselves we can not re-create;
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!”

CHAPTER VI.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON.

“ ’T were idle to remember now,
Had I the heart, my thwarted schemes ;
I bear beneath this altered brow
The ashes of a thousand dreams ;
Some wrought with wild Ambition’s fingers,
Some colored of Love’s pencil well,
But none of which a shadow lingers,
And none whose story I could tell.”

Mr. Crowley was first elected to Congress in November, 1878. He resigned the office of United States District Attorney in February, 1879, to take his seat in the Extra Session of the Forty-Sixth Congress, commencing March 18, 1879. This was an interesting year, as it was just on the eve of the nomination for President. Blaine, Grant, Sherman and others were discussed, but no one then spoke of Garfield. Far less did any one speak, or even think, of General Arthur as a possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency, for he then fully expected to be the next United States Senator, having been so assured by Mr. Conkling at the time of Cornell’s nomination for Governor, to soothe his keen disappointment at not being made Governor himself instead of Mr. Cornell. By a most unexpected turn of fate, Garfield’s name came uppermost in that exciting lottery, the National Convention, and to secure the aid of the New York leaders, Chester A. Arthur’s name was placed on the ticket also. Here is one of Arthur’s letters, written just before Mr. Crowley went to Washington. It is merely a sample of many, which were always full of little schemes, a wire-pulling which did not seem great at the time, but which produced great results. In vain do brilliant statesmen plan! Just when the goal is reached, lo! Mediocrity is already there, and the plaudits of the populace tell that jealousy has won the day!

NEW YORK, November 24, 1879.

Dear Crowley:—I suppose you will be here the latter part of this week, on your way to Washington. I wish you could manage to bring Mr. Hoskins down with you. I have been talking with A. B. C., and we think it very important that we should see Hoskins here and have some talk with him about matters as soon as possible. Can you not manage with him to come down with you without letting him know that the request comes from here? Will you, please, try to manage this and let me know the result by

telegraph? I will explain the importance of this matter when I see you, which I wish very much to do before you go to Washington.

Very faithfully yours,

C. A. ARTHUR.

The Hon. Richard Crowley.

Rutherford B. Hayes was then President, having been elected in 1876 to succeed the Nation's hero, General Grant. The time when Mr. Hayes received the nomination is impressed upon my mind, because it was my first great political disappointment. We had ardently desired to see Roscoe Conkling and his lovely wife in the White House, and it seemed at the time a thing too grievous to be borne. But, as far as my own observation is concerned, I will say unqualifiedly that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes did their duty well and gracefully in the high station to which they were called. My first visit to them in the White House was in company with Representative Van Voorhis and wife, of Rochester. Mrs. Van Voorhis resembled Mrs. Hayes very much. They were both very handsome women, and always reminded me of the lovely portrait of Longfellow's Evangeline. President Hayes impressed me very favorably, and I have no doubt Mrs. Hayes will go down to history as a fine type of American womanhood. There is a handsome portrait of her now in the White House, the frame of which, with its clustering grapes, will remind future visitors of her commendable devotion to the great cause of temperance. Her useful and lovely life came somewhat suddenly to an end, and the whole country seemed to feel her loss, particularly the noble bands of women everywhere working in the same great cause, the removal of the most awful curse that still infests the earth, the trail of the serpent still in Eden. Alas! that man ever should "put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains!" Here, where foes lurk in ambush on every side, where treachery lies hidden in the smiles over the wine-cup, where the countless descendants of Judas still wait to betray with a kiss, the brightest mind should be ever on the alert. The price of safety as well as success is indeed eternal vigilance.

At this time Roscoe Conkling and Francis Kernan were in the Senate, and the following members of the House of Representatives were from the State of New York: James W. Covert, of Flushing; Daniel O'Reilly, of Brooklyn; Simeon B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn; Archibald M. Bliss, of

Brooklyn; Nicholas Muller, of New York City; Samuel Sullivan Cox, of New York City; Edwin Einstein, of New York City; Anson G. McCook, of New York City; Fernando Wood, of New York City; Levi Parsons Morton, of New York City; Waldo Hutchins, of Kingsbridge; John H. Ketcham, of Dover Plains; John W. Ferdon, of Piermont; William Lounsbery, of Kingston; John M. Bailey, of Albany; Walter A. Wood, of Hoosick Falls; John Hammond, of Crown Point; Amaziah B. James, of Ogdensburg; John B. Starin, of Fultonville; David Wilber, of Milford; Warner Miller, of Herkimer; Cyrus D. Prescott, of Rome; Joseph Mason, of Hamilton; Frank Hiscock, of Syracuse; John H. Camp, of Lyons; Elbridge G. Lapham, of Canandaigua; Jeremiah W. Dwight, of Dryden; David P. Richardson, of Angelica; John Van Voorhis, of Rochester; Richard Crowley, of Lockport; Jonathan Scoville, of Buffalo; and Henry Van Aernam, of Franklinville.

The care of a large family of young children deprived me, to a great extent, of the privilege and pleasure of meeting all these representatives and their immediate relatives and friends, my two younger children having been born during our four years' stay in Washington. For the first term of two years we lived in a house on Iowa Circle, which belonged to General Brice, the Paymaster-General of the Army, and certainly one of the *esprit du corps*. I consider him one of the most agreeable and cultivated gentlemen I ever met. His estimable wife also manifested to us in all ways the most thoughtful courtesy. The house was very charming and comfortable, but the Circle was not so thickly populated then as now, and we were somewhat cut off from our most intimate friends. It was then that we first met Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, whose name for years had been very familiar to us in our associations with her relatives in Lockport. She was then in the darkest shadow of the clouds which seemed to gather over her life, as if to show that Fortune had turned spiteful at last, and would send trouble enough to balance the scale which till then had been weighted with bright gifts alone. I fully believe that the bitter attacks made upon her at that time, and the coldness of the women in Washington arose from political jealousy of Mr. Conkling and personal jealousy of her charms. Byron says, in speaking of one who had aroused a great deal of envy: "The

women pardoned all except her face." Later on, in Washington, I had more than one occasion to observe that in most palpable amours the heroine was saved from ostracism by the fact that she possessed neither beauty nor *esprit*. Mrs. Kate Chase is unquestionably a very handsome and distinguished looking woman still. I always found her a very interesting companion, as she is so thoroughly conversant with any topic one cares to discuss. It is well known that she was of great assistance to her father in his political plans. His life was of great brilliant and triumphant one, though the great desideratum, the Presidency, was never reached. Edgewood, the favorite country seat of the Chief-Justice, is her present home. It is about two miles outside of the City of Washington and is beautifully situated. The view of the Capitol from one of its piazzas is very distinct. The grounds which surround it are wild and densely wooded. The interior is what one would expect from the taste of the family who occupy it. Rare books and pictures, old tapestries, lovely china and ancient ornaments gave it a charm peculiarly its own, and when one gazes at the cold, marble bust of Salmon P. Chase, the wonder of the mind strongly asserts itself in the unspoken question, where has that proud and noble spirit gone? But he still lives in the grand impression he gave to his time, in the memory of the brave blows he dealt to slavery, in the undying record of his pure, high statesmanship. His magnificent personality still greets the countless passing throngs at the Capitol he once adorned.

In the following year occurred the election of James A. Garfield for President. Mr. Crowley was always one of the most ardent of the Grant adherents, and, though he loved and admired General Garfield, felt keenly the defeat of the idol of his manhood, Ulysses S. Grant. As for me, my admiration for his true greatness was such that I should have liked to see him President while he lived. Not long was he destined to stay with us, for this strife was but eight years ago, and for two years our hero lies sleeping in his tomb in that proud city, whose proudest boast is that she holds his ashes.

"The lightning may flash, and the loud thunder rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him to glory again."

It has been to me a marvel that a family so fortunate and so

flattered as that of General Grant should be so utterly unspoiled by the world's adulation. His wife has the priceless consolation of knowing that she possessed the life-long constancy and devotion of one of earth's greatest men. Yet, to the humblest one of the myriad friends she meets, she is the same sweet, gracious woman, whom to see once is to wish for that privilege again, and fondly to remember. Of his sons the only one I know is Col. Frederick D. Grant, the image of his father, as every one says. I believe that, under the same circumstances, he would develop just his father's qualities also. He is so fortunately married that, when one reflects upon the saying that fate bestows her choicest gifts in solitaires and never in clusters, one might fear that his beautiful wife would be all that he is entitled to in this disappointing world, where the best things seldom come to the most deserving. But I have long hoped, for her sake as well as his, since she would shine as so peerless a gem in the diadem of historic worth and loveliness, that I some day might see her where she should be, with crowds waiting for a smile. At last the sunbeams gleam once more, as they will often do, brightest after clouds! He now represents us at Vienna's Court, and in this Austrian capital no one will outshine him in true manly and heroic qualities, and no princess of the House of Hapsburg will preside with a more charming grace than Ida, the wife of Frederick Grant. Ill-fated Rudolph, would that thou hadst lingered here a little longer, that no shadow might rest upon the imperial city when the son of America's hero came to thee as her ambassador! If thou hadst been as free as our happy young Minister to follow the dictates of thy heart, instead of obeying the rules of state and wedding at a cold and merciless decree, perhaps thou wouldst still be here to welcome the children of the Warrior-President! Fred Grant is a good son and a devoted husband. I remember when he visited Lockport with his wife during one of the late electioneering campaigns that the horses attached to the carriage in which we were driving took fright at the fire-works on the road. There were present in the carriage Mrs. Grant, Miss Alice Pomroy, of Lockport, my daughter, Alice, and myself. Colonel Grant and Senator Hiscock were riding just ahead of us. There was a moment of great peril, in which we sprang from the carriage, but quicker than a flash of lightning Colonel Grant stood beside us. How he got there seemed a marvel. He

was inspired by the courage of love, which is always one of the greatest incentives to heroism. The fondest wishes of thousands of friends go with them to Austria. The hope is general that their mission may, indeed, be blest. A sadly sweet memory of the vanished hero is one I cherish connected with the great sorrow of my own life.

With Garfield's nomination began a series of political intrigues, the true history of which is perhaps not publicly known. Just then the Republican factions of the Half-Breeds and Stalwarts were sharply defined and opposed. Senator Conkling, then leader of the Stalwarts, was of course bitterly disappointed in the nomination of General Garfield. Mr. Crowley, though for years acting with the Conkling forces, was warmly attached to Garfield, as, indeed, were all who were near to him in the House of Representatives. He had a rare personal magnetism, a boyish way of showing his fondness for his friends that was very fascinating. My own opinion of General Garfield is that he was a most wonderful man. Possessed of a great mind, not only by nature, but by a long and patient training, he had all the resources of rhetoric at command. Yet his wit never wounded. As Charles Lever says, "he never willingly trenched on the slightest prejudice of his greatest enemy." In this he was a noted contrast to Roscoe Conkling, whose powers of sarcasm never soared so high as when feeling that his antagonist was wounded in some vital spot. Could some prophet, in the brief summer before, when the eloquence of Conkling, united with the magic name and presence of Grant, rallied thousands to the support of Garfield, have predicted that, in a few short months orator, warrior and victor-statesman should wage a death conflict, and that the head of Garfield, with the dew of the morning yet fresh upon the laurels which bound it, would be hidden forever from the sight of the vast multitude who had placed him at their head, Garfield himself would have received such a warning with less credulity than Cæsar, when told to "Beware the Ides of March!" The Stalwart leaders, feeling that through the administration of Hayes they had not been sufficiently recognized in the distribution of the Federal offices, were very anxious to understand thoroughly what course General Garfield intended to pursue with regard to them, in case he was elected, which at that time looked very doubtful. The nomination of General Hancock was such a brilliant and popular one, that it carried

dismay at once into the Republican ranks. Mr. Stephen W. Dorsey said at the time that Conkling and Garfield must be brought together for a conference. Indeed, many of the leaders believed that thus alone could the flower of safety be plucked from the nettle of danger that threatened them. But this was much easier planned than executed. They proposed, but Conkling disposed. He utterly refused to see Garfield, alleging as the reason that he did not believe he would keep any promise he might make, but at the same time agreeing to the wisdom of the plan that several other friends should talk with him, and promising that he should act with them faithfully, and not in any way risk the success of the ticket. Accordingly, in the following August, about two months after the nomination, Mr. Crowley met General Garfield by appointment at Dunkirk, New York, and accompanied him to New York City. There a conference was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at which were present, besides General Garfield and Mr. Crowley, General Arthur, the candidate for Vice-President, the Hon. Thomas C. Platt, member of the National Republican Committee for our state, the Hon. Levi P. Morton, and Gen. George H. Sharpe.

General Garfield then declared that, in event of his election, he would most assuredly select one of his Cabinet officers from New York State, and that, in making Federal appointments, he would be guided by the judgement and wishes of the party, meaning thereby the Republican Senators, the Vice-President, the Governor of the state, the State Committee, and the Representatives in Congress. The offices specially mentioned at this time were the United States District Attorneyships and Marshalships, and the office of Collector of the Port of New York. He also promised that, in all appointments within Congressional Districts, he would in each case consult with the Republican Member of Congress from the district, and that, if any special case assumed political importance, reaching in its effects beyond its own district, further consultation would then be held by the party leaders in regard to it. That this conference was satisfactory to the gentlemen who participated in it, the brilliant and exciting campaign which resulted in the election of Garfield and Arthur attests. In June of that year, the month of the nomination, Mrs. Sprague visited me at our Lockport home. Also later, in the autumn, just when the

excitement preceding election was at its height, she came again, and because, in the following winter, my husband was a candidate for United States Senator, I was credited with a deep-laid scheme to win her influence. The truth is that we never spoke of the Senatorship to her at all, and I afterwards had reason to think that she knew Mr. Conkling had promised Mr. Platt long before that he should be the next Senator from New York if Arthur should not be a candidate. The placing of the latter's name on the ticket for the Vice-Presidency gave the desired opportunity for redeeming this promise, if it were made, as we have reason to suppose. Furthermore, subsequent events have proved that neither Mrs. Sprague, nor indeed any one, ever had the slightest power to turn Roscoe Conkling aside from a fixed purpose. It would, indeed, have been a strange thing, if she had influence, that it should have been used against a steadfast and life-long friend of herself and her family to the elevation of those who were not only entire strangers to her personally, but well-known to be hostile to her in feeling. The world is full of treachery and ingratitude, but there are extremes to which one hesitates to believe a high minded person could ever stoop. It was then that Senator Conkling, who had, according to the management of the committee, been speaking in Buffalo, came to Lockport, at our earnest request, and made a very brilliant speech. We invited our local political lights to dine with him, among whom was the Hon. Burt Van Horn, formerly Member of Congress from this district. We knew that he and Senator Conkling had not agreed for some time, but thought it a favorable chance to bury the hatchet. Much to our regret, this amicable plan proved a failure, for which we have always been very unjustly blamed. So it is that deeds prompted by the best motives often injure us as much as evil ones could possibly do. Mr. Van Horn and his friends, though they knew that the Senator's imperious temper alone was to blame in this matter, have used it ever since as a weapon against Mr. Crowley on all possible occasions, notably in the recent contest for Congress, when they worked and voted for John M. Wiley, a Democrat and a noted lobbyist, giving this affair as a reason. It has been a convenient cloak for personal jealousy for some time with that faction. Such flimsy pretexts do not deceive real politicians, and in the meantime, the mills of the god keep on with their eternal grinding.

In December of that year, just after the election, Mr. Crowley, accompanied by Governor Cornell, the Hon. Louis F. Payn, United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York, went on a visit to Mentor, to urge upon the President-elect the advisability of selecting Secretary of the Treasury from New York State, and also to express the ardent wish of most of the leading politicians that this position should be awarded to the Hon. Levi P. Morton. Before election General Garfield had promised Mr. Morton and other friends that he should be appointed to this position as a reward for his faithful and self-sacrificing devotion to the party. It was certainly just that Senator Conkling should endeavor to the utmost stretch of his influence to reward Mr. Morton, for, were it not for his vehemently expressed disapproval at the Chicago Convention, Mr. Morton would have been nominated Vice-President instead of General Arthur. Would to heaven that he had! For in the wake of the tragedy which was destined to follow, the friends and countrymen of Levi P. Morton would have found in him a sure refuge, a man whom no pomp and power could estrange, a true gentleman, who, though beamed upon by Fortune's most dazzling smiles, would never forget the unfortunate, and would surely remember to reward those who had served him long and well. As I write these words he *is* Vice-President! And I, who through my husband's long friendship for him have come to feel that I know him well, can say with heart-felt sincerity that never, since the days of Washington, nor even then, did a nobler, truer man ever honor the position by holding it! In addition to the devotion of thousands of friends, he has a beautiful and highly accomplished wife, perfectly capable of assuming the most queenly rôle that could be assigned to her in this Republican country. She will help him to win and keep his friends. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* General Garfield, in this December conference, repeated in regard to Federal appointments what he had before stated in the August preceding election. As regarded the position of Secretary of the Treasury, he seemed averse to granting it to New York, offering as one reason that the Collector of the Port would necessarily be from New York, and promising that the latter appointment would be made with special reference to the approval of those who most ardently desired the appointment of Mr. Morton as Secretary of the Treasury. He expressed the . . .

fear that Mr. Morton was ineligible under the statute, being so deeply interested in banking business. He did not, however, state positively that he would not assign the Treasury to New York, and promised at all events to consult with the party leaders still further in regard to it. I find on looking over some letters of Senator Conkling that at this point, General Garfield referred to a conversation held between himself and Mr. Morton during the canvass, in which Mr. Morton understood that General Garfield had agreed to appoint him Secretary of the Treasury. General Garfield said that he did not so recollect the agreement, that he had promised to give him either the English or the French mission, with the understanding that he, Garfield, and not Mr. Morton, should have the choice between them. He added that his recollection of the understanding was confirmed by a letter he had received from Mr. Morton, in which he alluded to the two other positions, but did not claim the promise of the Secretaryship of the Treasury; that he stood ready to do as agreed, reserving to himself to say which one of these positions it should be; that he felt very friendly towards Mr. Morton and recognized his service during the canvass, and intended to make suitable recognition by appointing him to one of the positions named in his letter. And so matters stood in this uncertainty, and in the meantime another event occurred in which all these men were very deeply interested, although the strongest currents, as usual, did not come to the surface, for " 'tis with feelings as with waters, the shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb!" In January, 1881, in the second winter of his first term of Congress, Mr. Crowley was a candidate for the office of United States Senator before the Legislature of the State of New York. The rivals in the field were Thomas C. Platt, Levi P. Morton and Chauncey M. Depew. The latter withdrew in favor of Mr. Platt, who received the majority of the votes of the Republican members in the controlling caucus. The contest had been a very earnest one, and had covered a period of about three weeks. General Arthur, at that time Vice-President elect, went to Albany in the interest of Mr. Crowley, and remained until the conflict was ended. The attitude of Mr. Conkling in the affair has never been clearly understood. At first he was said to declare that, as the three Stalwarts were all his friends—that is Crowley, Morton and Platt—he would, in political parlance, "keep hands off" and in no way take an active

part. Many, however, have belived that he really favored Platt, and I have been informed by several politicians, who were in the confidence of Mr. Conkling, that he had settled on him as the man for the position long before. This, also, is strenuously denied by others, who claim that the Senatorship was promised to General Arthur. Whatever the truth may have been in regard to this matter, ruin and death have resulted in more than one instance from the action then taken by certain men. Never were dishonor and deceit more quickly fatal! As in the game of chess certain moves soon cause the sweeping of prominent figures from the board, so the political moves of that time not only changed the fortunes, but cut off the lives, of some of those most deeply concerned therein. Ah, if people could but foresee the consequences to themselves when they ruthlessly mar the destinies of others! Warner Miller assisted in securing the election of Mr. Platt, and was destined in the strange and then unexpected revolution of Fortune's wheel to occupy Mr. Platt's seat himself, a few months later. The newly elected Senator, arriving in Washington under the régime of Garfield, was doomed to a brief and stormy term of office. He became for the time being the victim of the Half-Breed and Stalwart strife. Both before and during the contest the newspapers were full of the most animated comments. The Albany *Morning Express* thus kindly predicted for Mr. Crowley in the preceding November:

WESTERN NEW YORK AND THE SENATORSHIP.

"There does not seem to be any concentration of sentiment, as yet, in the matter of United States Senator, with either of the two great forces which it is supposed will come in conflict in the caucuses in January next. Just at present the members upon each side appear to be looking among their own immediate neighbors and friends for some one to represent them, and whom they hope to see elected. The tendency in this direction is apparently quite strong in western New York, at least among those who are recognized as the friends of Senator Conkling, especially among the younger members of the party. Our information is to the effect that there is among them a decided movement in favor of Hon. Richard Crowley, whose great strength of character is widely known throughout the state, and universally recognized 'beyond

Cayuga bridge,' as they used to say in the olden times. Western New York is our Western Reserve. It breeds stalwart and resolute Republicans, and among them all there is none more intrepid than brave and heroic Richard Crowley. He may or may not be the representative of this class in the caucuses for United States Senator, but, if he is, he will have a support as enthusiastic, earnest and determined as that which he always gives to any cause he espouses. As his manly shoulders always press close to those of his friends and associates in any contest, so they will press closely to him, if they shall now seek to place him in the Senate of the United States as Roscoe Conkling's colleague. The two R. C.'s—for how much of brains and worth and untiring and unselfish devotion to principle and to party these names will stand—Roscoe Conkling and Richard Crowley. We do not say that Richard Crowley is our choice for United States Senator, or Senator Conkling's choice, or the choice of any other men or set of men, or any influence or machine whatever, but we are entirely justified in saying that he is worthy to be the choice of the Republicans of western New York, and of the Empire State as well. In the first place, Richard Crowley is a Republican of staunch devotion to principle, of unsullied purity of character, of commanding talents and manly worth. He is an orator and a thinker, a statesman and a gentleman of true culture. He is young and talented, not with the mere flashing brilliancy which bursts upon us with so many of our youth, and then expires forever, but he is talented in the sense of intellectual endowment, of breadth and strength of reasoning faculties, of intuitive sagacity, organizing ability, versatility of resources, and force and energy of will. We speak not unadvisedly, nor with terms merely of rhetoric. Our words are written in his political record. He justified all we have said, and more than we are able to say, during the four years he was a member of the Senate of the state. He was first elected to that body in 1865, having previously been City Attorney of Lockport, where he was born. He was but twenty-nine years of age when he first came to Albany as Senator, and yet he at once took front rank among the able and distinguished members of that body, and when he left it, four years later, he was an admitted leader, as prudent in counsel as he was fearless in action. He has since that time been United States District Attorney and Representative in Congress, and has the entire

respect of friend and foe alike. He will be forty-four years of age on the 14th of next month. We are not surprised that the younger members of the Republican party are disposed to make him their leader and champion now. He will never falter, never fail them. But not alone do young men admire him. All who have watched his course honor and confide in him. New York will have added luster ~~shed~~ upon its name if Richard Crowley represents it in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Crowley is not mentioned in the interest of a faction. He is urged by his friends on the ground that he knows intimately the Republicans of western New York, and will represent their wishes intelligently in the Senate, and without any narrowness or prejudice. With malice toward none, he will favor those most warmly who carry the standard farthest in the face of the foe, and who never turn upon a friend. He is favored in the interest of harmony, of the recognition of all who are deserving, of the unification and consolidation of the Republican party. He antagonizes no element in the party, but would help to solidify and cement all in one invincible organization."

Of all the variety of comments that were written after this memorable strife, perhaps none throws more light on some of the hidden wires that were pulled, some of the bargains that were made to insure success, than the following:

BALLAD OF THE SENATORSHIP.

Richard C. was a first rate lawyer,
 And a better Congressman none could desire,
 But a man riz up to be the destroyer
 Of Richard's ambition to go up higher;
 For Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Remarked: "That Senatorship's coming to me."

Richard had plenty of Stalwart backing,
 He charged with Chester, the national Vice,
 And John F. Smyth he was not lacking
 Who'd desundayschoolize politics in a trice;
 For Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Remarked: "That Senatorship's coming to me."

Besides such workers as these strong two,
 These pullers of wires with elequent lips,
 Sharpe practice was used to pull Dick through,
 A navy composed of chairman-ships;
 But Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Remarked: "That Senatorship's coming to me."

Confident Tom he laughed defiance
 At his rival's efforts to work his will,
 And said : "To win one's best reliance
 Must be on splendid Executive skill ;
 And A. B.
 Cornell, he
 Will win this battle for T. C. P."

And Cornell worked like the pick of the bees ;
 He called to his aid his Capitol coterie,
 And he added to them all his appointees
 With just the exception of one sick notary ;
 And Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Remarked : "That Senatorship's coming to me."

So the canvass was waged by day and by night ;
 'Twas as pretty a quarrel as one need seek ;
 Each faction fought with its main and its might ;
 O, such is the war-tug when Greek meets Greek !
 And Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Remarked : "That Senatorship's coming to me."

But still o'er his hopes defeat did lower,
 And Platt couldn't cause it away to fade,
 Till Robertson, holding the balance of power,
 Summoned his forces to Tom C.'s aid ;
 Then Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Remarked : "The Judge has elected me."

As the Robertson votes to his score were conveyed,
 What said Tom C. ? Does any one know ?
 What was the pledge and promise he made ?
 Did he mention a quid in return for a quo ?
 Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Has the floor to answer full and free.

This is the ballad of that great fight ;
 It ends right here ; down goes the curtain ;
 But is the Owego man that is white
 Just what might be called a bit "uncertain" ?
 When Tom C.
 Platt, he
 Votes on Robertson, we all shall see.

The leading Half-Breeds had all previously gone to Mr. Crowley and offered to elect him Senator, if he would promise to vote confirming their appointments. But Vice-President Arthur, as well as the other Stalwarts, would not listen to this proposition for a moment, vowing that they

had no confidence in any of these men, and would, under no circumstance, deal with them then or thereafter. But things must have looked very differently to Arthur after he became President, for then, as is perfectly well known, he was wholly surrounded and influenced by the faction he at this time professed to despise. Mr. George Bliss was at that time warmly interested in Mr. Crowley's success in this Senatorial contest, as will be seen by the following letters. The Hon. L. P. Morton was, after he had withdrawn, very anxious for Mr. Crowley to be elected, openly preferring him to all the other candidates. That Judge Folger was for "Dear Richard" goes without saying:

ALBANY, December 13, 1880.

Dear Richard:—I write to you of two things, perhaps somewhat connected. I had, a few days ago, a letter from Wm. Robinson, whom you know, asking me to say to him confidentially who I was for for U. S. Senator, and especially whether I was for you. Before I had time to answer, he came up here. By the way, his letter was before the late Mayoralty appointments in New York City. His visit was after. He says that, though he is a personal friend of Woodin, he is not with him for Depew nor in indiscriminate opposition to every friend of Conkling; that he thinks that he can get Tuthill, the Member of Assembly from the Northern District of Cayuga, to work for you, but can not or will not get him to work for Platt, nor try hard for Morton. I have written that to Arthur, not with so much particularity, but as a fact for Arthur to remember and use, if it can be made of use. The other matter is this. He fears that there will be a great cleaning out in the Tax Commissioner's office, and, as a friend of Woodin, that he is in danger from Lawson, and he wishes help to be retained. He wishes me to write to Arthur. I have not yet done so (R. was here but yesterday.) I write also to you. If you think best, write, or otherwise use your influence to keep him in his place. Hearing that Cornell came here on Saturday, I take it that you did not go to Mentor with Lew Payn. I know nothing of what may have taken place in the inner circle the past week. Let me hear from you.

Yours,

C. J. F.

NEW YORK, January 8, 1881.

My Dear Crowley:—Morton arrived this P. M., and is to decide tomorrow whether he goes to Albany. Count for yourself Hamilton and Astor. No bogus about him.

Yours truly,

To Richard Crowley

GEORGE BLISS.

These two gentlemen to whom Mr. Bliss refers are Mr. Robert Ray Hamilton and William Waldorf Astor. I cherish gratefully through the stormy years the compliment they paid Mr. Crowley in voting for him as a Senator of the

United States, and I trust it has proved to them as bread cast upon the waters. Robert Hamilton is the grandson of the great Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, whose tragic and untimely death is one of the darkest shadows in American history. He has always been one of Mr. Crowley's favorite heroes, and I remember at the Centennial he turned away from foreign scenes and creations of the old masters to search for the portrait of the famous financier of Washington's Administration. William Waldorf Astor has proved that, despite the assertion of Avon's Bard, gold can be gilded, for the memory of his genius and nobility will shine when the Astor millions are forgotten. While Minister to Italy, he traced from antique records the story of the Borgias and other celebrated families of the ancient Italians, around whom he threw the spell of story. Romance must have seemed a natural element, in that land of beauty and song, to a young and gifted American, with a bride whose beauty rivaled that of the Colonnas or the Falieros, or any sung in liquid Tuscan verse.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1881.

My Dear Richard:—I have "gunned" Husted, so that I think he won't injure you, and have written Astor. I can be at Albany so little that I want to put my time in where it will do the most good. My idea is I had better not go up till the caucus is fixed. Post me by wire.

Yours truly,

Hon. Richard Crowley.

GEORGE BLISS.

Private.

1501 H STREET,
WASHINGTON, January 3, 1881.

Dear Mr. Crowley:—I suppose you saw the *Times* of yesterday and noticed the statement, on my authority, that Mr. Hayes would not make the New York appointments until after the election of Senator, and perhaps not during his term of office. I saw Amos Townsend to-day. He was at Mentor with McKinley and says Garfield is very favorably disposed to act upon the suggestion made with reference to yourself. Townsend is in favor of the appointment and believes G. is quite ready to make it, if left for his action, as Townsend believes it will be. Townsend asked: "Why not ask Hayes to make it as soon as the Senatorial contest is over and agree to it before?" I fancy it would suit you better to receive it from Garfield. Please let me hear from you. I believe this appointment can be secured. Please post me as to the state of affairs at Albany. Had I better go there?

Cordially yours,

L. P. MORTON.

Mr. Morton was always so lofty in his way of dealing with political affairs. A lady in New York said to me, on

observing a very fine campaign portrait of him, that he resembled strongly the pictures of the Stuarts, especially Charles the First. I replied that I hoped not, in evil fortune, though I would admit the royalty, not only in the outward air and garb, but in the exquisite courtesy and tact of the thoroughbred gentleman.

NEW YORK, March 8, 1881.

My Dear Richard.—I have decided to "hold my cup up" for the District Attorneyship. That is, to let it be known I will take it, and to say so to half a dozen friends, yourself among them. It may be mortgaged, or may be out of my reach. This I am seeking to find out. Meantime I do not want to be publicly mentioned. I think Shepard will get so black an eye in a few days that he will cease to be formidable.

Yours truly,

GEORGE BLISS.

Hon. Richard Crowley.

The gentleman here spoken of is Mr. Elliott F. Shepard, now Editor of the New York *Mail and Express*, and a son-in-law of the late William H. Vanderbilt. The failure of Mr. Bliss to receive this office was directly due to Mr. Conkling, who became thoroughly estranged from him, and who said to me shortly before his death that he had never really liked or trusted him. In response to my assertion that I had once thought him to be Mr. Crowley's friend, he replied: "Did you believe George Bliss could ever be *anybody's* friend?" Of the persons mentioned here, three at least, John G. Smyth, Chester A. Arthur and Charles J. Folger, have passed out of the conflict. But the feelings which then warmed their hearts have not more utterly perished than in those of most, if not all, of those surviving. It is quite safe to predict that Alonzo B. Cornell will not now, as he did nearly ten years ago, rally all his forces to the support of Mr. Platt. Nor will Chauncey M. Depew in 1890 efface himself, as he did so gracefully and effectually in 1880.

"Twice hath he sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when he comes again
He comes with banner, brand and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe."

And what will be the attitude of Robertson, the modern "Warwick," the king-maker? Will he, as Fate's chosen messenger, bear the crown again to those who wore it so briefly before, or will he proudly set it on the head of some

masked hero in the fight, on whose fidelity he can rely when the struggle is over? It is hoped that the goddess of justice may select him this time as her champion, and that he may enter the lists with her colors next his heart, a brave knight in the tournament as of old. A little later, much to the surprise of Senator Conkling and his friends, the portfolio of the Navy Department was tendered to Mr. Morton by the President-elect. After repeated consultations this ~~was declined, principally at the request of~~ Senator Conkling. I remember that Mr. Morton came to talk the matter over with Mr. Crowley, and that I was personally disappointed to find that Mr. Crowley agreed with Mr. Conkling. The finale of the whole affair was the departure of Mr. Morton as Minister to France. Though he filled the position with great fidelity and éclat, yet I thought then, and still think, that to have kept the Secretaryship of the Navy would have been wiser for him, and certainly much more agreeable to his friends, for they would not then have been forced to part with himself and his charming wife for four years. I know Mr. Crowley's idea was to continue the fight for the Treasury, hoping it would eventually come to Morton, notwithstanding the vacillating conduct of the President. To me a wheel within a wheel was the assertion of Mrs. Sprague, that Mr. Conkling all the while knew it was impossible for General Garfield to place Mr. Morton at the head of the Treasury, owing to the fact that he was positively ineligible under the statute. But why should he have made such desperate efforts, and even paid a visit to Garfield for this especial purpose? It was a very tangled chain, indeed, and, like the famous Gordian knot, was destined to be severed, and never unraveled. Talleyrand said language was given us to conceal our thoughts. In such affairs as this it would seem as though not only words, but deeds, concealed real purposes, and the deepest motives were never wholly apparent, even to the close observer. To ask for a thing, knowing it could not be granted, would seem like an attempt to weave a dangerous web, destined to imprison more than one in its fatal meshes! Mentor, the faithful guide and counselor of Ulysses, ought surely, at this time, to have presided over the little western town which bears his name, and which, by the presence of Garfield, awoke to find itself historic. Many a wise man wended his way thither, and many and confusing were the reports that came thence, wafted to the impatient ears of the listening statesmen at Washington and elsewhere.

General Arthur, Ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, and others were very anxious to assert the claims of Judge Charles J. Folger, then on the Bench of the Court of Appeals, to a Cabinet position. Senator Conkling, though never at any time professing a great friendship or liking for Folger, seemed to assent to the request that he should be brought forward as a candidate for the Secretaryship of the Treasury, should General Garfield adhere to his reason previously assigned for not appointing Mr. Morton, viz.: his financial position. Senator Conkling was prevailed upon, after much urging on the part of his friends, to visit Mentor himself. On his return from what then seemed to be a most agreeable and satisfactory visit, he announced that New York would surely have the Treasury, but that it might be given to Judge Folger, instead of Mr. Morton, who would in that case be sent as Minister to England. Folger himself was then summoned to the council-fire of the great chief, and was offered, not the Treasury, but the Attorney-Generalship. This surprise, coupled with the offer of the office of Secretary of the Navy to Mr. Morton, was a great blow to Mr. Conkling's hopes, and revived his ancient and smouldering distrust of Garfield. I suppose he never could make proper allowance for a nature that hesitated to give pain to others, and naturally came to shipwreck in the vain endeavor to please every one, and to requite all who had assisted in his elevation. However, Senator Conkling certainly did not then, as he more than once declared, wish to quarrel with the new Administration. His attitude towards Hayes had been one of open and unrelenting hostility, and he did not care to incur the suspicion which might rest on a continuance of such a frame of mind; and he did not in his wrath lose sight of the fact that the loss of patronage might become somewhat monotonous in the opinion of his constituents. Judge Folger wrote as follows to Mr. Crowley on his return from Mentor:

ALBANY, February 27, 1881.

Dear Richard:—I presume that you have heard from Arthur what my visit to Mentor amounted to. I have not quite made up my mind what it all means. I would like to spend an hour with you and talk it over. I regret all this newspaper gossip, and am sometimes inclined to be interviewed and tell the whole story! When the whole is told, it will not be to my discredit, and will show that I stood for my State, my party, and the friends I have in the party. General Garfield spoke well of you, and I advise you to see him soon after his arrival in Washington, and to keep up the good impression he has of you. He is not to have an easy time of it,

and will need friends ; and there is no reason why you should not be one. Let me say to you, also, that, from what Arthur says, Senator Conkling is desirous of being friendly with you. You have some reason to be sore, I doubt not, but don't let that operate upon you to your own disadvantage. If you think of coming to New York at any time, let me know, and if it is at the end of a week I will try and meet you. If you have time, and feel like it, let me know what is going on in Washington, what are the intrigues and probable results. I send you a letter that Judge Andrews wrote to Hiscock, if you should wish to ask his aid in my son's behalf.

Yours,

CHARLES J. FOLGER

This letter plainly indicates that our friend Folger thought Conkling had thrown his weight of power into the Platt scales in the Senatorial fight. He himself had gone to Albany in Mr. Crowley's behalf. If so, it was a little strange that it should have been the last throw of the dice, the last flourish of the scepter. Owing to all these misunderstandings and cross-purposes, the announcement of the arrangement and selection of the Cabinet was quite unprecedentedly delayed. Finally, William Windom, of Minnesota, was appointed to the Treasury. There were conflicting rumors just previous to this concerning Senator Allison, of Iowa. Some were to the effect that he had been offered and declined the post of Secretary of the Treasury, others maintaining that the President wished to give it to him, but was prevented by the determined opposition of Mr. Stephen W. Dorsey and others. Thomas L. James, of New York, was made Postmaster-General. This also, was in direct defiance of Senator Conkling's openly expressed wishes, although Mr. Platt was very strongly in favor of Mr. James' appointment. In connection with this fact I will mention that, only this last year, Mr. James told me it was at his request that Mr. Warner Miller took such an active part against Mr. Crowley in the contest for the Senate, a fact which at the time surprised me, as, had the situation then been reversed, and had Mr. Miller been the candidate, he would have received the cordial support of Mr. Crowley. General Garfield had contemplated the choice of Mr. Crowley for Postmaster-General or Attorney-General, but the pressure for Judge Folger was so strong that he did not deem it prudent to resist that, as he had in the case of Mr. Morton, and in the selection of Mr. James he succeeded in pleasing as well as possible both of the New York factions. Mr. Crowley at the time did not "demand" or expect a place in the Cabinet of his friend, General Garfield, although it was supposed in some quarters that he did, as the editorial

I here quote from the *New York Sun*, of Sunday, February 6th, 1881, would indicate. I always thought it to proceed from the pen of the eloquent Charles A. Dana, whose brilliant articles have been for many years so extensively admired :

SOCIAL INFLUENCES IN POLITICS.

The world is governed as much by passion as by reason. The caprices of women, as all history teaches, have often been the secret source of governmental policy. It is well known that the violent quarrel between General Jackson and John C. Calhoun had its origin in Mr. Calhoun's slighting Mrs. General Eaton, whose cause President Jackson had zealously espoused. As it was then, so it is now, and shall ever be. He is not a gallant knight who, once having come forward as the champion of a fair lady's interest, ever blanches before any opposition or leaves anything undone in her behalf. An able and eloquent member of Congress from this State is universally understood to have recently rendered a most chivalric social service to the distinguished head of the imperial wing of the Republican party. This gentleman now desires and demands to be made the Attorney-General of the United states. What other candidate for the Cabinet from the State of New York has had the fortune to render the famous Senator any such service ? It can not be doubted that Mr. Conkling's tall plume will wave foremost in the front rank of those who press the appointment of his eminent, social and political friend.

I agree with the writer perfectly, for at that time it required no small amount of moral courage to stand by Senator Conkling socially, for they who flattered him most were the bitterest in their private censure, and as for their wives, those of Jackson's Cabinet were positively mild in comparison. As there is no special evidence that Senator Conkling exerted himself in our behalf at that time, the logical deduction is that he did not allow the element of romance to interfere with politics at all. This is what I now believe, in the light of revelations just before and since his death. To suppose that the lady in question used her influence against the man who had been her uncle's trusted friend, and whose voice was always heard in her defense when she was attacked by false acquaintances, would be to think Cleopatra had been changed into an asp, instead of being poisoned by one. The old fable of the viper is not at all a pretty one, as illustrated by a lovely woman. To tell what was said and written to me on this subject would be to anticipate the surprise of some of the letters I hope to publish next year, in which are quoted the opinions of many who believe they were uttered for one ear alone, in addition to remarks made to me personally by some whose actions were in direct con-

tradiction to their words. I have selected for publication only those which criticised my own part in affairs. A Roland for an Oliver! Immediately after Mr. Platt arrived in Washington to take his seat in the Senate, Judge William H. Robertson was nominated by President Garfield for Collector of the Port of New York City, and this announcement to the Senate proved a veritable bomb-shell. Mr. Conkling was terribly enraged, as he had not so soon forgotten, and probably never would have forgiven, Mr. Robertson's action at the National Convention. He always claimed that the New York delegates went to Chicago pledged solemnly for General Grant, and that Robertson and some others made an unexpected new departure on their arrival, first for Blaine, and later in the triumphant nomination of Garfield. The President on his side claimed truthfully that he was greatly indebted to Mr. Robertson for his nomination, and every one knows that stratagems have in all ages been considered fair in war. Mr. Conkling went to see the President at the White House on Sunday evening, just before the name had been sent to the Senate. He stated that he had received a positive assurance that Judge Robertson would not be appointed collector. But there were the friends on the other side, urging, and pressing, and insisting on the appointment, so the choice lay between Seylla and Charybdis. At all events, the President recommended, and the Senate confirmed the nomination; the fated thunderbolt fell, and was quickly followed by the resignation of the two New York Senators, Platt and Conkling.

I place Platt's name first, because there has been quite generally an erroneous impression in regard to the matter. People seemed to think it must be the fact that Senator Conkling resigned first. On the contrary, it was from Mr. Platt the suggestion of resignation came, and Senator Conkling requested that his name might be sent in first to the Senate, to which his colleague agreed. Thus arose the stigma of "Me Too," by which he was for some time so unjustly characterized and lampooned. It was also said at the time that General Garfield's personal dislike of Platt made a great difference in the amicable adjustment of the sad affair, and I have the authority of a member of President Arthur's own family that he said, on the occasion of his first meal at the White House: "I would not now be here had I succeeded in electing my friend Dick Crowley to the Senate, as

I wished to do at the time, for Garfield was very fond of him, and he could have made peace, while he cordially disliked Tom Platt." So out of slight causes great events and great tragedies spring.

CHAPTER VII.

COLUMBIA'S CAPITAL.

"Society is as ancient as the world."

Voltaire.

"Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored."

Byron.

IN regard to my impression of the social life in Washington, of which so much has been written, I must say that I did not then, nor do I now, agree with the most widely diffused statements concerning it. Washington society differs from that of most other cities in its rules of etiquette. The new-comer must make the first calls, unless she is of very high rank socially—the wife of a Cabinet Minister, or something of the kind. Monday is the day to visit the wives of the Justices, Tuesday for the wives of the Members of the House of Representatives, Wednesday for the ladies of the Cabinet, Thursdays for the Senators' wives, Friday for the Foreign Ministers' families, and Saturday has generally been the day reserved for the receptions at the White House. These receptions are for the general public. In addition to this afternoon, when the wife of the President receives with some of the Cabinet ladies, and indeed any one she chooses to invite to assist her, there is generally one evening in the week set apart for the President and his family to meet those who call informally. These are always the most enjoyable occasions, for there is not, as a rule, so great a crowd, and the visitor has a much better opportunity to become acquainted with the Chief Magistrate and his family and intimate friends. The "Nation's Dwelling" now plainly shows the marks of time, and the trampling feet of the millions who make this great Republic have left their impressions there, even as the steps to famous tombs and shrines are said to be worn away by the hurrying rush of pilgrims. The White House is the shrine of the expression of their liberty, so well and dearly bought, first from the

tyranny of despotic England, next from the frightful sway and stain of slavery. As contrasted with the luxury of modern houses now surrounding it on all sides, it presents, in the interior at least, quite a shabby and forlorn appearance, but to most people the old associations, the memory of the great figures now famous in history who have trodden its floors, throw over its old walls a glamour which no palace could ever boast. The exterior and the grounds are always charming. It is said to be an exact copy of the Ducal House of Leinster, in Ireland. As you pass beyond the hall, with its screens of gayly stained glass, the rooms on the first floor are known as the East Room, the Red Room, the Green Room and the Blue Room. The East Room is the largest of all. There are not so many portraits of the former occupants as one might expect, but in this room are fine portraits of the first President and his stately wife, of Mrs. Hayes, and the grim and sturdy face of General Jackson. President Arthur's portrait is in the Red Room now, very handsome and life-like, and in the Green Room are the portraits of Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Tyler. The latter was considered a beauty, but Mrs. Polk's face is to me much more interesting. She is a wonderfully fine looking lady, even now, and must have been very lovely and distinguished in the days when she so gracefully dispensed the hospitalities of this historic home. In the hall are the portraits of Grant, Garfield, Tyler, Pierce and Buchanan.

On this floor are also the state and private dining-rooms and the conservatory. All these rooms, of different colors, are really state drawing-rooms and are always thrown open for receptions, and generally are free for the inspection of the people. In the day of President Adams the great East Room was unfurnished, and it is said that the President's wife used it as a room in which to dry the family washing. When I first saw it, in Grant's time, there was a very rich but ugly Turkey carpet upon the floor, presented by the Sultan, but now it is replaced by one of the lovely light modern shades. On the floor above are the Cabinet Room, library and bedrooms. The Cabinet is, of course, very formal looking, with its long table and its stiff row of chairs, and it is much used by those waiting to see the President. I remember the first time I went there with a party of friends to see General Arthur. There were present Judge Bowen, of Lockport, Mr. and Mrs. Frank De Long, of San Francisco,

formerly of Lockport, and our old friend General Sharpe, of Kingston, who sat in the chair of the Secretary of State. I told him to take it for an omen that he would one day preside there, and I now add the hope that, if my prediction should be true, he will not prove so false and ungrateful as the friend of other days whom we were then waiting to greet in his new rôle of President. The library is perhaps the most charming room of all, not alone because of the silent companionship of the books, but the beautiful outlook from the windows, the distant hills of Virginia, and, nearer, the winding Potomac and the spotless towering monument of Washington. There is the oak desk presented by Queen Victoria to President Grant, made from the timbers of a ship. General Grant did not, however, sit there to receive visitors, as Arthur and Cleveland later did, and as now President Harrison does; but instead he used the Cabinet Room, as also did Hayes and Garfield. In the library are the portraits of seven Presidents, William Henry Harrison, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Johnson and Taylor. The Jackson room is the most interesting of the bedrooms, with its quaint canopied bedstead of old mahogany. I have often heard it said that Arthur did more in the way of refurnishing and renovating the White House than any other of its occupants. I can readily believe this, for one evening, when I called there with one of my children, soon after his installment, he seemed to be terribly oppressed and disheartened by the fact that some vandal visitor had, with a reckless pen-knife, ruthlessly cut a slit in a brand-new leather couch. I felt quite sure, from the outpourings of his wrath and despair, that the prospect of a war with any of the foreign powers would not have distressed him half as much. He seemed thoroughly imbued with the idea that he owned the place and all the belongings and appurtenances thereof. An upholstering record is a glorious one to leave to posterity, to be sure! The pity is, it could be so easily eclipsed, by one of the noted New York houses, for instance! Why should not they go down to history, too? Let us have justice, though the heavens fall! It was also frequently proclaimed, then and since, that Arthur was a gentleman. Pray, I would ask, when was there an American President who was *not* a gentleman? From George Washington down to the present, I never heard of one, except the same Chester A. Arthur, who was rude to visitors. Cavanagh and Sandford, of New

York City, the irreproachable tailors, could make fine clothes, but they could not make a gentleman. "Madam," said James the First, "I can make your son a lord, but I can not make him a gentleman." The only lovely memory of Arthur's administration is the one connected with his sweet niece, May McElroy, of Albany. That her course in life may be as bright as it is given to mortals here on this earth, so full of heartlessness and bitterness, is my earnest wish! Yes, all blessings attend thee, gentle May.

I believe each hostess of the White House made a very favorable impression on the time in which she lived, and, from all that I have been able to hear, from both Republicans and Democrats, the wife of President Cleveland will go down on history's record as a bright and shining star. I have not met her myself, but I considered it absolutely marvelous that one so young and beautiful should preserve her self-poise through the tremendous pressure of most flattering homage from all the world. She must be gifted with wondrous tact. More exquisite than the bloom of her youth and loveliness was the remarkable kindness and constancy she evinced towards all her early friends and school-mates, irrespective of wealth and position. If only such spirits as her's always held the power in this world, envy and jealousy would perish from lack of reason to exist, for in the presence of true worth and nobility they are said sometimes to turn aside,

"Blinded like serpents when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze."

Mrs. Costan, a very attractive lady, one of the old residents of Washington, whom we met at the Arlington Hotel, first initiated me into some of the mysteries of society. She took a very rose-colored view of everything, however, being blessed with one of those sunny natures prone to forget quickly the shadows. Our acquaintance began in rather a funny way. We had been sitting at the same table for some days, and, as the official people had not yet arrived in large numbers, there was a disposition on the part of the few guests to be sociable. No one had yet broken the ice, so to speak, when, one day, I chanced to remark to my daughter, in glancing over the menu: "Eve's pudding! I wonder what that can be? I shall order some out of curiosity." When it appeared, on inspecting it, I exclaimed: "Oh, I

might have known it was an apple!" This ancient illustration proved the prelude to a charming companionship. The fascinating Mrs. Howard Coit, of San Francisco, was one of the very first ladies I met. Beneath her vivacious manner there was a very tragic history, the husband for whom she had sacrificed much, having proved wholly unworthy of her. I am told she is now free from the chains which bound her to him then. We soon after met one of the most remarkable and interesting men in Washington, Dr. Gustavus W. Pope, who often attended our children later. Besides being a great savant, he is a fine musician and is possessed of the noblest qualities of the heart. The sorrow of his life was the untimely death of his only son, who was drowned in the Hudson River. Since then, though life has "crept on a broken wing," he has been the means of doing much good to others in affliction. How fully he appreciated the angelic beauty and the genius of my Maud! She was always very fond of him and spoke of him a great deal everywhere we went. Our nearest neighbors in Iowa Circle were the families of General Ricketts, Colonel Rockwell and Colonel Febiger. Mrs. Ricketts has, for many years, been celebrated as one of the leaders in the brilliant society of the Capital, and the Rockwells were all delightful. Mrs. Rockwell was an extremely pretty woman. They were the most intimate friends of the Garfield family, whose sons were at one time being educated at their house with their son, Don Rockwell. The Garfield boys were frank, manly fellows, not in the least unduly elated at their father's elevation. Such sterling qualities, so early shown, would indicate for them a brilliant future.

Mrs. Johnson was a very lovely widow, with a pretty daughter, Leila, and interesting sons, Harry and Paul. Mrs. Johnson later married Rear-Admiral Febiger, and her recent death, like all the events of her strange life, was sudden and tragic. If her story were published as fiction, most people on reading it would say "how improbable!" Married at sixteen to a naval officer, Capt. William Reilly, she was left a widow in a few weeks, the ship on which her young husband was forced to sail having sunk with all on board, never to be heard of more. The only son of this marriage, a very handsome and promising fellow, named for his father Willy Reilly, was one of the young soldiers killed in the Custer massacre. Her second husband, Colonel Johnson, died at a

dinner-party, surrounded by friends, and now the lady herself, having married again, and on the very eve of her only daughter's wedding, is thrown from her carriage, never to regain consciousness in this world. Though always smiling and happy, yet she constantly mourned her lost son, the superb young soldier, and often told me his death was the "blow of her life."

The ladies of the Cabinet circle certainly receive the most attention from the people. Their receptions are always thronged, and one would suppose it to be an impossibility that they should return all these calls in person, which they do, though the task must be more than herculean. The wife of General Belknap, who was the beauty and the belle of the Cabinet during the Grant régime, told me that, at dinners and receptions, the Secretary of State came first, then the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General, and last the Secretary of the Interior. So it will be perceived that their social rank is in the order of their creation as officials by the Government. A great deal of jealousy and bitterness is often created by the precedence in these matters, especially at White House receptions. Though the ladies of the Cabinet are surrounded by the greatest crowds, yet they are really compelled to make first calls on the ladies of the Supreme Court and Senate. The position of the Senators' families is one not easily defined. In fact, like that of the wives and daughters of the Representatives in Congress, I observed that it was largely determined by the possession of wealth enough to entertain lavishly. I failed to see an instance of the most able and distinguished Senator or Member obtaining any social prominence for himself or his friends on his or their own merits, while there are all the while noted examples, which could be quoted, where the lavish expenditure of money alone brought celebrity. To be sure, it is of the most fleeting kind in the world, and not worth one hour of the homage accorded to ability or genius, for the very day these people vanish they are as totally forgotten as those insects called *Ephemera*, which idly hover for a few sunny hours over the bosom of some forest stream. During our first term the Starins, the Mortons, the Shermans, and the Hills, perhaps, excelled all others in the gorgeousness of their entertainments. Congressman John H. Starin was one of the New York

members, and was then quite influential in the politics of the State. He seems to have disappeared from the political surface in late years. His son-in-law, Mr. Howard Carroll, I always thought a very bright man, not to be intimidated by those in power against the defense of those he considered unjustly treated. He was noted at one time as a brilliant correspondent of the *Times*, and is a man much liked by the brightest element of the Republican party. Senator John Sherman's career I consider to have been a very great one, a stepping from one high position to another. His mind seems to be of the order that burns like a steady flame through the years, unlike the flashing meteors that blaze sometimes around him, to dazzle, to disappear, to be sunk in forgetfulness. Mrs. Sherman, also, possesses some rare qualities, and in my opinion is most admirably fitted to be the wife of a great man like her husband. She has the royal gift of remembering faces and names, and is totally unassuming in manner. Their evening receptions, though among the most beautiful and lavish in the Capital, never strike one as so incongruous as many others do, for they are so well suited to them and to their long-standing position. Senator Sherman is a remarkably young-looking man for one whose life has been such an active one. Yet, perhaps, that is the reason such men as he defy time's traces. Incessant thought endues them with immortal youth. Though he resembles in appearance his brother, the great General, I fancy they are totally dissimilar in temperament. At all events, they are a remarkable pair, of whom we all feel very proud. Senator Hill, of Colorado, one of the wealthiest men in the Senate, was also one of the most popular. His wife was wonderfully agreeable and charming, and made many warm friends. Her manners were cordial to all without distinction, which is a very wise thing to cultivate in this Republican country. This fortunate man found gold in the crucible, like the fabled alchemist of old, for it is said that he owes his wealth to a valuable discovery he made in the process of melting ores from the mines to convert them into the material which opens the gates to everything in this world.

“Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mold.”

Levi P. Morton and his handsome wife, though at that time noted for their elegant hospitality, were in the chrysalis as compared with the blaze of auriferous glory which surrounds them now. The New York members at that time lost for a while one of their brightest stars, that royal good fellow, John M. Bailey, of Albany. His wife was acknowledged to be one of the most attractive women in the Capital. We became very much attached to them, and their absence was deeply regreted when Mr. Bailey accepted the German Consulate, which took him away from his home for a period of years. One look into the face of John Bailey, one grasp of his honest hand, would convince the most cynical student of our poor human nature that here was one in whom boundless trust might be placed, one who could not falter in his friendship, though the storm of misfortune prevailed and weaker natures turned coldly away. It is certainly an enigma difficult to solve, the reason of social success in Washington. I have placed wealth as the first reason, and it is one which grows stronger as time rolls on; for now the rich people from all the States, quite irrespective of politics or the holding of official positions, are building costly dwellings there, filling them with treasures of art, and bidding the multitude to come and enjoy them. Strangely enough, I do not think that personal attraction has anything whatever to do with it; rather, in women, it would prove a detriment, for no excessively plain and disagreeable woman is going to surround herself with members of her own sex to point the contrast. I was often secretly amused to notice the ladies selected by the wives of some of the most prominent men to receive with them. The object was palpable; they might as well have declared that for their favor none but ugly women need apply. Social affairs are so purely a matter of business in Washington that all the nonsense, written and believed, about the beautiful syrens who flock around the halls of legislature to captivate the solons there assembled, I believe to be utterly absurd, false and absolutely groundless. On the contrary, there is no city in the world where men are so little the slaves of women, no place where the intrigues of love are so rare. In the few affairs which are discussed, or even suspected, the rule is very simple. If the lady in the case is beautiful, she is simply ignored or exterminated. If she is very commonplace, with no claims to attraction, her position remains unassailed, or, possibly,

improved. An ugly woman never lacks for defenders, for she is sure of her own sex; whereas a pretty woman is deserted by both. The women will not stand by her, and the men dare not, for what despotism is equal to that exercised by a plain woman over her husband, especially if she holds the purse?

A better illustration could not be given of the cold fact that mind and culture count for nothing, in themselves, in the race, than the story of Garfield. For seventeen long years, under many trials and always under great pecuniary embarrassments, he toiled on in the House of Representatives. He made brilliant speeches, and in all his genial conversations he revealed the patient scholar and the many-sided mind. His wife, though a woman of very quiet manner, was also highly educated, like her husband. Their children were trained to follow in the parents' footsteps. Yet the people who then never paused to consider them as the years rolled by, were the same people who afterwards, in their frantic desire to gaze upon him as President of the United States, almost risked their lives to press nearer to him in the crowds that marked his progress through the country, which now forever mourns the sadness of his tragic death. With the exception of the large evening receptions, men and women have their entertainments apart from each other. There are the ladies' luncheons and the gentlemen's dinners. These last are always with some special object in view, and it would appear that they are at least somewhat effectual, for Chauncey Depew, who is an authority on these things, has of late laid great stress on a dinner-party given in Chicago, in the interest of Harrison's nomination. Yet, even thus early, I discovered oases in the desert of selfish interest in receptions like Mrs. John A. Logan's, who extended her smiles to all, and whom to look at was a positive delight, so sunny, so radiant, and yet so thoughtful she always was. I was charmed with the home of Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander, once a famous actress, and afterwards the wife of General Lander. There one is sure to meet any of the literati straying about, one of whom the celebrated authoress, Mrs. Burnett, I recall most distinctly. She is a fascinating talker, and it is a rare treat to discuss her own writings with her, as the creations seem so life-like. Washington is assuredly a Paradise for elderly people, and I think this is a commendable thing. For why should not human beings who have

lived, loved, reflected and suffered be interesting, more and more as they grow older? It is a most barbarous idea that life is for the very young only. As well say that in nature there is simply the tender beauty of the spring-time, and to deny the rosy summer and the mellow, golden autumn, and the crystal white winter their own special charms, as to assert that the sunset of life can not attract as well as its sunrise. Surely the skies at sunset are as bright, though they tell of the dying of the day. Some thoughtful poet delicately says:

“Nor spring nor summer beauty hath the grace
That I have seen in an autumnal face.”

When Cleopatra wove her fatal spell around Mark Antony she was at least forty years old, the old historians say, and her name has come down through the ages with the idea of resplendent beauty, and the most subtly alluring fascinations. William Winter, the poet, says in his magnificent criticism on a recent rendering of Shakespeare's play, wherein she is heroine: “Antony and Cleopatra are in middle life, and the only possible or admissible ideal of them is that which separates them at once and forever from the gentle, puny, experimental emotions of youth, and invests them with the developed powers and fearless exultant passions of men and women to whom the world and life are a fact and not a dream. Here is no Orsino, sighing for the music that is the food of love; no Romeo, taking the measure for an unmade grave; no Hamlet-lover, bidding his mistress to go to a nunnery. You may, indeed, if you possess the subtle poetic sense, discern, all through this voluptuous story, the faint far-off rustle of the garments of the coming Nemesis, the low moan of the funeral music that will sing these imperial lovers to their rest; for nothing is more inevitably doomed than mortal delight in mortal love, and no moralist ever taught his lesson of truth with more inexorable purpose than Shakespeare uses here. The theme is the ruin of a demi-god. The adjuncts are Empires.”

“Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall!”

Byron did not take this view, however, for he says of Mark Antony:

“He died at fifty, for a queen of forty;
I would their years had been fifteen and twenty.”

Mrs. Conkling had told me some time before how much older people enjoyed Washington life, and I was often afterwards reminded of her words. I never thought it a specially fine prospect for young ladies to spend a season there. So few of the official people bring their sons with them, as they are generally either at school or in business, that the dearth of eligible beaux is equal to that of a fashionable watering place. I note the fact also that young girls are not introduced into the world of society at an early age, as compared with other places. For instance, if you inquire into the ages of some of the prominent Senators' daughters, you will find that though twenty, or even older, they are still in seclusion. The reason why I never could ascertain, as eighteen is supposed to be the suitable time, both here and abroad, for *débutantes*.

The ladies of the families of the Justices of the Supreme Court hold a very high and secure position, which has the advantage of time to perfect and maintain it. The wives and daughters of the Senators and Representatives, as they are so very numerous, can not hope to be specially distinguished, unless through some fortunate previous acquaintance with the powers that be, or, as I said before, through the possession of a fortune which enables them to buy a notice from the gay world of pleasure-seekers, in which case they give a fair price for every smile. When Mr. Crowley entered Congress, his old friends were there in full force, and, as he was a great favorite, he was constantly dining out, and had, perhaps, as great facilities as any man ever had to meet the gifted and celebrated men of his time. As I have before said, these state and political dinners were given in order to discuss important questions, and had nothing whatever to do with social life, and if I then judged some of those in high places as being cold and selfish, and said to myself there was no such thing as friendship in political life, I must confess that Fate was arranging for me a surprise, through most sad circumstances, in the near future, when I should find, beneath the surface of all this outward seeming, some of the noblest hearts in the world.

The following summer was almost completely occupied by the struggle in Albany to return the two Senators, Conkling and Platt, who had abdicated in their rage and disappointment from the places they struggled so hard to reach. I presume one of the chief reasons why their hitherto warm

supporters deserted them was, that many of them wished to advance their own fortunes through the new Administration and did not make any allowance for wounded dignity in the matter. Vice-President Arthur and some other friends, feeling that Mr. Conkling had not treated them all quite fairly in the previous election, that of Mr. Platt, proposed that, in the event of the impossibility of returning himself and Platt to the Senate, they should elect Mr. Crowley to succeed Mr. Conkling, and decide upon some one else to succeed Mr. Platt. This proposal, as far as regarded Mr. Crowley, Senator Conkling seemed readily to accept, and some of the leaders, for a time, tried to arrange matters in that way. But later, as the contest waxed hotter, and as Mr. Conkling saw, one by one, men fall away from him who once seemed so staunch, he withdrew from all promises to aid any one in the matter, and when it seemed possible at one time to compromise with Mr. Crowley and Mr. Depew, he violently opposed it, and the result quickly followed in the election of Lapham and Miller. Mr. Crowley favored ardently the election of Depew, and said to me just before the close of the contest that he believed that, united with him, both factions would have been pleased, but Arthur would not then displease Conkling, though he did not hesitate to do so a little later, when he held the reins of a mighty power within his grasp. Fortune, wearied with the unworthy jealousies and weakness of those who had long been friends and fought many a battle together, flew off with the prize and awarded it to those who had not entered the lists at all. Since then the party in this state has been torn by factional strife, and the strength of New York in the Senate and, in fact, everywhere else, has been vastly impaired.

“Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with
exactness grinds he all.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARLINGTON.

" We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower ;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed ?
Ah, yet, we can not be kind to each other here for an hour ! "

Tennyson's Maud.

MR. CROWLEY was re-elected to Congress in 1880. We then took up our abode at the "Arlington." This hotel is famous for its historic location, its magical management, the distinction of its guests and, more than all, for its prince of landlords. Theophilus Roessle is one of nature's masterpieces. A believer in the Karma of the Buddhists might fancy him Alcibiades restored to life in the Nineteenth Century. No patrician of any age was ever a more thorough gentleman.

" Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
Whate'er its stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

But sighs will be exchanged for smiles by the one who is so fortunate as to be entertained by this gentleman, for, once to be his guest is forever to be his friend. We have known him well and intimately for many years, and one trait in him is especially remarkable. Though he has lived long in Washington, and has seen numerous Administrations flourish and fade away, and has seen those who were once glad to receive favors from him elevated by some sudden change of fortune, yet he keeps on the even tenor of his way, courteous to all alike. No fawning to the powerful, no coldness to the unfortunate, has ever been laid to his charge. When we were under the shadow of a great sorrow, his generous help, his unfailing sympathy, his charming gayety of manner, the expression of his noble heart, were all as a staff for us to lean upon. To meet thee again as of yore, dear "The.," would be as a lovely oasis in this life's sad desert; but, if fate decrees otherwise, then, beyond the sable shore, among the bright immortals, scarcely more radiant there than thou art here, may we hope once more to receive thy voice and smile of welcome! The "Arlington" was then, as now,

noted as being the headquarters of the New York delegation to Congress. They were a very brilliant company of men, and many of them have since become celebrated. Mr. Crowley at this time seemed surrounded by flattering auspices. His old friends of the Senate at Albany in 1866 had arisen to greatness. Chester A. Arthur, who at that time was known principally as Mr. Murphy's lawyer, had, in the marvelous changes of time, become President of the United States. Charles J. Folger, my husband's bosom friend, was Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Thomas Murphy himself in the interval had lost his once princely fortune, and he went to Washington, naturally hoping that the man who owed all to him would be only too happy to bestow upon him some mark of friendship.

Mr. Crowley, having through several previous Administrations entirely controlled the patronage of his own district, was supposed now to possess a much wider influence. We shall see how these hopes were fulfilled. The French proverb, a favorite saying with President Garfield, "It is the unexpected that happens," was never better illustrated. I remember about this time one of the greatest actors the world ever produced, John McCullough, played Richard the Third to a large and admiring audience in Washington. In his wonderful portraiture of this monster of ingratitude was plainly suggested the living drama about to be enacted on this stage of life, where "men and women are the players, and one man in his time plays many parts." "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," said the ancient Romans, but, were this axiom carried out in history, the record would be of little value. "Since the silent shore awaits at last even those whom longest miss the old archer's shafts," why should there be such a vast difference between describing the dead and the living? We are shocked to read of kings and princes who fail to reward those who solaced and sheltered them in exile, who risked their lives and fortunes to place them upon the coveted throne. We exclaim with horror at the barbarity of Richard when he cries "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" that nobleman having served his purpose. But, in the present day and in this Republican country, when a man is literally lifted up to high places on the shoulders of infatuated friends, and, on reaching his proud eminence, instantly proceeds to ignore and disown those who placed him there, the surrounding world not only flatters this embodied

despotism and selfishness, but, when the person dies, he is eulogized and canonized. If they absolutely know him to have been grossly dissipated, they say he perished from overwork in the service of his country. If he is flagrantly and recklessly immoral, they not only decorously shut their eyes to his deeds, but court most obsequiously the companions of his revels.

My own private opinion has always been that Arthur made a great mistake in changing or interfering with the Cabinet selected by General Garfield. Not only because the tragic death of the President made it seem somewhat in the light of a sacred legacy that his chosen advisers should be retained, but that they were all such eminently fit and proper men for the place. First, James G. Blaine! He would have shed a glory around the administration of Arthur, which it certainly never possessed after his withdrawal from the scene. First impressions are not always true, but the one I formed of James G. Blaine on the instant of meeting him I have never had reason to change. I had been spending the evening with Miss Dodge, which is to say I was happy and almost forgot that life held cares, and in addition to her delightful company, I enjoyed that of her guests, Mr. and Mrs. William Bishop, of Bridgeport, Connecticut. I was so charmed with them that it has often been a matter of great regret to me not to have met them again. Mr. and Mrs. Blaine were dining out, and as I had so often told Miss Dodge that I would like to hear Mr. Blaine talk, she asked me to wait until their return. I did so, and the time, the scene, the words will never be forgotten. Mr. Blaine is fascinating and winning to the utmost possible degree. He is courteous to every one. I have never heard that he was ever cold in his manner to the humblest suppliant for his influence. To describe the magnetic power for which he is so famous would be as difficult as to paint the rainbow's fairy tints, or the burning and changing dyes of the sunset, so much depends on expression, on the infinite variety of graces embodied in the word "Address." It is all irresistible but indescribable. When the rude and crusty Johnson finally obtained an interview with Lord Chesterfield, after waiting until his patience was almost exhausted, he confessed that, in common with all the rest of the world, he was overpowered with the enchantment of his address. This was the tribute of intellect to matchless grace of manner, of talent to tact. Mr. Blaine

combines both, and the result is the flower of statesmen! The late Emery Storrs, himself a brilliant man, as all who knew him will testify, said of Adelina Patti that she was the "Empress of Song, past, present and future." So I say of James G. Blaine of Maine, he is the Napoleon of American Statesmen! In that word Napoleon, which once shook empires and will forever thrill the hearts of mankind, is expressed the *ne plus ultra* of imperial power and personal magnetism. Men died happy knowing their lives were sacrificed for him, and in the campaign where Mr. Blaine was the standard bearer many a man said he would have died to elect him! I heard a venerable man say a few days ago that he had wept like a child at the defeat of Henry Clay. As this magic name "Harry of the West" still stirs the aged breast, so in the years to come will the name of Blaine be heard from faded lips, now rosy with the flush of youth. It will be sung in verse and engraved on the pages of history. As the great Cardinal said of France, "*C'est moi, Richelieu!*" so our great Premier might say of his country, and many an ardent admirer would echo the sentiment.

If one is prevented by the cruel treachery of enemies from reaching the coveted goal, then some sweet consolation must be derived from the proud consciousness that one can at least bar their progress, can snatch the cup from their eager lips. Warwick must have found king-making a very enjoyable pastime, perhaps more to be envied than any of the pleasures tasted by the veritable wearers of the crown. The Blaine family, too, were perfectly adapted in all ways to a lofty position. Mrs. Blaine is a majestic and extremely dignified woman, and would hold her own royally. On my first meeting with her I could see at once that she possessed a very fine mind. I also found her very kind and sympathetic, though in general her manner might be said to be undemonstrative. Walker Blaine has the priceless heritage of his father's courtly air and sympathetic heart. The great man will have in this son a most worthy successor. The name of his friends is already legion. With a marvelous memory of faces, he has the most delightful way of giving confidence to the timid ones who approach him in the hope of his intercession. When one has observed the sons of men of mushroom growth become intoxicated with the glare of a brief reflected light, it is a fine and glorious thing to see this young man, who has all his life in-

haled the incense forever poured before his father's footsteps, so perfectly free from conceit or superciliousness. So many people in this world seem to forget, in their prosperity, that the iron hand of circumstances, or the fierce heat of temptation might have wholly changed their lots. The good author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, when he saw a poor drunken wretch go reeling past, sadly exclaimed: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan." In Miss Dodge, more familiarly known as Gail Hamilton, a mine of brilliancy lies stored, whose sparkling gems are never to be exhausted, for it is in communing with minds like hers that one feels certain of immortality. I remember, in one of her early essays, speaking of progression as the best happiness, and alluding to the commonly expressed wish of weary people to return once more to the careless life of childhood, she replies: "It is better to be a man or woman than a child, and better to be an angel than either." Though I always admired this saying, yet deep waves of sorrow were destined to roll above my head before I fully realized its truth and beauty. An admirer once said of Lady Mary Walpole that to have loved her was a liberal education. Many friends must have thought thus of Gail Hamilton. Once I heard a beautiful compliment for her which I thought might be compared to one of the crown jewels famous in great empires. But then, they are transferred from one brow to another, and this could never be, for it would suit no other. It was praise from the "Sir Hubert" of the *American Press*, Charles Emory Smith. I cannot quote precisely the sparkling and honeyed words from lips sweetened by Attic bees and touched by Promethean fire, but the sentiment was that, for inspiration of sarcasm or of laudation, he sought the fountain of her writings. From this modern Pierian Spring he refreshed his mind. Perhaps to continue my words after his would be to endeavor to hold a feeble taper to a portrait already lighted by a star. I always felt, after a talk with her, that the Elixir of Life was no fabled dream, but that, instead of roaming about in forests to find it in some hidden stream, or seeking it in the crucible of the alchemist, one should look for it in natures such as hers, for there alone in this dull world can it be found. All sensitive souls feel a sort of consciousness when in the presence of envy or malice, or any of the vices that infest small minds. How delightful, then, to be with one whose intelligence is so radiant, whose

heart is so truly in sympathy with all suffering humanity that a most powerful support is at once given to the fainting spirit. This partly describes the effect Miss Dodge always had upon me in the memorable talks I enjoyed with her. But to paint those spells woven by the magic power of Genius, how pale the word colors are. A glance, a tone, conveys so much more! The home of the Blaine's was always one of the most attractive ever known in Washington. Their entertainments were remarkable for their brilliancy, and it was always esteemed a great privilege to know them well.

Judge William H. Hunt, of Louisiana, was selected by President Garfield for Secretary of the Navy. I first met him at one of the charming receptions given at his home in Washington, and I believe no diplomat at the Russian Court, to which he was subsequently an Ambassador, ever possessed more knightly manners or more fascinating conversational powers. His accomplished and popular wife was greatly missed during their mission abroad, and her friends fully realized the great loss sustained by her in the sad death of her husband. I am told she has found consolation in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, that refuge on earth for the broken-hearted. It seems to be the natural resting-place for all great and poetic souls. In Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," when Hilda, the young New England heroine, becomes by chance the possessor of a guilty secret too weighty for her innocent soul to bear, she wanders into Saint Peter's and, at the sight of the confessionals open to every language, extending as it were an invitation to over-burdened hearts to pour out their sorrows there, she feels an irresistible impulse to seek the priestly help, to throw herself upon the mighty protection of the Church of Rome. Undying as the incense upon her altars is the ceaseless tribute rendered unto her by genius in every form. Painters and sculptors speak an immortal language from her walls. Music forever pours forth its sweetest and most heavenly strains in her *Te Deums* and *Ave Marias*. The deathless creations of Beethoven, of Mozart and countless others ring through her vaulted cathedrals, and the divine singers Italy sends forth to gladden the world, as they are mostly children of the Church, lend their angelic voices to tell us, as we are borne aloft on the wings of ecstasy far from the cares and sorrows of earth, that there is a home where our dearly beloved will meet us

once more, radiantly happy, never to be torn from our arms again! Where flowers never fade in our grasp! Where bright hopes do not wither as well, where, "released from all our hurtful foes, we safe arrive on Canaan's shore." Poets, too, will sing sweetest hymns to the Virgin Mary, for the Muses refuse to turn from the classic haunts of romance, and the shrines of old, where king and peasant bent the knee, to the cold and untrodden paths of every new ideal of mankind. Byron, in his most wayward moods, pauses at the soft sound of the vesper bell:

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! Oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove!"

Longfellow, though born in a Puritan land, lingers lovingly over Catholic legends, gilding them anew with his gentle touch, and he has framed in his most beautiful poems some exquisite portraits of the inspired band of Jesuit Fathers, who first consecrated Columbia's shores.

The removal of Mr. Thomas L. James from the Postmaster-Generalship was a double loss. He has a very agreeable, sympathetic manner, and readily makes friends. As for Mrs. James, her departure from Washington I always regarded as a positive calamity. Lovely in all ways, a sincere friend, an ornament to her husband's position, she was not only admired by all, but loved by many. The young people adored her, and none so fondly as my daughter Maud. Therefore she is enshrined in my fondest remembrance as one of the sweetest and noblest of women. Maud was then only fifteen and had enjoyed but a fleeting glimpse of the world she was so soon destined to leave. Mrs. James was drawn to her, first by her marvelous beauty, and then by her winning graces of mind and manner. One of her brightest experiences in Washington was on the New Year's day she received with Mrs. James, and I never recall the incident without blessing her for her kindness to my angel child. Alas! how soon all these tender ties were rudely severed. The wounds made thereby will never be healed in this world!

“What deep wound ever closed without a scar ?
The heart’s bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes and have been vanquished, bear
Silence but not submission ; in his lair
Fix’d passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair;
It came, it cometh, and will come, the power
To punish or forgive, in one we shall be slower.”

John F. Smyth, of Albany, once said of President Arthur that “no one who had ever arisen to great power in this country ever caused so many wrecks to be scattered on the shore.” They were the wrecks of friends whose hopes and lives he had blighted. He left ruin in his track in the hope, through this colossal ingratitude, to rise to still greater eminence by proving himself the choice of the people, as doubtless he was weary of the cognomen, “His Accidency,” said to be conferred on him by Senator Conkling in the first assumption of his imperial manner to the man whose slightest notice had once been prized by him. The other members of Garfield’s Cabinet, Mr. William Windom, of Minnesota, who was Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Wayne McVeagh, of Philadelphia, Attorney-General, and Mr. Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior, I had seldom met, and can not therefore criticise from personal knowledge and observation; but Mr. Crowley knew, esteemed and admired them all, and I believe they were all very able and distinguished men. Mr. Windom, I was told later, on being compelled to renounce his seat in the ill-starred Cabinet, found it impossible to recover his place in the Senate because he had built a new house in Washington. I have always since then hoped to see him back again in position, were it only to disappoint such petty malice. It is really a pity that such pusillanimous people should have the privilege of voting against brains. In Europe this prying into a man’s private life and affairs is never tolerated. A statesman should be judged by his public deeds alone. But one gem was retained of all this famous coterie, one star of those who surrounded the then blazing sun of Garfield, so soon to be sunk in eternal night. This was Robert T. Lincoln, the son of our immortal Abraham! Did some mysterious power warn Arthur not to displace the son of one martyr from the Cabinet of another? General Arthur, during the illness of the President, was the guest of Senator Jones, of Nevada, who lived at that time in the gray stone

house opposite the Capitol, formerly occupied by Benjamin Butler. I have since been informed, by those who were constantly in the company of Arthur in those days, that he assumed a totally different manner to his friends and former advisers when he was assured that the days of Garfield were numbered, and that impending greatness cast its shadow before and transformed him completely before he entered the White House. I remember, one evening in particular, he was driving out with Mr. Crowley, and he said, in discussing the contemplated breaking up of Garfield's Cabinet, that he would construct one such as no one ever had before, and that the whole country would be astonished when the names were announced. Perhaps they were, but not with the mingled awe and admiration he anticipated. I know it to be a fact that Mr. Conkling, although he did not, at any period of his life, especially value a place in the Cabinet, fully expected and desired to be invited to take the position of Secretary of State when Arthur became President. He felt that it would be a sacrifice he would willingly make for the friend he had already served so well. But Arthur would not listen to the proposition for a moment, when it was broached to him by mutual friends without the knowledge of Conkling, who, of course, would never dream of asking it himself. As a matter of fact, Arthur was indebted almost wholly to Conkling for his nomination to the Vice-Presidency, for, although he was opposed to New York's acceptance of the second place on the ticket at Chicago, yet Garfield's expressed suggestion to the party leaders was to offer the place to Arthur to placate the wrath and disappointment of Conkling and assure his support in the election. And frequently, in explaining his extreme sensitiveness and anger in regard to the Custom House, he would say that it was because his friend Arthur had been once so ignominiously dismissed from the same position. He stood, therefore, in the attitude of one who had laid down his political life for his friend. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Thus, even at that early period, it was understood that he was to have no voice in the new Administration, although, of course, the outside world did not realize this until some months later, and in the meantime friends were hoping and enemies fearing that he would be the power behind the throne, the Richelieu to this modern Louis, who proved far more ungrateful than his pro-

totype. I have always thought Senator Conkling showed more wisdom than the rest of the Stalwart coterie in understanding at once how little hope there was of accomplishing any good results with a nature so infinitesimal that a chance elevation deprived it of all manly qualities.

Senator Conkling never afterwards went to Washington except on business, and he called at the White House but once during the occupancy of Arthur. But some of those who knew the latter well in other days still hovered around him in the vain hope of favor, and even tried to ingratiate themselves by regaling him with idle gossip on the rare occasions when they were admitted in the presence of "His Accidenty." I know that every criticism of him that I made during that time was repeated, with additions largely magnified, by persons whom I had hitherto considered gentlemen. One thing, however, is certain in regard to mischief-makers, and that is, if they so succeed in working ill to those whom they betray, they never accomplish any good for themselves. This instance was no exception to that rule, for Mr. Arthur said, alluding to these people who carried tales to him; that he expected, as a matter of course, they would treat him in the same way, and he should not place the slightest confidence in any of them; and his subsequent treatment of the noble and high-minded band proves the truth of this assertion. He chose in Mr. Blaine's place, as Secretary of State, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. This gentleman must have been quite as much surprised to find himself once more in the Capital of his country, as the sleeping beauty when awakened by the kiss of the fairy prince, or Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his sleep of twenty years. I believe his retirement from active political life had been at least that long. His family were quite popular in Washington society, one in particular, Miss Tillie, being a marked favorite. Their wealth gave them a decided social advantage, and they entertained very handsomely. It was amusing to those who had known Arthur all his life to hear him talk about good blood, and heraldry, and all that sort of thing, after he became duly installed in the White House. He was not of aristocratic lineage himself, and none of his Presidential family, as the Cabinet is sometimes termed, bore any outward evidence of royalty, though they were all, of course, estimable people. He selected from all his old friends one, as a member of this chosen band, which he fondly hoped

was destined to astonish the world. Charles J. Folger was made Secretary of the Treasury. He had previously offered the position to Ex-Governor Morgan, who at once declined it on the score of fast advancing years. His death, which occurred not long after, proved the wisdom of his decision. The Stalwarts were delighted at the selection of Folger, and it seemed an auspicious beginning, though the shadow of the sad death of Garfield hung over all things that first year, and, indeed, long after, for those who especially loved and remembered him. Mr. Crowley sent the following despatch to Judge Folger, on learning that he had been chosen :

Accept my hearty congratulations upon your appointment. It is a deserved and well-placed tribute, and creditable to the President's head and heart.

RICHARD CROWLEY.

To which Judge Folger replied thus:

GENEVA, N. Y., October, 1881.

Dear Richard:—You have the audacity to congratulate me ! Instead of saying to me: “You infernal old short-sighted fool; why didn't you stay where you were, floating along quietly, where what you did or did not do disturbed no man's affairs except the writer's, where you drew a handsome salary quarterly, were at the head of the Bench of the greatest state in the Union, and after six short years of service, if your battered old carcass held together so long, you could retire with honor and dignity, and still keep on the arduous labor of drawing your salary quarterly ?” But it is over now, I am no more Chief Judge, I am “Mr. Secretary.” We will meet in Washington in December and renew the old times. I hope Mrs. Crowley is going to Washington this winter. I expect to take a house, and my daughter will go.

Yours,

CHARLES J. FOLGER.

His family then consisted of himself and three children, his wife having died many years before. His daughter, Susie, the youngest of all, was then at boarding school in Connecticut. She is now the only surviving one, for in these few years father, brother and sister have passed away. She has, doubtless, many kind friends, but nothing can compensate for the loss of kindred so near and dear. Judge Folger was tender and devoted to his family. I remember that for some time after the death of his wife he could not hear the hymn, “Jerusalem the Golden,” without being affected to tears. Many a time did he have occasion to regret the call of destiny, which snatched him away from his peaceful and honorable place on the Bench to the stormier one which

proved to be wholly unsuited to him. In a word, he never was the same Folger in Washington that he had been in Albany. There were several reasons for this, chief of which was that Arthur soon repented of the one good impulse that had actuated him from his accession to the Presidency. He never treated Folger with any of the kindness one would expect from an old friend, who was now closely associated with him in the high office he held. He always spoke to us very frankly of this coolness on the part of the President. He first alluded to it on the occasion of some one asking him to convey to Arthur some little message. Said he: "I wish you to understand that I am not an habitue of the White House. In fact, I am treated in such a manner by the President that I bitterly regret the sacrifice I made in leaving my place on the Bench." Frequently, later on, when he complained in the same way, I said to him that, if he had a spark of that spirit which animated the Folger of old, he would not, for an instant, endure such treatment at the hands of a man he well knew to be vastly beneath him in ability. But he seemed determined to endure the galling chain to the bitter end. Arthur, growing more and more dissatisfied, at last finding it impossible to freeze him out, caused him to be nominated for Governor with the avowed intention of getting him out of the way in that manner. Mr. Folger told us that after that nomination he never could succeed in obtaining an interview with Arthur, who did not in the slightest way help to elect him. This was the setting of his star, and he died not long after at the age of sixty-six. Many attribute his death to this defeat, but I never believed this, for countless multitudes would die, if disappointment were so fatal to life. I only know it embittered his last days, and that he was cruelly wounded by the attitude of Arthur towards him. About the time it was being whispered abroad that he was not contented in the Treasury, I chanced to meet Ex-Senator Conkling in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City. He remarked that it was a great surprise to him that our friend, Mr. Folger, would keep the Portfolio under the circumstances. He also said the cowardice of Arthur in failing to remove Robertson from the position of Collector had disgusted him almost more than anything else. I told him I did not agree with him in this, for the terrible quarrel about Robertson had led to the cruel tragedy of Garfield's death, by inflaming the mind of the assassin; that I should

think Arthur would hesitate very much to remove him at all, for that reason, and also from the fact that Garfield appointed Robertson from the rarest of motives, that of gratitude; that, if Arthur had shown half the kind remembrance to his friends that Garfield had manifested towards mere acquaintances, we should not then be all in exile undeserved. In all this he partially agreed with me, and said some very amusing and sarcastic things about Arthur. One was: "I am told one is not allowed to sit now in the presence of His Highness."

I frankly told Mr. Conkling what I thought regarding his attitude in the Senatorial contest between Mr. Crowley and Mr. Platt, but he always insisted to me that he did not interfere in the matter at all, and I came to think that, even if he did, his offense against the unwritten laws of friendship was light compared with that of others under the same circumstances. I have since observed that, in some recent elections, the greatest intimacy counted as nothing, and the active hostility of boon companions was not even resented in the very smallest degree. I have also noted that neither slights nor treachery are revenged upon the perpetrators, if they are in high standing or possess much wealth. To be false, heartless and ungrateful are luxuries which money controls along with other things. Resentment never holds out against the potent charms of gold or power. I believe dispositions are not so different in Republican countries from those in despotic ones as people imagine. Among the would-be courtiers, who surrounded Arthur, it was a very common thing to hear the word "treason" employed in the sense in which it was used in old Venetian days, or in France, when the voice which uttered a protest against the deeds of royalty was quickly hushed, "where the shadows fell darkest in the dungeons of the old Bastile." Power has a baleful effect upon some natures. It seems to bring to the surface all that is dark, cruel, cold and malignant. There was Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who suffered in his youth from the tyranny of his father; yet, no sooner did he wear the crown than he inflicted still greater misery on his own family and others than he himself had ever been compelled to undergo. Elizabeth, of England, long herself a captive, imprisoned the flower of her country on the slightest pretext all through her reign, and generally ended their sad lives by murdering them. Of course the only inference to be drawn, when one

sees a man suddenly assume an austere and pompous manner after sudden elevation, when he has hitherto been overflowing with *bonhomie*, is that he is too small for the position. History and experience both promise that he will again find his proper level. The belief in destiny, though often treated with derision, has been shared by earth's greatest minds. It is certainly a great sustaining power in the bitterness of undeserved trials. When the heart is bleeding from wounds inflicted by the cruelty of those who, drunk with the wine of success, look down with scorn on the unfortunate, sweet is the whisper from some immortal source that tells us, just as surely as the hand on the dial points its unerring and unfaltering finger, will the hour at last arrive when they, not we, shall be trampled under the pitiless Juggernaut of Fate. Nothing in all the Bible is so striking as the story of Dives and Lazarus. Yet the rich man goes devoutly to church, and hears how it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for him to enter the kingdom, without the slightest impression on his marble heart, forgetting that the shroud has no pockets, and ignoring such examples as that of Vanderbilt, who was recently so unceremoniously ushered into a country where his check possesses not the slightest value. But the careful observer of history, both old and new, finds evidence enough that we see retribution follow swiftly on the track of evil in this world. The Nemesis of the ancients and the modern belief of the Universalists have certainly abundant proof that "Time at last sets all things even." Napoleon believed in Fate, hence he was called the Man of Destiny. It was foretold to Josephine in youth that one day she should be Empress of France, and Napoleon in his memoirs confessed a thrill of superstitious fear, when, on announcing his decree of divorce, she pointed to a bright star which shone down on this memorable interview, and said, "Sire, that star was mine, not yours." And certainly it was not long ere his power to play the mighty game of kingdoms departed, and the empire he hoped to found faded like the memory of a vanished dream. Victor Hugo in his matchless description of the hero's last battle, says that Fate in the guise of Waterloo overtook Napoleon. Does not this show a belief in destiny? Byron, too, warns him that "tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star." Ancient mythology and the lives of the Greeks and Romans are always illustrated by constant allusions to the

Goddess Fortune, whom they were always striving to propitiate. Philip, of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, on receiving news of several victories in one day, exclaimed: "Oh, Fortune grant some slight reverse for these great successes!" Cæsar, when in danger from storm at sea, being in disguise, revealed himself to the frightened captain with the words: "Trust Fortune, and know that you carry Cæsar." Theremenes, one of the thirty tyrants of Athens, was feasting with his friends, when suddenly the house fell in ruins. He alone stood unharmed in the wreck of the banquet hall. But, instead of rejoicing, he exclaimed, "Oh, Fortune! for what calamity dost thou reserve me?" Not long after, he was put to death. It has been said that President Lincoln believed in Fate, and that, after his second inauguration, he was menaced with the perils that attend great success, that he was haunted with a sad presentiment that he would never live to see the end of his second term of office. He seemed to have been inspired for the terrible time in which he was the leading light, the star which guided us through peril and storm.

That his honored son, Robert T. Lincoln, remained in the Cabinet of Arthur is the one redeeming feature of his Administration. Not only did the glory of his father's name protect him from supercilious treatment, but he was personally so very popular, such a fearless, manly character, that policy would dictate a most courteous deference in his case. Many would now be delighted to see him President of the United States. For Postmaster-General he selected Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, who died during his term of office, and was succeeded by Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana. On the death of Folger, Gresham became his successor in the Treasury. Then, at the close of the Administration, wishing to bestow a Circuit Court Judgeship upon Mr. Gresham, Arthur made Hugh McCullough, who had been in Johnson's Cabinet, Secretary of the Treasury. To the vacant seat of Postmaster-General then rose the popular Mr. Frank Hatton, of Burlington, Iowa. This deserved promotion was hailed with great delight by the old Stalwart band. Mr. Hatton is possessed of fine abilities, and doubtless has a brilliant future in store for him. He was until quite recently the editor of the *New York Press*, but is now managing the *Washington Post*. Benjamin H. Brewster, of Philadelphia, was made Attorney-General. His family were quite conspicuous

socially. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brewster have since died, also Mr. and Mrs. Frelinghuysen. It is not surprising that there were so many deaths in this special circle when we reflect that, with the exception of "Bob Lincoln," as his admirers fondly styled him, they were nearly all aged people when Arthur's bugle-call summoned them from retirement. This assertion would not apply to Henry F. Teller, of Colorado, who was taken from the ranks of the Senate to preside over the Interior Department, or William E. Chandler, of Connecticut, who was chosen to be the Secretary of the Navy. New York State was at this time represented in the Senate by Elbridge G. Lapham, of Canandaigua, and Warner Miller, of Herkimer. Senator Lapham I had heard much of through some relatives at Lockport, the Spalding family, one of the oldest and most distinguished in Niagara County. Senator Miller had just previously been in the House of Representatives, and at the same time with Mr. Crowley. Both these Senators were at one time guests at the "Arlington." Mrs. Miller always had a large circle of attached friends, and they tell me she is greatly missed in Washington. Senator Miller has gone nobly through two great contests of late, one for re-election to the Senate, and the other for Governor of the State. He emerged with renewed strength from each of them, and is a marked example of the truth that homage is not always due to the victor. The Duke of Wellington said that nothing except a battle lost would be half so melancholy as a battle won. In the case of Senator Miller, as well as that of Mr. Crowley in his defeat for Congress at the same time, I think the way in which some victories are won deprive them of all their glory and take from defeat its sting. Money, the lever of the modern Archimedes, has now become a necessity to success. Not all the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Burke avails without the golden key that unlocks the Cabinets and delivers over the archives of the States. Webster, could he be recalled from the abode of all the mighty shades, might roll his dark eye in vain, while with the spirit of prophecy he saw the sun "shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union," to gain the power to rule which is now vested in the millionaire, the lords of the mine, the ranch and the corporation. When will this stain be wiped away, as slavery has been, as one by one all unjust things must be? With how much more blood of patriotic genius must the

hydra-headed monsters of malice and avarice thus be satiated? Yet it is better to have the world wonder why a man is NOT elected than to wonder why he is elected. Cato said he would rather men should ask why Cato had NO statue than why he HAD one.

Opposition, when carried to persecution, crowns the victim as a martyr and recoils upon the head of the aggressors. The simplest logic shows that men attack others from one of two motives, either to avenge an injury, or to gratify their jealousy. Therefore, when we are conscious that, instead of injuries, we have but heaped benefits upon our accusers, there is but one deduction to be drawn, and that is, that calumny, like death, loves a shining mark, and that all the virtues and talents, did we possess them, would not protect us from the slanders of the envious, the bitter attacks of enemies, or, as Coleridge says, "that worse than foe, an alienated friend." I firmly believe that malignant criticism, though at first it sharply wounds, helps and inspires us far more than the praises of our devoted friends. The valuable knowledge of our faults we gain from those who hate, for we would never hear it uttered by the lips we love. If, in life's weary race, we falter and feel inclined to give up the struggle, what so quickly goads us on to fresh endeavor as the envenomed shaft from the enemy's bow? Thus character and intellect are elevated and purified by trials. Nothing great and beautiful in this world has been produced without suffering. The oyster creates the peerless pearl which is destined to shine in the dark tresses of beauty only through some process of pain; the fairest lily blooms from the blackest clay; the nightingale sings sweetest when her bosom has been pierced by a thorn; so misfortunes and persecutions develop the greatest genius! Had the reviewers not attacked Lord Byron so fiercely, he might never have achieved immortality. He replied to them with annihilating sarcasm, and his Muse's strains thereafter soared above the flight of their poisoned arrows. Thus, with him, as well as all other ambitious natures, the fire, "once kindled, quenchless evermore, preys upon high endeavor, nor can tire of aught but rest." It is not always the thirst for power which animates such minds, it is that action is a necessity of their being. John Quincy Adams, at three score and ten, replied to someone who advised him to give up public life, "while a rem-

nant of physical power is left me to write and to speak, the world will retire from me before I shall retire from the world."

I always thought New York had then a proud array of members, and our political family under the roof of Mr. Roessle was a very bright and happy one. My husband, Richard Crowley, ranked first as orator and statesman. No man in Washington was more popular at that time, but the change that took place in this respect, after his estrangement from President Arthur, was a marked commentary on human nature. It would have been very amusing, were it not pitiful, to see the men who had followed him from morn till eve, who would scarcely allow him a moment from their sight, and seemed to live but in his smiles, suddenly drop away when the sunshine of Imperial favor was withdrawn.

"Like the leaves of the forest,
When Summer is green,
That host with their banners
At sunset were seen.
Like the leaves of the forest
When Autumn had flown,
That host on the morrow
Lay withered and strown."

The beginning of coldness between friends is not easy to describe. Sometimes it is the

"Little rift within the lute
That by-and-by doth make all music mute;"

sometimes the suddenly discovered treachery that snaps forever the chords that seemed to be woven into the very strands of life. Mr. Crowley never then, or at any subsequent time, was heard in the very slightest way to attack or even criticise General Arthur. The men who did these things themselves were the ones who carried falsehoods to the ears of the President. Bitter though it is to be thus wronged, who, with a spark of honor, would change places with such traitors? The world knew it was all the fault of Arthur, but while he was President many acted on the belief that the king could do no wrong. Just before his death he sent a messenger in search of Mr. Crowley and expressed a wish for a reconciliation, but it was then too late, for he had left the city.

During that term of Congress there was a glorious opportunity for Arthur, had he possessed a chivalric nature, to

requite the ancient hospitality of the once princely Ex-Senator Thomas Murphy. His hand had first been held out to assist this man in his youthful days, but the same ingratitude which closed the portals of the White House against Roscoe Conkling and all the other old friends who had proved their devotion, raised a more adamant barrier between this former protégé and his benefactor. Mr. Murphy was too proud to ask for favors, when they should have been offered to him with eagerness. He received no summons for council or banquet, though Arthur had been formerly quite as frequently a guest at his table as he was supposed to be at his own; and the consultations there had laid the foundation for his successful career. But, like the base Judean, he threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe. *Vae victis!*

Senator Frank Hiscock, then a member of the Lower House, was in his third term of office. He was always accompanied by his wife, and they lived in the first floor of the Arlington Hotel, in the suite of rooms formerly occupied by Charles Sumner, the famous Massachusetts Senator, of whom Longfellow said:

“Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.”

Mrs. Hiscock is a true woman, one of those whom prosperity does not affect. I do not think she loves political life for its own sake, but her devotion to her husband keeps her by his side, whether in war or peace. I always noticed that she was singularly free from the pushing social ambition of many Washington women. The lucky star of Frank Hiscock shines conspicuously in his marriage. Arthur was always violently opposed to him, and I remember that, just after he was inaugurated Vice-President, he asked me to tell him about some of those I specially admired in Washington. I answered that I had as yet seen no one to compare with those who represented our own state, and I spoke of Mr. Hiscock, then of Mr. Camp, General McCook and the rest. “Well,” said he, “I do not like or trust Hiscock, and you must not believe in his sincerity.” I told him he could never convince Mr. Crowley of that, as he specially admired him. He also quoted Mr. Conkling as having the same opinion, but I myself never heard Mr. Conkling say anything against

Mr. Hiscock. That this hostile feeling continued all through Arthur's administration, I know well, though just at the last, when he began to think of the Chicago Convention, where he fully hoped to be nominated, he took the names of the Senators and Representatives alphabetically and invited them to dine at the White House. It was surprising to see how this changed the view of some of the statesmen at the Arlington Hotel. A bit of pasteboard worked such magic! All this was said to have afforded much secret amusement to Arthur and his intimate blue-blooded satellites. At that very time we received urgent appeals to come and talk matters over, and accept the hospitalities of the Nation's Mansion, which Arthur thought he owned, but did not exhibit them on the table of the hotel dining-room as some of the flattered recipients surprised us by doing.

Early in that session took place quite an interesting contest for the Speakership of the House of Representatives. Mr. Hiscock was the candidate from the East, Mr. Warren J. Keifer, of Ohio, from the West. I believe that Congressmen Reed and Kasson were also candidates. I remember, when the war had fairly begun, that President Arthur sent for Mr. Crowley, and told him that he did not wish to have Hiscock elected Speaker, as he both disliked and disapproved of him, and that he thought he would be a very dangerous man to place in power. Mr. Crowley replied that he, on the contrary, thought it would be good politics for the New York delegation to support Mr. Hiscock; that it might tend to heal political divisions and unify the New York delegation in support of the administration. Mr. Arthur was very much annoyed at Mr. Crowley's refusal to oppose his colleague. Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt came over at that time from New York to Washington specially to oppose the election of Mr. Hiscock as Speaker. He also labored long and earnestly with Mr. Crowley, but in vain. All his persuasions could not induce Richard to be aught but himself in this matter, as in all others, true to the man he then believed to be his friend. Mr. Keifer was elected, however, and in the selection of committees Mr. Crowley received one not at all to his taste, while Mr. Hiscock, as a matter of courtesy, received a desirable one. There has, up to the present time, been no break in his success. He seemed to meet with no jealousy or opposition in his district, and was continually sent to Congress until his election to the Senate two years ago. A life-

path without obstacles and thorns must be very charming. In such cases the only regret must be its inevitable brevity. Gen. Anson G. McCook, of New York, is one of the noblest representatives our Empire State ever produced. A heroic and generous nature is stamped upon his face. To know him is to admire him; to mention his name is the signal for praises sounded. Born of a race of heroes, the "fighting McCooks" of the West, whose blood has helped to wash away the dark stain of slavery, his private life is a proof of the truth of what Bayard Taylor asserts that,

" The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Seldom has one so good and deserving been so well rewarded, for now he is the honored and beloved Secretary of the Senate, meeting every day his dear old-time comrades, Hiscock and Aldrich, and hosts of others. At the time I speak of, he was a bachelor, and his inseparable companion was Congressman Amos Townsend, of Cleveland, Ohio, a very amiable and popular gentleman. Now he is wedded to a charming woman, whose graces of mind and person have proved the open sesame to the most exclusive circles of Washington society. A beautiful boy was sent to bless this auspicious union, and the hero, like Hector, having doffed his battle-plumes, was just beginning to enjoy his new treasure when, alas! the child, so briefly lent, was called away, back again with the angels, leaving but a lovely memory! If the kind wishes of hosts of friends could console, then would these wounds cease to ache, but a more than earthly power is needed. Nothing ever compensates for such a grief as the loss of the first-born. When I last met them in New York I saw, with the eye of sympathetic friendship, that the blow had left an impression which even Time, the great consoler, never could efface. *Sic itur ad astra!*

Congressman John H. Camp, of Lyons, and his interesting wife were great additions to the Arlington circle. Mr. Camp is a very brilliant man in all ways, and a most attractive conversationalist. Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, then first elected Senator, was one of that dazzling coterie, and frequently a guest there. He is a remarkably handsome man and a great favorite in political and social life. He has, in my opinion, a perfect treasure of a wife, and they are both unspoiled by the sunshine of success which is showered upon

them unceasingly. No one, however unhappy, could envy them or help wishing them a continuance of Fortune's favors. Never in all my experience have I met a more devoted mother than Mrs. Aldrich. Her sympathy and charity are lovely and noted traits in her character. Our esteemed friend, Vice-President Morton, was at that time Minister to France. He is so thoroughly good and such a truly chivalric gentleman, that no one who has the privilege of his friendship can envy him the royal road paved with gold through which his way has led to the pinnacle of well-won greatness. General Belknap, who was Secretary of War with General Grant, lived at the Arlington, and that winter his wife, who had lived in Paris for some time attending to the education of her daughter, made a visit to Washington for the first time since she reigned so brilliantly there as a social queen. I was much fascinated by her charming manners, and pronounced her at once very beautiful. She is one of the prominent examples of the evil results of the jealousy of women for one another. Those who flattered and fawned around her in palmy days took a fiendish delight in swelling the loud hisses of scorn which resulted in her exile. But one so lovely must find friends wherever she goes, and, after all, she has had no small share of the feasts of life's ever-changing banquet. General Belknap, by his quiet, manly bearing commanded the respect of every one. He was much liked by the men in public life, who are broad-minded enough to understand that misfortune may attack any one, and that distinction invites detraction and defamation. The most desirable condition of life, next to that of wealth, is to be common-place; next to money, mediocrity! Brilliant intellect in men, and great beauty in women, alike exact a heavy penalty. It is proverbial that plain women are the happiest, from Elizabeth to the peasant. The most distinguished men in history, soldiers, poets and philosophers, have preferred unattractive women as wives. The Greek philosophers had a special term for the proper allowance of beauty in marriage. They advised their youths not to select handsome women. Benjamin Franklin is said to have frequently given the same advice to young friends. Helen and Cleopatra certainly did make a vast amount of trouble in their day. But, whether fortunately or unfortunately, beauty in excess is so rare that, when it appears, no rules can be applied to chain its influence

for weal or woe. I have often wondered why ugly women so envied the beautiful, for they possess all the lovely ones do not. They obtain generally the best husbands and the kindest attentions through life; are perfectly secure from malice of their own sex, which follows in the wake of beauty like the trail of the serpent, and they can always turn their lovers, husbands and brothers against a perfect Venus; and yet they are not happy! There must be something in the thrill of admiration which passes through the crowd when Beauty appears upon the scene, something in the fierce curiosity to see a celebrated face, that in their eyes is worth all the solid comforts of life. By the same token, no woman who possesses the fatal gift would part with it for any earthly consideration. Though she knows she must be persecuted, that every action will be purposely distorted, that every word which falls from her lips will be repeated to her harm, that she can have none of the ordinary privileges which the majority of her sex enjoy, that she will forever be misunderstood, yet she would not exchange her thorny path, where she is at the mercy of the tempests of jealousy, for the gilded shelter of the most favored among the unnoticeable! Sweet to such women are the triumphs, though fleeting, which give them the consciousness that these dutiful husbands, now at their wives' behest turning the cold shoulder to the unfortunate fair, have had moments of madness when they would have given home, honor and all for their smiles! These things prevent them from envying the other women in their security, and they are often, indeed generally, too generous to disturb them in their blissful ignorance. Thus to some lives hours are given in which the bliss of years is condensed, and to others the little things which make up the sum of each day's happiness.

Among the visitors who thronged the hotel that season were the family of the Hon. Bleecker Banks, of Albany, formerly State Senator cotemporary with my husband. He found, as always, many friends who gladly welcomed him. Mrs. Banks is a delightful woman, and I observed that, though in the intervening years since we had met there had been much illness in her family, trials had but broadened her character, and her early vivacity remained the same. On her visit to me she was accompanied by the beautiful Miss Van Vechten, of Albany. Rarely have I seen a face I admired as much as hers. She is a woman of the type one

imagines the goddess Juno might have been, and if so, then Jupiter had never left the skies in search of earth-born nymphs, and the hundred eyes of Argus might not have been employed to their own destruction. We have not met since, but her picture is one that does not fade from the mind. It is strange how people that one meets for a moment will sometimes make an impression deeper than many known long and well. Henry G. Davis, at that time Senator from West Virginia, lived with his family in rooms closely adjoining ours. What delightful neighbors they were! How they are woven into some of my brightest and saddest memories! Life seems to be all cloudless for them ever since we parted, and I wish that it may long continue so. They had been many years in Washington and were generally beloved. Their daughter, Kate, now Mrs. Brown, was a general favorite. Their eldest daughter married Mr. Stephen Elkins. I met her later on, when she was visiting them, and found that she justified all the fond encomiums of her mother. She is very handsome and accomplished and not in the least spoiled by admiration. I should imagine her to be a delightful companion, and my short acquaintance with her convinced me that she is entirely free from the petty jealousies which often infest the characters of the fortunate ones in this world. Her husband is widely known as a successful business man and a prominent politician. The family of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, our new President, were very intimate with that of Senator Davis. I was constantly hearing of "Mame" Harrison and "Mame" Saunders, now Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison. My daughters, Maud and Alice, though then very young, became interested in them through Kate Davis. I remember one day, in discussing them, it was predicted by one of the girls that Senator Harrison would one day be President, as history was continually repeating itself. And so it has, for Benjamin Harrison to-day stands where his grandsire stood,

"Who ascended Fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he but stepped to the sky."

Senator James Grahame Fair, of San Francisco, was conspicuous among the noted guests of the Arlington at that time. His manner, though unassuming, denotes such a reserve of power that, if one had heard nothing of his roman-

tic history, a great interest would he felt in him at once. He is one of the Bonanza Kings, the celebrated Mackay, Flood and O'Brien having shared with him the discovery of the famous Comstock mine. He gave superb dinners that year, and long before I met him, being at that time confined to my rooms, he showed his natural goodness of heart by sending me some of the lovely flowers which graced the banquet board at which I was unable to be a guest. His kindness to my children, especially my angel Maud, I shall never forget. Having heard of our friendship with General Arthur, he invited Maud and Alice to a dinner-party given for the President. Maud was then but sixteen, and a perfect dream of loveliness. It was a magnificent affair. Arthur came, with all the Cabinet officers and their wives. There were also present the Vice-President, David Davis, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Justice Field, of California, Senator and Mrs. Jones, of Nevada, and Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, the latter being a daughter of Secretary Frelinghuysen. This was but one of the many kind things he did, and it made a great impression on me in regard to his character, for every mother knows full well how courtesy and generosity to children is remembered and appreciated. Senator Charles B. Farwell, of Illinois, was then one of the guests of Mr. Roessle, as Representative from Chicago. Mr. Crowley at once felt a great liking and admiration for him. He is conceded to possess very marked ability, both in the commercial and political world. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter Anna, now Mrs. Reginald De Koven. The latter has both beauty and talent and was very much admired and sought after in Washington society. My Maud was fondly attached to her. Congressman J. Floyd King, of Louisiana, was then one of the most popular and agreeable of the guests. He had been a general in the Confederate army, and was noticeable at once for his resemblance to the portraits of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon. He is a gentleman of very distinguished address and possesses fine conversational powers. I shall always cherish pleasant recollections of his courtesy.

As I recall the interesting family of Congressman Jeremiah W. Dwight, who were that season domiciled with us at the hotel, I must note the fact that he, like many other friends, has since entered into eternal rest. He was generally beloved, as, indeed, were all his people.

They made a great many friends and deserved them well. Representative and Mrs. Lewis Beach, with their daughters, I also pleasantly remember. Mrs. Beach is a remarkably pretty and amiable woman, and we all grew much attached to her. I believe, since then, the young ladies have all married. Lewis Beach, a few years since received the reward of the just, after a life well spent. These are two instances of the changes wrought by the great reaper, Death, in a comparatively short space of time. But we hope for a bright reunion some day. The Hon. Martin Maginnis, the Delegate from Montana, was stopping at the Arlington with his wife. They were a very popular and sociable pair. Mrs. Ross, the widow of a popular southern officer, had been living there for several seasons, with her two lovely daughters, Sallie and Tuberoose. There were the daughters of Representative Ranney, of Boston, who, in addition to caring most tenderly for an invalid mother, fulfilled all their social duties perfectly. Mrs. Ranney is the sister of an old friend of the New York State Senate days, Mr. Rufus Andrews. Mr. Ranney I always thought a very distinguished looking man. Senator J. N. Camden, of West Virginia, with his wife and daughter, are closely connected with the recollections of that time. Annie Camden has gentle and winning manners and was much admired. I believe she has since married an officer in the regular army. Speaking of the army, I must not forget the well-known General Rufus Ingalls, then Quarter-Master-General of the Army, and since retired. In his attentions to ladies he is the very soul of courtesy and gallantry, and to children he is simply irresistible, though himself a bachelor. My son, Harold, then eight years of age, said soon after meeting him: "I've got the best friend in the world now." And Mr. Crowley was always enthusiastic about his delightful qualities as a companion.

Mrs. Crook, the wife of the famous Indian fighter, General Crook, also gladdened the house with her bright spirit and kind attentions. Representative William Moore, of Tennessee, was also there with his pretty wife. He is a most courteous and agreeable gentleman. Mrs. Moore was well fitted to shine in the gay receptions of the Capital. Miss Marie Roessle, the daughter of the host, was one of the most beautiful girls in Washington. She is now married and living in New York City, while her brother presides over the Delavan House in Albany, the scene of our earlier exper-

ience. Like his father, he is a gentleman par excellence, though more reserved in manner. He married, some years ago, Miss Hatch, a charming New York belle. The celebrated chemist, Prof. Ogden Doremus, spent some time there with his handsome wife and his pretty and accomplished daughter. They had been old friends of Arthur's wife, but I have reason to suspect that they were not received with the warmth of cordiality which might have been dreamed of by the romance-writers, who pictured Arthur as a weeping widower. Mr. Hanscom, a brilliant young newspaper reporter, was a great addition to the society at the hotel. He is an exceedingly well-informed man and a very gifted writer. What bright Bohemian band he may have joined since then I know not.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 17th of April there appeared on the register of the Arlington, amid all the distinguished names, a new arrival. Dr. D. W. Bliss, our dear and accomplished physician, knowing our old and intimate friendship for the President, wrote down the name as Chester A. Crowley. It was another instance of how history is repeated. When our eldest son was born, we received a most urgent request that he should be named after General Arthur, to whom we were all then devotedly attached. But since those days a change had come. The child was called Donald. He received the most flattering attentions. First, from all the waiters at the hotel, who paid their respects to him at once, and predicted a bright career, as he was born on their Emancipation Day. And then our valued friend and fellow-Congressman, the Hon. John Van Voorhis, of Rochester, with the fellow-feeling which only the father of a large family himself can possess, immediately bethought himself of a scheme wherewith to mark the event. He consulted with the New York members of the House, and they all contributed to present to the infant a beautiful table service of silver for his own special use. Little Donald is now in his seventh year, and already shows his appreciation of the fact that he was thus early honored by the distinguished contemporaries of his father. The silver I shall preserve as a treasured heirloom, and if he should live to be a Congressman himself some day, the coincidence will be a memorable and pleasant thing. In connection with this kind attention I have also faithfully treasured for him some precious souvenirs. One is the original paper signed by the members and thought-

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fully kept for us by Mr. Van Voorhis. It contains the following names: "The undersigned agree to the purchase of a suitable present from the New York delegation in the House of Representatives to the youngest son of our honored colleague, Hon. Richard Crowley, born at six o'clock this morning.

John Van Voorhis,
Walter A. Wood,
J. W. Wadsworth,
D. P. Richardson,
Chas. R. Skinner,
S. S. Cox,
John H. Camp,
W. E. Robinson,
Anson G. McCook,
P. Henry Dugro,
John Hardy,
A. S. Hewitt,
Perry Belmont,
J. W. Dwighr,
M. N. Nolan,

R. P. Flower,
George West,
A. X. Parker,
Lewis Beach,
C. D. Prescott,
W. Hutchins,
John Hammond,
F. Jacobs, Jr.,
J. H. Ketcham,
Jonathan Scoville,
J. Hyatt Smith,
Frank Hiscok,
H. Van Aernam,
J. Mason."

The other memento is a letter from the celebrated Samuel Sullivan Cox, so many years one of the most brilliant leaders on the Democratic side of the House. Knowing that everything which ever fell from the tongue or the pen of this accomplished and admired gentleman is as eagerly sought for as were the pearls and diamonds that dropped from the lips of the Princess in the fairy tale, I here quote it entire:

WASHINGTON, April, 1882.

Dear Mr. Crowley:—It is the pride of our country that the census shows an unexampled increase of population. It is the pride of the New York Delegation that New York has nobly contributed her share to the increase. It is a matter of regretful solicitude that the last addition to your family was not born in time to be counted in the ratios for representation under the recent census. This regret, however, has its solaces. It is a boy and may some time, like his father, represent in himself some one hundred and fifty thousand people. A noble contribution this to our National greatness! Under the circumstances, it would be gross dereliction if we failed to recognize, by suitable testimonials, the birth and existence of this statesman in *future*. While some of us are monometalists and prefer gold as the standard, yet, for the purpose of signaling the advent of your infant son, we have given up our prejudices and resolved that silver, the old while coin of the fathers, was a proper medium in which to enshrine our devotion to the cause of human multiplication. In referring to multiplication, we are instructed to say that there is no division of parties on this auspicious event. Thirty-two members unite in making their congratulations to mother, father and son, trusting that when the latter cuts his teeth upon the

pearly toy, and sounds his whistle in the nursery, and drinks his lactea diet from the argentiferous cup which we present, he may in his nebulous meditations on mundane affairs regard the good will of his father's colleagues as a pearl of great price, and the shrill call of the whistle as a summons to duty, and the cup as a vessel of honor, dedicated to the rights of hospitality with which we welcome the little stranger into this world of vicissitudes. In behalf of New York Delegation we are

M. N. NOLAN,	} Committee.
R. P. FLOWER,	
JOHN VAN VOORHIS,	

I have also an album, which contains the names of all the Senators and Congressmen of that year, and apropos of the troubled time in which it was written, there are also words in the book addressed to me by Roscoe Conkling. I think they express very clearly his state of mind at that epoch of the history he had certainly contributed extensively in making. A great deal of meaning can be conveyed in a sentence, and epigrams have often condensed long stories:

To Mrs. Richard Crowley:—True friends stand; stand when clouds pass over; stand though appearances would belie motives and acts; stand even when it seems profitable or politic to couple oblivion of friends with forgiveness of enemies.

In token of such friendship, I am

Yours,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

Not long after, when young Alan Arthur was at our rooms, I asked him to write in this book. It was before our final break with them. He proposed taking it to the White House, so that his father might write in it also, to which I agreed, suspecting, however, that the President, having a consciousness of guilt, would feel the arrow pointed at himself. I was right in my conjecture, and I received the next day a summons to the White House, to which I did not respond. At a later interview in New York City, when he went home on a brief vacation, he admitted to me that he understood Mr. Conkling instantly, and at once proceeded to defend himself from the double charge. But there it stands, "oblivion of friends and forgiveness of enemies," and in this brief sentence may be read the cause of the defeat and death of Chester Arthur. At this time he stood on the topmost pinnacle of ambition. He seemed in the very flush of manhood's prime, surrounded by a monarch's pomp and power. His ears were dulled to all sounds save those of flattery, his brain

stupefied with the incense burned so ceaselessly before him, but, at this very height, at the acme of luxury, which ever precedes a fall, the dread whisper of Fate might have been heard by the prophetic ear, the lonely and forsaken death-bed, the burial without one real mourner, might have been seen by the prophetic eye! Well had it been for him if, like the old Roman king, some slave at his chariot-wheel had daily warned him with the words: "Remember that thou art mortal."

At this time, Maud, my beautiful, was sixteen. No fairer rose ever bloomed, no more radiant star of promise ever dawned on earth! In the divine pleasure I felt in her loveliness and the worshiping devotion I bore to her is expressed to me all that has been dreamed of Heaven. But ever there was a boding dread that I could not drive away, though then she looked as fresh as the morning, and the hand of the death angel even then clasping her was concealed. Oh, to see her once more as she was in that spring time of 1882! "Oh, God, roll back the universe and give me yesterday!"

CHAPTER IX.

SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING.

"And as I lift again the chain and cross,
The bright beads seem a wreath of golden days,
Ended too soon by black and bitter loss,
Made gloomier still by their contrasting rays."

As in Rome the devotees have dark beads for rosaries, which they call "Job's tears," the fancy occurs to me that this chapter of memories might be likened to a rosary strung alternately of these sad drops and pearls of poetry, as they fell from lips now sealed. The familiar lines have a special charm when spoken by an eloquent voice, and thus the beads of woe were woven into prayer with the beads of song. As Protestants often wander into Catholic churches, to soothe with the incense and the heavenly music the sense of pain, so perhaps some, who do not love poetry as I do, will take for a moment in their hands this special rosary, *In Memoriam*. For the voice of Roscoe Conkling will be heard no more,

and the echoes of those golden notes will be forever sweet and clear,

“ Though now far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.”

All that lovely summer of 1882, how could I know that the cold spectre of a mighty sorrow was hovering over us? In June, Maud went to Saratoga with a party of friends to attend the convention in which Secretary Folger was nominated for Governor, and a little later she went to Long Branch, and then in the early autumn we went to New York together, for the last time. There the first blow fell, for, though she was in the happiest spirits and in appearance perfectly well, she had a slight cough, which first roused my alarm, having through early experience recognized it as a death-knell, and then one day upon her handkerchief appeared a single spot, the fatal signal of the dreaded malady, hereditary consumption! We at once consulted Dr. Goldthwaite, and he told us Maud could not stay at Lockport any more in the cold weather, and must be careful in all ways, as there was evidently great danger that she had inherited the tendency to pulmonary disease. His words were like thunderbolts from a clear sky, yet, though they terrified me, I could not fully believe them. Why is it that we cling so firmly to the very shadows of hope, against reason, when our hearts are involved? From that moment, during the twenty months that elapsed before she left us, I seemed to lead a two-fold existence; the one on the surface, hopeful, energetic, resolutely shutting out the slightest discouragement; but beneath there ran the dark current of deadly fear. Every breath was haunted with an apprehension, every impulse merged into the one hope, to save! I seemed to fancy that, by resistance, by surrounding her with friends and banishing everything suggestive of illness, I could elude the cruel power that threatened to snatch her from me. Maud was so happy in the brief bright days we spent at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and in her subsequent travels so often spoke of it as being the loveliest place in the world to stay! I often now wonder, when I tread its celebrated halls, if it contains such memories for any one in this world as it does for me, even among all the historic and brilliant figures that have sojourned beneath its hospitable roof! It is the place of all others to meet the busy, or the ambitious ones of this world. What genius,

what beauty and what splendor have assembled there. The tall marble clock solemnly marks the passing hours in the great hall, while fortunes wax and wane, and youth and beauty die, for the changing multitude who pass it on their appointed way! I spoke of this fancy one day to Senator Conkling, and he replied that we ought to have enough philosophy in this short life to allow the dial of memory to note but the happy hours, as the romances tell in the ancient gardens, this inscription was always engraven on the sundial: "I mark only the sunny hours." I reminded him that his favorite poet, Byron, who died at the early age of thirty-six, had written thus at twenty-one:

"Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life, say, would he name threescore?"

Dull, indeed, must be the mind that long looks for happiness here, where our dearest hopes are surely blighted, and where, even with the cup of success at our lips, we dare not boast of to-day, for what man can be sure of to-morrow? So it was, as I said, a fancy of mine as the noted statesmen passed by the clock of the Fifth Avenue Hotel hall, which seemed to note all things, and wear on its marble face a conscious and prophetic expression, to wonder what change of fate awaited some who seemed, by the air with which they moved on, to defy the possibility of misfortune or disaster; to ponder on what punishment lurked in ambush for those who watched with cruel smile and unpitying eyes the sad faces of the unhappy, who listened with wholly unsympathetic ears to the doleful tale of those less lucky, though not less deserving than themselves. For in both ancient and modern history "the whirligig of time" brings its revenges. After the French Revolution, when the guillotine had drunk the blood of the nobility, it finally despatched both judges and executioners. Injustice must, in the eternal fitness of things, be expiated, somehow, somewhere. Maud was so radiantly lovely that I thought, at that especial time, she must have resembled Mary Stuart in those early days in France, when her beauty was so transcendent that a peasant woman, on seeing her in a triumphal procession at some religious ceremony, exclaimed: "Are you not an angel?" Such great beauty always seems to bring sorrow in its train, for there is

no doubt that the Queen of Scots suffered all her persecution solely on account of her great personal charms, and perished a victim to woman's jealousy. Even great men are sometimes jealous of beautiful women, for it is related of Napoleon that, on returning from some famous victory, he was enraged to observe, as he entered the theater, that all eyes were directed to the lovely Madame Récamier, instead of upon him. He promptly avenged himself upon her, as he did later upon Madame de Staël, by sending her into exile. Let those who do not believe that great men are envious of great women note this fact of the jealousy of the victorious Emperor for two celebrated women, Madame Récamier for her beauty and Madame de Staël for her genius. I believe this egotism accounts quite frequently for the apparently incongruous matches made by brilliant men, which are often erroneously attributed to the impulses of uncultivated youth. I do not see how any one, who has long observed and reflected upon the ways of mankind, can believe the ancient myth of man's chivalry towards beauty, whether in distress or otherwise. I think they are quite as spiteful concerning it as other women are, and often much more so. Perfection of any kind arouses more hatred than love. A great many people, if asked to tell why they persecute others, would, if they spoke truthfully, be compelled to reply as the countryman did to Aristides, who, when he saw him writing his name upon the shell that he might be ostracized, asked, "Did Aristides ever harm you?" "Oh, no!" was the answer, "but I am weary of hearing him called 'the Just'." Once, among the sight-seers at the Capitol in Washington, I heard one young girl say to another, as they were criticising the different statues which adorn the Rotunda: "I hate Vinnie Ream." "Why," said her companion, "do you know her?" "Oh, no!" she replied, "but I am so sick of seeing her name in the papers." Thus, slight cause is often sufficient to raise an army of enemies.

"Of this small horn one feeble blast
Will fearful odds against us cast."

Senator Conkling lived then at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Maud and I had delightful talks with him almost every day. He could say such exquisite things; for instance, once when we were very late, and the dining-room thronged, Mr. Conkling turned to Maud and said: "Come with me,

not, 'into the garden, Maud,' but into this crowded room. I have been very much out of fashion of late, but with you by my side, the world will look at me once more." Like Tennyson's sweetest of heroines, my Maud was "but seventeen, and tall and stately," and these words from a great man pleased her very much. In those happy hours spent there with Mr. Conkling, when we met daily in the halls and dining-room, there was an opportunity for explanations, and the bitterness which had lingered in my heart since the Senatorial contest, when I thought he should have helped Mr. Crowley instead of Mr. Platt, passed away. Yes, his kindness to Maud healed the wound, and I can to-day place my hand upon his grave and say that I hope to meet him again in another and a better world. I had found occasion to compare other friends with him, and before the treachery, ingratitude and deceit which I met in some most unexpected quarters, his conduct stood in a new light, and I began to see some of the motives which actuated him that I had previously not fully understood. It was no small consolation to know that, in the few months which had elapsed since the general shipwreck, he had already found serious occasion to regret his course at that time, and had come to feel a profound indifference for those he had most favorably treated in the affair. For instance, he had so entirely severed all relations between himself and Thomas C. Platt that he was not even on speaking terms with him. Never, among all my friends, did I find one with such fine poetic taste as Mr. Conkling. His views on two subjects were precisely the same that I had held all my life. One was that Mary Stuart was a martyr, and Elizabeth a fiend, and the other that Lord Byron was the greatest genius that ever lived. One day he wrote for Maud a lovely bit of verse "for a young lady's album." She inquired if it was original, and he replied, "Ah, no one could have written that save Byron."

"As o'er the cold sepulchral stone,
Some name arrests the passer-by,
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye;
And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here."

Alas! The great statesman and the beautiful girl are both now numbered with the dead!

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

These were the lines read by General Wolfe on the night before he stormed the heights of Quebec, when he turned to his comrades and said he would rather be the author of Gray's *Elegy* than the conqueror of Quebec. A somewhat similar remark was made by Mr. Conkling on one occasion, after reciting Mrs. Alexander's poem, "The Burial of Moses." He agreed with me that the following was the finest stanza of all:

"And had he not high honor,
The hillside for a pall?
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall?
And the dark rock-pines, with tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave."

He said he would rather have written that than any short poem of modern times. He was also specially fond of "The Song of the Dying," by Captain Dowling, one of a number of British officers who were in India during a terrible plague, from which they could not hope to escape. It is a superb inspiration and I give here the last verse, which well expressed the feelings of the desperate band of soldiers, so soon to die in their youthful prime:

"Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind,
Stand, stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!"

It was also a great favorite of General Logan's, the spirit of reckless daring it breathes in every line being just suited to his fiery and brilliant mind. I believe it is not very easy to find it in print, but it is in the first volume of Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford's "Library of Choice Literature." This is a truly delightful collection of gems, both in prose and poetry.

Mr. Spofford is a never-failing oracle to those who wish to find the author of a quotation which puzzles the brain to recall, as often the most familiar lines will. Always at his post in the Congressional Library in Washington, he offers to the thirsty seeker for poetic love the bright waters of Castaly, the fabled fountain of Parnassus, long sacred to the tuneful Nine. I think his labors must be the most interesting in the world.

Mr. Conkling, though he generally knew the author of a chance quotation, was positively annoyed if he could not find the name. He was never weary of discussing these three great and absorbing themes, Napoleon's destiny, Mary Stuart's life, and Byron's poetry. He always declared that the lovely Scottish Queen was his first love, and that she still smiled at him across three hundred years. In his boyish enthusiasm he wrote her life, as he believed and understood it, and I should think it would now prove to be of great interest. After he had visited Westminster Abbey, he would describe with raging eloquence the tombs in which the rival Queens reposed side by side, or, as he expressed it, "that murderess beside her lovely victim." Napoleon he vastly admired, deploring the fickleness of the French people, who one day deified him, and the next spoke of him as the "base-born Corsican Adventurer." The character of Josephine he did not like at all, considering her a mere doll devoted to millinery—false and shallow. He agreed with me that Napoleon's first burial was the most fitting one, in that solitary and rocky island so far away from the scenes of his great and strange career. Who can read, without deep feeling, the story of how he looked when they broke the seal of the coffins which so firmly bound the imperial form which once enshrined that daring, mysterious and mighty soul? France, doubtless, wished her greatest star even in death, the luster of which had shone round all the world:

"The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the line;
That word they give is, France!
The answer, Saint Helène!

'Tis there, at midnight hour,
The grand review they say
Is by dead Cæsar held,
In the Champs Élysées!"

These words were much admired by Senator Conkling, and he was very fond, also, of that old ballad, the authorship of which I can not recall, beginning:

“On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows
Like fond weeping mourners hang over his grave.”

In Byron's magnificent description of Waterloo in “Childe Harold,” he specially loved the verse which told of how Napoleon faced defeat:

“Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide,
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When fortune fled her spoil'd and favorite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.”

These two lines from “The Corsair” he was very fond of quoting:

“What lost the world, and made a hero fly?
The trembling tear in Cleopatra's eye.”

Senator Conkling considered Ouida the genius of the age. He quoted long passages from her novels, and said he would greatly like to meet her and converse with her. Once, in talking of her, he said he had just finished “Wanda,” and had written to his wife that he thought this character was perfect. I did not agree with him at all, though I am quite as great an admirer of Ouida's genius, for Wanda seemed to me to be cold and unfeeling, and to think altogether too much of pride of birth. I think “Ariadne,” “Princess Napraxine” and “Othmar” the best Ouida has written. To read the works of this great writer gives one such a longing for Rome. What inspiration she seems to breathe in that divine air of Italy, and how the statues gleam, and the moonlight smiles over the ivy-mantled ruins in the subtle spell she weaves around one! I, too, would love to greet her.

Those remarkable actors, Mr. and Mrs. William Florence, lived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Mr. Conkling, who specially admired Mr. Florence in the part of Mr. Oppen-

heimer, in Dickens' "No Thoroughfare," took us to see him. It is indeed a wonderful personation, and it was impossible to recognize our old friend, the Hon. Bardwell Sloate, in this queer foreign gentleman. When I first saw the Florences in a social way, more than twenty years ago, they were playing that same piece in New York for the first time. We met at the house of the famous Barney Williams, whose wife is the sister of Mrs. Florence, and the occasion was one of the pleasantest dinner parties I ever attended. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were near neighbors to Mrs. Thomas Murphy, and they were members of the same church, St. Stephens, of which the Rev. Edward McGlynn was then their beloved pastor. I frequently met him at the Murphy's, and his fine, intelligent face is still very distinct in my mind. The pleasant little party was brought about in this way. One evening we took a box for the "Fairy Circle," a very pretty Irish piece the Williamses were then engaged in, and I was so charmed with them that I expressed a wish to make their acquaintance. On this being repeated to Mrs. Williams, she kindly gave this dinner-party, where I had the pleasure of meeting the Florences, and many other glowing lights of the drama, several of whom, including the genial Barney himself, have made their final exit from the stage of life, where they made so many warm friends, and where they are still so sincerely regretted.

"Their gentle part it was to share
With all what made their spirits bright,
To cleave Life's shadows here and there,
And fleck its sober walks with light."

I remember John Brougham, the poet-actor, was my companion at the table, and what an eloquent talker he was! And I also recollect how the whole circle mourned over the recent death of James T. Brady, one of the most brilliant Irish lawyers in America. His portrait hung upon the wall surrounded by Ophelias and Hamlets innumerable, by Joseph Surfaces and Sir Peters, and hosts of those others we all know so well. Mr. and Mrs. Florence are fine characters, so deeply religious, and so truly charitable. However, it is true that this can be generally said of the profession to which they belong, and which they have so brightened and adorned. In later years, at a time when Mr. Crowley and

Mr. Folger were annoyed at some things that were occurring in Washington, I heard them say they would go to hear the Florences, and that would drive away the blues for awhile, at least. I think the play was "Facts, or the Little Hatchet." The last time Maud saw Mr. Florence was in the hall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on returning from the theater with Mr. Conkling. Since then seven years have passed, and for five of those years she has been in Paradise. On a recent visit to Lockport he said, on seeing her picture, "Ah, yes! it is that angel face!" I might have known it could not stay. Such smiles are not of this life. We can only wait patiently for the time

" When with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile."

All the famous actors and singers Maud and I heard together during that season are blended with her memory. She was very anxious to see Mrs. Langtry, having heard so much of her great beauty, and we saw her first in a box near the stage on Salvini's opening night. Maud's glances were divided between the great Italian, in his grand impersonation of Othello, and the statuesque figure of the lovely English Lily. And later we saw her as Rosalind, and Maud thought her even more perfectly beautiful than her fame had heralded her to be. She also admired her acting very much. We heard Patti then for the first time, it was in "Il Trovatore," and we both agreed that Owen Meredith's tribute to Mario would apply to Patti; rather we would read it thus :

" Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best to my taste is the Trovatore,
And Patti could soothe with an angel note
The souls in Purgatory."

The very last place to which we went then was the Bijou Opera House. They played a charming little opera, called "The Sorcerer." The plot turned on the mischief made by a love-philter, which caused those who drank thereof to be enamored of the first person met, thus giving rise to endless mistakes and merriment, like the scenes depicted in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," when the fairy queen has dropped the juice of the magic flower into the sleeper's eyes. The beautiful Lilian Russell was the star, and I

remember how delighted Maud was with her singing a ballad written expressly for her, called "The Silver Line." I never see the name of Lilian Russell now that I do not think of the Silver Line since broken. It is a very common error of judgment to expect perfection in the character and disposition of public men, especially in those of our own times. The glamor of fancy which time throws over the memory of great men often deludes us as to their real lives, and beside this flattering distance, which lends such enchantment to our view, there is in most minds a shrinking from candid criticism of those who have passed beyond this mortal sphere. It is a question in my mind whether a little consideration now and then for the feelings of the living, who are striving to the best of their ability to please and serve their country and their friends, would not evince quite as much delicacy and thoughtfulness. We torture our public men in life with unjust censures, we look for more than mortal patience, but when they die, we see nothing but the good. Perhaps if a little of this forbearance were shown to them while they were still with us, their lives might be longer, as well as happier. The lover in one of Tennyson's sweet ballads says:

"Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
Go by, go by!"

So might the shade of Roscoe Conkling speak to those who now profess to mourn his loss, and certainly must miss his leadership. It is true that he made the mistake of often rewarding the base and wounding and slighting his truest friends; none knew this so well as he when it was all too late; but who of us does not make mistakes in this world? Who can look back over a period of even a few years and not regret that his footsteps turned into the wrong path, or his judgment was sometimes obscured, and his reason blinded? It is far easier to submit to the tyranny and bear with the faults of a great man than to endure the same things from an inferior person. When Elizabeth Patterson, the American girl who married Jerome Bonaparte, was asked why she could agree to the arbitrary terms imposed upon her by the

Emperor, while she could never forgive her recreant spouse, she replied: "I would rather be suspended from the pinion of an eagle than sheltered under the wing of a goose." Shakespeare, the mighty magician of the mind, whose master hand swept every chord of human feeling, when he enumerated all the bitter things endured on earth, touched upon none sadder than "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." This reflection is the last and the bitterest drop in the cup presented to our lips by a mysterious destiny. Yet that these wrongs are righted, here or elsewhere, one cannot doubt, for otherwise this fair universe were a mighty blunder. It has been very clearly demonstrated that the retirement of Roscoe Conkling, at the time of Chester Arthur's chance coming into power, scattered the hitherto victorious forces of the Republican party in New York State, and threw the reins of power, dropped in an angry hour from the grasp of a successful leader, into the hands of a number of selfish men, without any commanding intellect, who relied upon money as their principal aid.

"Clan-Alpine's best were backward borne,
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

When Arthur, as President, had, by cold, deliberate and systematic treachery, violated every promise and outraged every sentiment of honor, a cowardly silence prevailed in the ranks of those who had known him. Or, even if there were some low mutterings, like the murmur that heralds a storm, a few crumbs from his table silenced quickly the rebellious tongues. These banquets were literally *sub rosa*, as the kingly President was exceedingly wroth if it chanced to be published that he entertained any one he had ever met before. The ancients suspended a rose over their tables to impress the necessity of silence upon their guests; nothing should be told that was uttered "under the rose;" but it *was* told, nevertheless, that not only the President himself, but some of his guests, were absolutely speechless from the indulgence of the wine they religiously prohibited in others. Intemperance is a terrible thing, to be sure! No one abhors it more than I, but if it debars some from distinction, why is it winked at and lied about in a Chief Magistrate? Conspicuous among all the cruelties and double-dealing of Arthur was

the affair of the Cantilever Bridge at Niagara, for which he caused Mr. Crowley to be so unjustly censured. I was in Washington all through that time, and the labor and the care my husband expended on that matter I can never to this day forget. It was a thing that could be done either by act of Congress or by express permission of the President. The following note concerning it from Mr. Depew shows this:

GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT,

NEW YORK, February 2, 1883.

My Dear Crowley :—How is the Suspension Bridge matter getting on? Could I do anything if I came to Washington? Would it be possible in the interim to get an approval from the President without an Act? I ask this question because the Canadian Charter says either the assent of Congress or of the President.

Yours truly,

Hon. Richard Crowley.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

It was introduced by Mr. Crowley to the House, but failed to pass, as see these dates, of the 46th and 47th Congresses, December 16, 1881, January 24, 1882, and January 31, 1882. Here is a copy of the bill, and also one of the reports from the committee:

47TH CONGRESS—1st Session.

H. R. 1140.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
DECEMBER 16, 1881.

Read twice, referred to the Committee on Commerce, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Crowley introduced the following bill:

A BILL

TO AUTHORIZE THE CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE
OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA RIVER.

“Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any bridge and its appurtenances which shall be constructed across the Niagara River, at or near the village or town of Tonawanda, New York, to Canada, in pursuance of the provisions of an act of the Legislature of the State of New York entitled ‘An act to incorporate the Niagara Grand Island Bridge Company,’ passed May twenty-second, eighteen-hundred-and-seventy-four, or of any act or acts of

said legislature now in force amending the same, shall be lawful structures, and shall be so held and taken, and are hereby authorized to be constructed and maintained as provided by said act and such amendments thereto, anything in any law or laws of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding, and such bridge shall be, and is hereby declared to be, an established post-road for the mails of the United States; but this act shall not be construed to authorize the construction of any bridge which shall not permit the free navigation of said river to substantially the same extent as would be enjoyed under the provisions of said act and the amendments heretofore enacted and now in force. Provided, nevertheless, That the location of any bridge, the construction of which is hereby authorized, shall be north of the present International Bridge across Niagara River. And provided, further, That such bridge shall have two draws, one over the main channel of the Niagara River on the west side of Grand Island, and the other over the channel on the east side of Grand Island, to be so constructed as not materially to impede the navigation thereof; the piers of said bridge shall be parallel to the current of said river.

• "SEC. 2. That the plan and specifications, with the necessary drawings of said bridge shall be submitted to the Secretary of War for his approval, and until he approves the plan and location of said bridge it shall not be commenced; and, should any change be made in the plan of said bridge during the progress of the work thereon, such changes shall be subjected to the approval of the Secretary of War, and all changes in the construction of said bridge that may be directed by Congress shall be made at the cost and expense of the owners thereof. The said bridge, its approaches and appurtenances shall be open to the common use and employment of all railway companies desiring to use the same upon equal terms, privileges and conditions; and in case said companies, or any of them, cannot agree with the persons or corporation owning, leasing or having the control of the said bridge its approaches and appurtenances, upon the terms, compensations; privileges and conditions for the use and enjoyment thereof, the Governor of the State of New York is hereby authorized from time to time, upon the application of any such company or companies, to appoint three commissioners, who, or a majority of whom, after fifteen days written notice of the time and place of meeting, shall

determine and fix the terms, compensation, privilege and conditions aforesaid.

"SEC 3. That the right to alter, amend or repeal this act, so as to prevent all material obstructions to the navigation of said river, is hereby expressly reserved, and any change needful to that end shall be made at the expense of said railway and navigation company.

"The Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives, to whom was referred House Bill 1,140, entitled 'A bill to authorize the construction and maintenance of a railway bridge across the Niagara River,' have had the same under consideration and have made amendments thereto, and as amended believe it contains no objectionable features, and if adopted as amended that it will fully guard the rights of navigation on the river. The committee therefore report back the same and recommend its passage as amended. Dated April, 1882."

Oh, the weary days of waiting, with friends at home impatient for the result, and believing that Mr. Crowley's influence was all-powerful with his old-time friend! It is true that, at first, when he told Arthur that he must be absent some days, but feared to leave the House a moment, Arthur assured him not to trouble himself in the least, as he would be only too happy to use his prerogative in the matter. Relying on this promise, he trusted until the eleventh hour. The Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen, advised the President to grant the request. Attorney-General Brewster at the last moment advised him to the contrary. And the President, notwithstanding his promise, declined to grant the authority. Mr. Crowley thereupon and immediately wrote a letter resigning his appointment as special counsel to try the South Carolina election cases, and his Counselship to prosecute the criminal cases growing out of the failure of the First National Bank of Buffalo, turned his back upon the White House, and never entered it again while Arthur was President, and never spoke to Chester Arthur afterwards. William H. Vanderbilt and many leading citizens of New York at once sent on a petition begging the same thing to be done, but this, also, was in vain. President Arthur refused even to listen to the proposition, declaring that the Cantilever Bridge matter had already lost him the best friend he had in the world. Notwithstanding the President's refusal, within seven months the Cantilever Bridge was completed across the Niagara

River, just above the famous Suspension Bridge, and stands the first, and I believe the only, structure of the kind in America. The fact that this act of treachery placed Mr. Crowley at a great disadvantage in the eyes of his constituents at home, who had sent him as the chosen representative of their interests, did not enter into the consideration of these high-minded statesmen at all. A bitter blow was struck at the laborious life of a once dear friend, but what mattered it? There were plenty newer friends around him, with more money to pay for smiles and favors! In the whole band of Republicans there were very few brave and manly enough to stand by the man whom they knew to be cruelly wronged, Richard Crowley.

“For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known?”

But now and then some fearless voice was heard, unsilenced by craven fear or vain hope of reward, as in the following true and heroic words from the *Albany Argus*: “Nor will the Cheap-John policy of measuring citizen Crowley against the magnitude of the executive office, and belittling him, avail with informed and intelligent men. Mr. Crowley is an abler man than Chester A. Arthur, and his superior in respect to the fact that no charge of infidelity to the obligations of friendship lies against him. Measured by what nature has done for each, and by what each has done for himself, and by what each has done for others, Mr. Crowley is underrated, and General Arthur is complimented, when the two are called peers.”

When a friend, who has been dear and admired in spite of faults and estrangement, puts on immortality, how fondly we recall the last meeting, the words, perhaps carelessly spoken, not knowing them to be the last. Especially was this true of our final interview with Roscoe Conkling. It was one of those meetings which chance or fate throws in one's path, destined to be remembered long. My eldest son, Richard, was with me, and, as he had always admired the Senator very much, the conversation made a deep impression on his mind, and the picture now takes a sadder tone, since the death of this friend of early days. I was glad to have my son hear the recitations and gems of quotations which fell in an unceasing shower from the orator's

lips on that occasion. Oratory, as well as beauty, is a rare thing, and causes much jealousy in this world. The divine spark of Prometheus will forever dazzle and enchant mankind. It was the only time we met after Maud's death, and he spoke of his first visit to Lockport fifteen years before, when Maud was but four years old. He remembered her childish tact when he told her, jokingly, that he had come to stay a long time, and he was afraid she would not like that very well, but she replied: "Do you suppose I could feel so about my papa's friend?" He spoke with earnest feeling about how much those escaped who were blessed with early death. But in him there was nothing to indicate that he was fast nearing the eternal shore, that he was soon to join the many old friends whose loss he deplored that evening. The talk, which began with politics, drifted into poetry, and never did I see him in a more brilliant mood. He repeated poem after poem, with a voice of flute-like melody, and, strangely enough, the very last one was Moore's "Evening Bells." The melancholy cadence of his voice on the last lines will forever linger in our ears:

" And so 'twill be when I am gone,
The tuneful peal shall still live on;
Some other bard shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet Evening Bells!"

But, though other bards may walk the dells, and other forms sit in thy vacant place, we miss the music of thy tongue, we miss thy majestic presence. Farewell, imperious, and yet ardent friend, farewell! Peerless in our memory now, bright as when we saw thee first and deemed thee every inch a king!

" Success incarnate, self-inspired, self-raised,
To that proud height whereat youth's fancy aimed,
Whom even those who doubted while they praised
Admired, e'en while they blamed.

Peace, lasting peace, that strife no more shall break,
With honor none may challenge; crown thee now
Wherever laid; not faction's self would shake
The laurel from thy brow."

CHAPTER X.

SANTA FE AND SIERRA MADRE.

“I thought to find some healing clime
For her I loved; she found that shore,
That City, whose inhabitants
Are sick and sorrowful no more.

Life was so fair a thing to her,
I wept and pleaded for its stay;
My wish was granted me, for, lo!
She hath eternal life to-day.”

EARLY in the spring of 1883 we started for the West, hoping that entire change of air and scene might revive our drooping flower. Leaving Lockport in the afternoon, the next morning found us in Chicago. There we met some old friends, the children of Mr. William Keep, who had passed their early life in their native town of Lockport, but had afterwards settled in Chicago, and Mr. Howard Helmer, also for many years a resident of our town, and a personal friend of Mr. Crowley's. Indeed, Howard is a man who has easily made many friends all his life. He has all the advantages of a handsome person and a very pleasant manner, and with these he possesses a very kind and generous heart, though whether he has found the latter an advantage may be an open question. The most fortunate people I have seen in this world were not swayed by the heart at all. We stopped at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and there we found encamped the first angels of our pilgrimage, General Logan and Mrs. Logan. They were on their way to spend the summer with their daughter, Mrs. Tucker, whose husband, Maj. William Tucker, was stationed at Santa Fé, New Mexico. That city was also our destination then, for we had been assured by physicians that the air was dry and invigorating. We had not, during our comparatively short life in Washington, had the opportunity to know the Logans so well as we afterwards did through this happy meeting. Their legions of friends made this impossible, as well as the constant changes in the people at the Capital. Men are elected to Congress for one or perhaps two terms, while the Senators are elected for six years. Then there are so many of the Senators' families to visit that, unless under peculiar circumstances, the official acquaintance seldom ripens into absolute friendship.

But I was traveling with my two daughters, Maud and Alice, Mr. Crowley having found it impossible at the last to leave his business, and they saw at once that I was searching for life for my child. That was enough. I shall find it hard to tell of all their goodness to me in my trouble and anxiety, and their tenderness and love for Maud, for when I think of that time, and feel that I shall never more on this earth behold the dear General, never hear his ringing voice of welcome, never see him take my lovely Maud by the hand and speak cheerful words of hope to her, tell her what she must do to get well and strong again, I can only weep and lament that the best of life has vanished, that there is nothing worth striving for under the sun. The great, the bright, the beautiful are gone; it is but the cold, dull and cruel that stay on. Yet a little longer they may have the power to persecute and to betray us, then we shall at last be called to join our own.

Our friends in Chicago were very kind. Mr. Howard Helmer and Mr. William Keep came to the station with us to say good-bye, and as they were both such dear friends we felt, on leaving them, that we were indeed seeing the last of home. But the three days' travel which we so dreaded, proved to be purely a delightful visit in the company of General and Mrs. Logan. We had this wonderful pair all to ourselves, and a rare privilege it was, and one fully appreciated by us. The General completely dropped the cares of Camp and State, and seemed to feel as happy as a boy off for a holiday. We had not then heard how finely he recited from Shakespeare, and it was like having some noted actor with us to hear those superb passages from "Hamlet," from "Richard the Third," above all, from "Julius Cæsar," especially Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of his friend, betrayed and stabbed by *honorable* men. He wore a scarlet smoking-cap, which contrasted well with his jetty locks,

"Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing."

It was fascinating to hear him talk of men and events of the present, of his confreres in the Senate. It was also pleasant to hear him tell, Othello-like, of the dangers he had passed. Maud was spell-bound, as the train halted at some vast plain, to hear his description of how, when they crossed these plains in early days, they would form circles with their wagons to

resist the Indian onslaughts, which might come in the dead of night. The wild stories of the border times, as they fell from his eloquent lips, were far more enchanting to his listeners than if they had been read from any printed page. We had with our party, on the way to New Mexico, Judge Casey, of Santa Fé, a devoted friend of the General, and we liked him very much, and also his family, whom we met later. At every station people crowded to meet General Logan, and it was lovely to see his kind way of greeting his many friends. We did not stop long enough at any one place to get much of an idea as to its points of interest, on our way to Santa Fé. Mrs. Logan was reading to Maud, Marion Crawford's "Doctor Isaacs," then just issued, and we had a very interesting discussion on the subject of the cataleptic trance. In this, Crawford's masterpiece, in my opinion, the author fondly leans to the mystic spell of the occults and seers of the Orient. And what subject could be of such deep fascination to the profound thinker? Even the powers which they assert to be not at all supernatural would be of vast service in life's battles. And the promise, held out to those who live pure and self-sacrificing lives, and hold as their only ambition a deep thirst for knowledge, that they shall, while yet encumbered with the veil of flesh, hold converse with the loved spirits of those who have preceded them; what reward could be so sweet to one who felt life to be but a desert march, only relieved by the welcome waving of the palm-branches, telling of promised rest at last? Though the doctrine of the soul's transmigration is to me the most hateful part of their religion, yet there is a sense of justice in the belief that the tyrant of the past is the beggar of to-day, and that to-day's oppressor will be to-morrow's victim. To-day he crushes, but to-morrow he shall sue in vain!

In his anecdotes of the Senators, General Logan spoke of the extreme coldness of Charles Sumner's manner. He related that, on one occasion, he chanced to lay his hand on the shoulder of Sumner, who immediately moved away and looked at him with an icy stare. Such a man could never be loved in life or regretted in death. It is a very absurd notion that coldness is a necessary adjunct to greatness. History fairly teems with proofs to the contrary. Large hearts should go with large brains, and if they do not, the success is never glorious, the fruits of victory are never half so sweet. Cold, indeed, to the hero would be the laurel

alone, were there no fair hands to twine with it the myrtle and the rose. Unhappy love has given to us our finest poetry, the sonnets of Petrarch, the immortal verse of Byron, the sweet songs of Burns, and it was sad affliction which inspired our own Longfellow, in his touching poem, "Resignation:"

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

My husband always said he hated to read this poem, even years ago, before he knew what sorrow meant, that he felt a secret thrill of fear, a foreboding at last realized. Now he knows the meaning of the vacant place. Oh! none but a parent can tell how it is always vacant, that the others, no matter how many, have their own places, but can never for one instant, fill that of the absent one. From Rachel, and David, and King John down to the present time, the lament is the same in every stricken heart.

When we came to Lamy Junction we were met by Major Tucker and his wife and child, little Logan, the idol of his grandparents. The Major is of the Saxon type of beauty, and is one of the very handsomest men I ever saw. On horseback one might fancy him to be a young Viking of poetic legend, he looks so full of youthful fire and chivalry. His wife, "Dolly" Logan, the General's only daughter, is a most distingué-looking and extremely fascinating woman. She is spicy and piquant to a remarkable degree. In coloring she resembles her distinguished sire, but she inherits also some of her beautiful mother's finest points. When we arrived at Santa Fé it was very cold, and we at once established ourselves in the pleasant rooms of the hotel. Directly across the Plaza was the pretty cottage of Major Tucker, in what was the settlement of the Officer's people. During our stay in the city I had my previous flattering opinion of Army society endorsed and verified. Never could one find elsewhere such *savoir-faire* and culture combined with such noble and disinterested kindness as among our soldiers and their families. It almost seems as though there was something in the profession itself that called for the best in human nature, and kept it always ready for the bugle-call to duty. Heaven bless our gallant soldiers, the dead and the living!

General Mackenzie, who died recently, having been for some time under the cloud of a long illness, was very kind to us, but the sudden death of his mother while we were there seemed to cast a shadow over everything for him. I believe he was in some way connected with the Slidells, of Mason and Slidell fame; indeed, I have heard he took his mother's name of Mackenzie after the sad affair of the execution. He was much beloved by his companions when we last saw him. I trust that he is happy now.

The devoted affection, which everywhere surrounded the Logans with an atmosphere of love, gave us sunshine in which to live while we were under their protecting wings; and we were never allowed to feel like strangers in the ancient city, with its blending of Spanish and Mexican romance, its curious Indians, and odd people from everywhere, who were led there by various reasons. Santa Fé means Holy Spirit, and it has always been a religious place, as one sees from its old churches, that of San Miguel being the very oldest in America. On its mouldering beams can even now be traced the Spanish characters telling how and when it was built. My daughters could not be persuaded to enter it, however, because a friend who was with us incautiously revealed the fact that small-pox patients were buried under it. I alone was not afraid, for I have a great deal of the Oriental fatalism which sustains one under the most terrible trials, the feeling that what *is* to be *will* be, "'Tis Allah's wish." There is nothing at all remarkable in the interior of this old church. On the walls are some ancient paintings from Old Mexico, some roses before the Virgin's altar. Yet, kneeling there, the reflection of the many others that had been before me, praying as I then prayed, and in vain, for my child's restoration to health, brought with it a solemn feeling of life's brief dream and eternity's waking! Oh, the faith with which sufferers press on to the shrines where healing is promised! I should love to see the grotto of Lourdes, with its mound of crutches cast away by the pilgrims who crept painfully there, to return joyfully! The wife of General Grant once told me just before her husband's death, that she, though Protestant, could not resist carrying away with her a bottle of the waters of Our Lady's Spring at Lourdes, and when the General had one of his most death-like spells of weakness, and they feared he might never breathe again, she poured the sacred contents of this vial

upon his head and invoked Heaven's mercy on this great and good man, that he might be spared yet a little longer to his country. She said she did not claim the boon for her husband, as that might be too selfish and personal, but that his country might a little longer keep the leader who had saved it. The prayer was granted, and he lived to finish the story of his life, so dear to the people of America, and such a blessing to his fondly loved wife and children. The world may think it was the remedies given so skillfully by his patient and learned physicians, but who shall say that it was not the Virgin Mary's answer to a woman's prayer? Who shall say that the Savior, who caused the dark eyes of Jairus' daughter to awaken, did not speak once more in mercy, though to mortal eyes and ears he was unseen and unheard?

The quaint houses of adobe struck us with surprise at first, but still more so on entering them, for they are so much more convenient and comfortable than they appear outwardly, blending as they do with the dull gray of the landscape. The whole aspect of the city is monotonous, owing to the entire absence of vegetation. One real oasis in the desert of nature there, was the home of the old Bishop Lamy, from whom one of the villages takes its name. He had then outlived the allotted span of mortal days, and has since joined the saints, by whom, in statue and picture at his perpetual devotions, he was surrounded. He had truly, in the grounds which enclosed his palace, made the wilderness blossom like the rose. As you entered his garden you might believe yourself transformed in a dream by the fabled genii of the Arabian Nights, such a charming scene was revealed to your gaze. Passing through an orchard, you approach a little lake, with a fairy isle in its center, around which fishes, gleaming like living silver through the crystal waters, swim near the aquatic plants that fringe its banks. Here, on our first visit, the good Bishop at once conducted us, after our most cordial reception at his hospitable porch. Half reclining on one of the wooden benches on the bank, and dropping from time to time crumbs to tempt the gaily sporting fishes to the surface of the lake, seemingly absorbed in reverie, was a youthful ecclesiastic who had not yet taken the final vows which were to bind him to the service of the Church. On my first glance at the face of the young student, I thought I must have met him before, but suddenly I recalled the origin of the resemblance that struck me. At

the time of the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, in one of the picture galleries there was a small painting of a beauty that haunted the mind for evermore. I regret that I do not recall the artist's name, for I should be inclined to envy the fortunate possessor. It was a garden-scene in France, in the charming month of May. Amid the brightly blooming flowers hummed the gay and frivolous honey-bees. Lovely birds were poised here and there. Each blossom seemed a chalice of sparkling dew, and the music and the perfume were borne into the heart by the magic touch of the painter's brush, which inspired the whole with life and beauty. Leaning from the casement of a monastery near, half hidden by the embowering trees, was a young priest, the exact counterpart of this one at Santa Fé, or, perhaps, I should say the counterfeit presentment. The same pale, classic face, upon the head the black velvet beretta which intensified the marble pallor of the brow. On the countenance there rested an expression of gentle mournfulness. Underneath the picture were these exquisite pathetic lines:

"Remind me not that I alone
Am shut out from the Spring."

Perhaps to eyes that look upon cloistered walls, the enchanted garden of the world does not even in dreams reveal its bitter thorns, and those which wound the most deeply always attack those who have plucked the sweetest flowers. Costly is pleasure, and costlier far is glory. The venerable Bishop himself was one's ideal of the good priest described by Victor Hugo in "*Les Misérables*." For long years he toiled in that mission, and now the fruits of his labors appeared on every side. His dark and deep-set eyes, that had seen so much suffering in this world, gazed on Maud with the deepest interest, as she let fall from her slender fingers the crumbs she took from his hand to give to the fishes; watching them with momentary fascination, he turned to me and said in a low voice: "Such angelic beauty is fit for God alone; why do you hope to retain it here?" Relenting, as he saw my look of anguish at the thought of separation, he resumed: "Yet I think I could save her for you if she staid here to breathe this pure air for a year, and I would give you plenty of room in my house, and, as I am something of a physician myself, we might have the happiness of beholding her restored to health once more." But

Maud's dreams carried her to the Pacific's golden shores, as if there she hoped to find some new Hesperides. She grew restless at the thought of remaining long in this place, at first so quaint and interesting. But then and there, and many a time afterwards, I recalled with deep gratefulness, regret and misgiving the kind offer of the good Bishop. It was such a lovely, peaceful spot, and the convent bells close by had such an appealing and heavenly sound, which seemed to speak of rest and home.

One evening, in strolling on the streets of Santa Fé, we were pleased to meet a friend of Mr. Crowley's, whom we had known in Washington. This was Col. Tim Lee. He was at that time in the postal service. He did everything in his power to render our visit enjoyable. Mr. L. Bradford Prince, now Governor of New Mexico, was the Chief-Justice of that country. He was very courteous to us all through our stay, and I shall never forget his house, for anything so full of Spanish and Indian and Mexican curiosities I hardly expect to see again. This country is rich in historic material of that kind, and he seemed to study it with great ardor. He had some valuable and strange relics from some of the churches in Old Mexico. I know no man whom Harrison could have chosen for Governor so thoroughly conversant with the people, the history, and the necessities of the country as L. Bradford Prince. Wandering along the street it seems so strange to meet, first an Indian in his gorgeous dress, for I noticed that in the far West they had not adopted the European attire, as they attempted to do in our reservations here in Niagara, but cling to their early love for brilliant coloring; then the Mexican women with their shawls thrown over their heads in that picturesque fashion which comes to them from old Spain. I have always thought the Spanish dress the most graceful in the world, as well as the most alluring. What could be more fascinating than the red rose so coquettishly placed in the dark hair of the Spanish girl, and the soft folds of the lace mantilla which forms such a charming frame for the face? And the fan, so inseparably associated with the women of that sunny land, what arch glances from beautiful black eyes have flashed over it! And the pretty fashion of the high comb for the hair is of Spanish origin. Those things could never be improved upon, and are as much associated in our minds with Spain as the duenna walking by the side of the young beauty,

or the gay cavalier who touches his guitar beneath her lattice, or follows her on the way to Mass, in order that he may mingle earthly love with heavenly devotion, as is also one of the oldest customs in "lovely Spain, renowned, romantic land!"

The cuisine in the Palace Hotel of Santa Fé is most excellent, though the provisions are brought from a great distance, and they are forced to pay enormous wages to cooks and waiters, in order to give them sufficient incentive to meet the loneliness of a strange and distant place. I remember, on the night of our arrival, that I needed some beef-tea for Maud, and as it was long past the hour for serving, I sent for the cook to convince him that it really was necessary for an invalid. He had demurred at first, but at the sight of Maud he relented, for there is no heart so hardened that it will not melt at the prospect of youth and loveliness about to pass away. Maud was greatly interested in his appearance. He wore immense gold hoops in his ears, the kind seen in operas, and generally worn by the love-lorn tenor or hero, and a belt in which a long knife was conspicuously displayed. He looked like an Italian or a "dusky Moor," but his history we could not ascertain. The principal waiter was a foreigner, too, and might have passed anywhere for some young Marquis, as he could speak several languages, not only fluently, but with elegance.

The Governor of New Mexico at that time was Mr. L. A. Sheldon, appointed by President Garfield. He is an amiable and thoroughly cultivated gentleman, and made himself exceedingly agreeable to us all. Before we visited him at his house, we thought it must be magnificent, something, perhaps, in the style of the halls of the Montezumas, of which Prescott writes so glowingly. Judge, then, of our astonishment to find it only an ordinary adobe house, very old and very odd, to be sure, but not half so costly as many others. He was amused at our disappointment, and said that though he was the only man who lived in a palace, he was not proud. We became much attached to a charming woman, Mrs. T. B. Catron, whose home was in Santa Fé, but who was a great traveler. Her husband, known as "Tom" Catron, they told us, was a famous and successful politician and financier. I wonder if the dear lady remembers what I said to her on our first meeting, that I knew I could not possibly endure to see the death of a child, that it would kill me

at once, and how she replied with tears that she had lived through it, and how she must know, and then doubtless fore-saw, though too kind to say so, that I, too, must learn that hearts may break, "yet brokenly live on." Doctor Alexander, of the United States Army, was the only physician I met who told me there was no hope for Maud, and though, of course, he did it to prepare me, it was of no use, I then thought him mistaken. He was a very kind and able gentleman indeed. Three young officers' names I specially recall, Robert J. McEnany, George Hermann Patten and Edwin A. Strout, and a very pleasant young couple, Mr. H. M. Atkinson and wife, who showed us some kind attentions. I was much interested in the family of Judge Casey, with whom we had been fellow-travelers on the way to New Mexico. It was thrilling to hear his wife tell how her hair had been prematurely whitened by the deadly fear of the wolves prowling round their cabin in the early days of the wild West, when she watched all night long by the cradle of her sleeping babes, in her husband's absence, with no human help near. But her children, reared amid such difficulties, were now prosperous and happy. Several of them came with her to call upon us, Mrs. W. C. Moore and Mrs. W. H. Patton and their children.

At last, despite health-giving air and kind friends, Maud's longing for the fruits and flowers that could not be found on desert soil decided us to try California. Friends advised Los Angeles, and the Mayor of that City, who then happened to be visiting at Santa Fé, told us the climate there was very fine, and, as he expressed it, God Almighty had done everything for the place, and man nothing. Mrs. Logan insisted that Colonel Lee should accompany us on our journey, and, though this was of course very pleasant, it was not at all necessary, for in all our travels we found so many kind friends, and the conductors all through this whole country are so uniformly courteous to those intrusted to their care. Then came our first heart-breaking good-bye to General and Mrs. Logan, which only those can understand who have felt angelic kindness, when ill, and despondent, and far away from home. In the unrolling of the fateful future's leaves, there were to be seen written down for us two more partings with the noble General, for Alice and myself, and one for Maud, and this farewell at the ancient City of Santa Fé was in itself so mournful that it was well we

dreamed not of the others to come. It would but add to our cares and trials here did we have the prophetic insight described by my friend, James Fitts, in his beautiful story of "The Parted Veil." But Mrs. Logan's divine gift of hope sustained us all, and how well I could realize that it was a never-failing fount of inspiration to her husband, who was not of so sunny a temperament, but rather more inclined to foreboding and discouragement. But with Mrs. Logan beside him,

"With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No cloud could linger o'er him,
Her smiles turned them all to light."

As we passed through Arizona, I thought the climate seemed absolutely perfect and felt tempted to change my plans and stop there for awhile. But in some respects it would have been dreary for Maud, though for one who could live principally in the open air, the tent in the desert life, I should think it would be just the place for pulmonary troubles. At Albuquerque we met a friend of Mr. Crowley's, Judge Bell, of New York, who had gone there to live in consequence of some throat trouble. How disappointed he was, as he eagerly jumped on the train, and shouted, "Is Dick Crowley on board?" to find that it was only his wife and daughters! He had hoped to renew for a time the genial comradeship of other days, alas! now forever past, for I read of his death two years ago in a New York paper—"Archie" Bell, I think they called him. This trip from Santa Fé to Los Angeles is strangely fascinating. On and on, from the desert plain to the land of sunshine and flowers, past long stretches of sand, where the giant cacti stand like sentinel crosses to point the way to Paradise, where the wild poppies smile from the fields, and all the tints grow brighter as you near the golden country, till, at last, at the way stations, large, heavily-laden branches, freshly plucked from the orange trees, announce that you have touched the enchanted shores and seem like fair heralds to the Hyperborean realm. All the passengers were so thoughtful for Maud on that journey. Everywhere they stopped to gather fresh blossoms, and all the way her little state-room was like a woodland bower. An old lady on the train gave me what I have since thought to be an excellent bit of advice. She

told me to treasure up and enjoy for my children and myself any little pleasure that came in our way, for there was no looking forward to anything in this life with certainty, and that, even when passing under great shadows, little gleams of sunshine appeared. Now, on looking back, I feel the truth of her words, and I can see that I was helped all along the way.

There is indeed a profusion of natural beauty in this City of the Angels. An artist would revel in the splendor of the coloring everywhere! The lovely tints of the sky and the tropical luxuriance of leaf and flower are marvelous to behold. It does not seem like a city of business, yet I never saw a finer drug-store than the one kept by Preuss & Pironi. The frowning busts of Galen and many other ancient and modern stars of the greatest of all professions are placed in proud array. And there is a wonderful collection of the strange roots and herbs of that country, all so freshly prepared, and so interesting to study. It is as though Nature had, in addition to the glorious climate, also given plants specially adapted to charm away the ills which flesh is heir to. Many savants believe that for every mortal ailment there grows some special herb. One physician said to me he believed that the existence of opium in such vast quantities on earth proved that in the mysterious plan of the universe pain was meant to be. Perhaps some kind angel, looking with sorrowing pity down on this vale of tears, dropped the seeds of the poppy, loveliest and most mysterious flower, emblem of transient hopes and of dreamless sleep, praised by poets, not in life's spring, but in its decay! Lamartine calls the poppy "Sleep's Sentinel Flower." Who has not, on seeking to pluck the witching scarlet poppy, been twice disappointed, first to find it so reluctant to leave the root, and then to see the silken leaves drop away in one's grasp? As Burns said:

"Our pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

Morpheus, the god of sleep and dreams, still presides over this balm to the suffering, and from him it receives its name. As some sweet poetess sings in a lovely melody:

"The clear-eyed Greeks saw oft their God of sleep
Wandering about through the black midnight hours,

Soothing the restless couch with slumbers deep,
And scattering thy medicated flowers,
Till hands were folded for their final rest,
Clasping white poppies o'er a pulseless breast."

One evening we all went out to drive beyond the outskirts of the city, and even in the wilderness of roses that bloomed everywhere by the roadside, and behind jealously guarded hedges, there seemed at one farm-house to be the most dazzling display of all. We stopped in admiration before one bush that seemed to throw into the air fountains of pink and white roses, so perfect that one could not suppress the longing to grasp some of them, if only for an instant. Maud said, "Mamma, I do wish I could have some;" so I ventured to ask if they would sell me a bunch, but they were only too delighted to come out to the carriage and load us down with the fairest ones, offering gently at the same time their prayers that the sweet young lady might get well once more. They were Spanish people, and their speech was broken, and they seemed poor, but, ah! they were so kind! Many a time since have I contrasted this little wayside incident with the selfishness of wealthy acquaintances who, from the gorgeous conservatories, could not spare a single rosebud. Our destination here was Sierra Madre Villa, a health-resort at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and, after a few days in the city, we drove over one evening in the stage-coach. It is a beautiful road of about fifteen miles, past lovely villas and orange groves, with their perfumed air gently wafted by the light evening breeze. That night a slight rain fell, the only one we saw for some months. This Villa, which nestles at the foot of the great mountains in a spot of romantic beauty, was built by Mr. Coggs well, a portrait-painter of considerable celebrity. We found that he knew many of our old friends at Washington, having visited them at their homes while taking their pictures. He was intimately acquainted with the family of Chief-Justice Chase, and the Lincolns and many others. He had studied in Rome in his youth, and he at once pronounced Maud to be a living Beatrice Cenci, and he was so impressed by the resemblance, as was his wife also, that they always called her Beatrice during our stay at the Villa. Mrs. Coggs well was a delightful woman, and as devoted and thoughtful as possible in her attentions to Maud. Sierra Madre Villa is a place never to be forgotten. As you stand on the piazza and look for the

first time on the exquisite scene before you, it seems that not Eden itself could be more lovely. All over the low roof of the building and the arbors around clamber glorious roses in wild abundance, such roses as must be in Persian lands, lands of the sun; such roses as Moore tells of in Lalla Rookh:

“There’s a bower of roses by Bendemeer’s stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
That bower and its music I never forget,
And oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think, Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?”

A magnificent orange grove forms the setting for this lovely gem, and how charmed Maud was with its fragrance the night we first came there. I believe, after all, Nature’s masterpiece is the orange tree. It is so perfectly symmetrical, and its leaves are such a vivid and glossy green, contrasting so finely with the bright golden balls of fruit, and, then, to crown all, the delicious odor of its blossoms, which, to our surprise, we found appeared with the fruit itself. There is, therefore, no suggestion of fading about it, but a perpetual renewal. We may see it blooming again on the other side of Jordan, for it does not speak of death. Rather is it suggestive of life and happiness, for its blossoms deck the fair brows of youthful brides, and it is never used to scatter over the shroud, or even lie upon the grave of the early dead. The passion-flower in all its purple pomp is there in lavish quantities, and the mystic century-plant is an every day affair, quite as much so as our sunflower and hollyhocks are to us. Close by is the famed valley of Pasadena, whence come many of the luscious fruits that are sent to our eastern markets. Only fancy a country where all kinds of delicious things grow all the year through, where there is no cruel winter, no sad, perceptible decay of earthly things! Among the inmates who had come, like ourselves, to woo the gentle airs of the place, was a Miss Turner, of St. Louis, who had been a school-mate of Maud’s at the Georgetown Convent, near Washington. We did not see her on the first day, but in the evening Maud was softly playing snatches of her favorite sonatas at the piano in the parlor, and the sweet sounds, joined to the magic spell of her touch on the keys, brought almost every one to listen, and among them was Miss Turner, who was rejoiced to find in the young

musician her companion of the Convent. A lady also came in who said, "Those are very skillful little fingers, my dear." This was Mrs. Atkinson, of Boston, who was traveling with an invalid son, in whose family we soon became much interested. Joseph, the well brother, was so devoted to the sick one, and he had, for his constant associate, a young man from San Francisco, Mr. Kellogg, who played on the guitar very nicely, and who was full of youthful life and spirits; a very desirable person to meet at a health-resort, for there are too many otherwise harmless people, who seem to think it their special duty to warn those who are ill that they certainly must die, and that those about them should talk of nothing but the grave. In contrast with the thoughtful and tender help of many whom I met, and whom I shall ever gratefully remember, is the horrible recollection of some who were always wondering that I could smile, that I could allow Maud to arrange her lovely golden hair in a becoming way, that I could let her go out to drive, that I did not keep her always surrounded with helpless invalids; in short, that I did not condemn her at once to a living prison, instead of having her few days on earth brightened by the sight of flowers and birds, and all lovely things, and, best of all, the loving, smiling faces of devoted friends, who went with her to the very edge of the Valley of the Shadow. Further than this they could not go, but on the other side she will be the first to meet and thank them some day, some bright day, when their trials, too, are ended, though perchance not early, like hers.

We heard many a fantastic tale of serpents, and vampires, and other mythical creatures about the luxuriant creeping masses of foliage that surrounded the outlying grounds of the Villa, but we did not happen to see anything of the kind. Maud had been reading some gruesome tales of how vampires lived on human blood, and that they were a species of bat, that bird of night and darkness, suggestive of ruins and haunted places. At night we heard continually a shrill unearthly croaking, which seemed to be in the walls of the room, and we found it impossible to sleep. Maud instantly jumped to the conclusion that the fabled vampire was there on its deadly mission, and we searched, in order to quiet her, everything in the room, even the trunks. In the morning, when I was telling the others at the breakfast table, they all laughingly assured me that they all had the same experi-

ence, that it was but the night-song of an ancient frog who resided in the great reservoir near the mountains, and that we would soon grow accustomed to it. The next night young Kellogg captured the largest bat I ever saw, and impaled it on the outer wall at the entrance to the dining-room. Maud's glance lightened upon it at once, and underneath it was written the word "Vampire." It seems to me that California has all the beauties of the tropics, without the dangers. No fierce tigers spring from the embowering blooms, no deadly cobras track the traveler's path, and no sting of poisonous insects disturbs his placid dreams in the perfect nights there. A very interesting couple were Doctor Champlin and his wife, whose home was on the Hudson River. They had just returned from abroad, having spent the previous winter in Egypt, and the doctor was most enthusiastic on the subject of desert life, and the wonderful skill of Arabians in arranging tents, and the pleasures of camel rides, and all the interesting things in these ancient countries. Some friends from Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, came to join them, and we had much pleasure in their arrival, for they were perfectly well, and full of good spirits, and it was a delight to be with them. Their pleasure trip had extended over some time, and I hope it has continued ever since, if that were possible. Among the countless pretty and curious things collected by Mrs. Miller on her travels was a pair of love-birds of a pale-green color. They come from the Indian Islands and are called paroquets, or parrakeets. Their attachment to each other is remarkable, as well as their beauty. They are the very prettiest of the parrot specie. But it is not alone in lovely birds that this warm fidelity is found, for the asp, famous since Cleopatra's heroic death, is said by natural historians to exhibit the strongest proofs of love and revenge of any of that kingdom. It never lives alone, and when, by any chance, its mate is killed, the surviving one follows the person who caused its death, regardless of distance or obstacles, over high mountains, a creeping Nemesis, whose very touch is fatal. Very much like some human beings is this "pretty worm of Nilus that kills and hurts not." Doctor Champlin, though a very learned physician, had, through a rich inheritance, found it unnecessary to practice, and though constantly prescribing for those in whom he took an interest, had never been known to accept a fee. He seemed to understand Maud marvelously

well, as did also his wife, who was a very sympathetic and lovely woman. When I told him that the companionship of so many invalids was depressing, and that Maud pined to see some of her old friends, and to be with young people, and was anxious to go to San Francisco, but that I hesitated on account of the climate, he said all these things were necessary to her comfort. So, to satisfy my own judgment in the matter, I took Alice with me first to San Francisco for a day, leaving Maud in the special charge of the Doctor and his wife. I was so delighted with all things there that I decided to return with Maud at once. It so happened that even the air was favorable, for it was unusually cold at the Villa, and very bright and pleasant at San Francisco. And then, as is always the case at large cities, the rarest and choicest things were sent there, therefore, at an equal cost, much more pleasure and benefit could be derived. So, with a regret at parting from the kind friends of the lovely Villa of Sierra Madre, with its bowers of oranges and its passion-flowers, and with an unspoken dread of going so much farther away from our distant eastern home, with all its precious ones, we started, hopefully in spite of all, for the city which now lives in our hearts forever—San Francisco.

CHAPTER XI.

SAN FRANCISCO.

“ I come from a land in the sun-bright deep,
Where golden gardens glow,
Where the winds of the north, becalmed in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow.
Haste to that Holy Isle with me,
Haste ! Haste ! ”

If there be a spot on this earth where the gods would love to revel with mortals awhile, though Olympus might be for the time deserted, that place is surely the city of the Golden Gate! Here nature and man have combined to make perfection. Here perpetual sunbeams shine, and flowers bloom of such brilliant hues that at first one fears to touch them, lest they might prove to be like the illusive blossoms seen in dreams, or like the fabled fairy gold that vanished at a

touch. Yet no fairy gold is here, but the veritable gardens of the Hesperides and the true river of Pactolus. By the side of this magical stream one day stood a young prince. His name was John W. Mackay. There was nothing to denote that he was to be favored of all the gods, that boundless wealth and happy love, fair sons, fine health, loving friends and long life were all to be given to him. Yet these things came to pass, and no crowned head in the world to-day receives more homage than his, and none of them in my opinion are one-half so worthy of it as he. No proud descendant of a royal line ever could boast of truer nobility of heart and soul than this nobleman of nature from the Sierras. Names of Douglas and Bruce shine in Scottish history. Burke, Curran, Grattan and Emmet are fondly remembered as gems from the Emerald Isle; England has her great lights of literature, of poetry and patriotism; but in the days to come the descendants of John Mackay will be as proud to boast of him for their ancestor as are the lineage of any chief in Great Britain. He is the embodiment of all that is best and truest in our American country. Unspoiled by the power of a colossal fortune, with a heart that feels for all in struggling and sorrow, the kind deeds, of which perhaps the world will never know, will wreath for him an eternal laurel crown and smooth his pathway to the stars. He who gives precious jewels as souvenirs of friendship or of love, is sure that in one sense they will be lasting; for they decay not, though the forms they decorate perish and fade away; but he who comforts the afflicted, or renders some priceless kindness, his name shall be traced by angel hands in that immortal record where we stand as we really are, and beside its luminous splendor the titles of statesmen, bards and conquerors shall fade! I know if I could be permitted to take wings and fly for one instant to that blest abode, and the Recording Angel should grant me a glance at its pages, I should clearly read the names of John W. Mackay and his wife. For they tell me that, amid all her dazzling social triumphs, greater than any other American ever achieved within the closely locked portals of the great ones of the Old World, she has never forgotten to minister to the poor and the unhappy. A fond husband has adorned her with historic jewels; gems which once sparkled on the brows of queens now shed their luster upon the American beauty. But their imprisoned rays of light grow dim when they are compared with the

grateful tears which beam in the eyes of those whom she has befriended and saved from despair.

Ancient legends tell that Queen Elizabeth, of Hungary, when carrying bread to her starving poor, was stopped by her stern husband, the king, who inquired what she held in her apron, and she replied in her terror that it was only flowers, and that when he rudely grasped the bundle, behold! there was nothing but fresh fragrant roses! Thus, like Saint Elizabeth's unfading flowers, in many a heart the heavenly roses of memory bloom for the Mackays! Some day they will be twined for them into immortal garlands, whose precious dew shall be the sad tears they caused to be wiped away! One of Italy's most illustrious names, the Colonna, has been given to the fair daughter of Mrs. Mackay. It is fitting that the great families of the past should unite their expiring glories with the bright fame of the present age. Their record dates back to the twelfth century, at which time Giovanni Colonna was made a Cardinal. The history of the middle ages tells that they belonged to the Ghibelline party, and that one of them was created Pope. The celebrated Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of Febrizio Colonna, and her mother was the Duke of Urbino's daughter. Vittoria married the Marquis of Pescara, who died at the age of thirty-six. Her sorrow at his death caused her to lead the life of a religious recluse, although she admitted into her solitude a few favored friends; among them was the great painter, Michael Angelo. Famous alike for her intellect, beauty and her remarkable devotion to her husband's memory, her name is one of the proudest in fair Italy's annals.

Of the four bonanza kings, only Mackay and Fair are left, O'Brien having died years ago, and Flood but recently, in Germany. We were greatly disappointed to find, on our arrival at San Francisco, that Senator Fair was just about to start for an extended European tour. We knew that all his former kindness to us at Washington would be renewed when he learned that we were there for Maud's health. He is a great traveler, having already been around the world, and he is apt to grow restless in a very quiet life. He and Mrs. Fair both have exquisite taste in their surroundings and appointments of every kind, which is much more than can be said of a great many people who possess abundant wealth. When I saw Mrs. Fair in Washington I said at once that she

was one of the very best dressed women I ever met, and I supposed, as a matter of course, that her gorgeous wardrobe was directly imported from Paris, that central point where the devotees of fashion turn for their inspirations; but I afterwards learned that an artiste of San Francisco had *carte blanche* for supplying these peerless robes, fit to deck the form of a queen. This gifted personage was known as Madame Max, and we were all perfectly charmed, not only with her costumes, but with her delightful little French graces of manner and her unfailing cheerfulness. She seemed, too, quite as anxious to bestow her marvelous skill upon the simple dresses of those who were not in the gilded splendor of the bonanza circle, as on those of the golden queens of that golden city. I was charmed to meet her last year in New York City, where, with her husband, she has now taken her abode. She seemed to create in everything she made a sentiment which gave each garment a special little romance of its own. If I possessed the purse of one of the mining millionaires, I should feel that its shining contents were well repaid by the creations of Madame Max's fairy fingers. I do not hesitate to pronounce her as fine a modiste as the country can boast, though, for that matter, any one of our leading New York modistes can excel anything I ever yet saw which was imported from the other side of the Atlantic—Paris, London, or where you will. Their matchless talent and taste are so far above that of mere amateurs, that it is safer to trust their judgment than one's own, and I have often wondered at the conceit of many people who constantly spend vast sums in rendering themselves hideous, when by a timely confidence in the judgment and genius of Donovan, or Howard, or Connelly, they could be transformed into magnificence. Solomon said long ago that a fool will not be parted from his folly, and so there will still continue to be Americans who prefer being cheated abroad to receiving an honest equivalent for their money at home. I claim, as the result of considerable observation, that our work is much better done than that of foreigners, and that our leading artistes here have no superiors in the world.

Senator Sharon, whom we knew in Washington, was the owner of the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, and his kind welcome made us feel that we were not among strangers, though in a strange land. His daughter, Flora, whom we remembered as a lovely young girl, had since become Lady

Hesketh, of England, her husband being a relative of the poet Cowper, whose letters to his dear cousin Hesketh are among the most interesting in his memoirs. The eldest sister, who married Mr. Francis Newlands, a prominent lawyer, had been called away from this life, leaving three beautiful children, who seemed doubly dear to their grandfather, the Senator. This hotel, the Palace, is said to be the very largest in America, having one thousand sleeping rooms. It was modeled after one the Senator specially admired in France, and he always seemed to take a great interest in its management, which then was in the especial charge of a very fine man, Mr. Sedgwick, who certainly proved to be a most agreeable host. There, too, was the most famous hotel clerk of this continent, Smith, who never forgot a face or a name. It goes without saying that it was a charming and comfortable place to stay, and the months we dwelt there are beautiful in our remembrance now.

“ Long, long shall the heart with these memories be filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled ;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

As I look back through the seven years, which in some aspects seem like a century, that is, if we keep account of time by suffering and tragic experience, instead of figures, I love to paint with ardent friendship's colors in my fancy the dear faces of the good friends who sustained me in my long conflict of hope against despair. How often have I asked myself the question, whether a merciful Fate did not send me to those distant shores of the Pacific, where I felt a fuller sense of life in every vein, a courage to brave all trials, as though there was in the air some divine incense which gave faith and power to the drooping soul. San Francisco, city of my heart ! Never again shall I behold thee, save in dreams ! If only Maud, my adored one, could have been restored by thy magic spell, I would then somehow have revisited thy cherished shores. But only a year later she went to a far distant land, unseen by mortal eyes.

“ And my thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away.”

The first card sent to our rooms bore upon it this inscription: "Mrs. Lester, sister of Senator Jones." The sacred love of which this was the herald will be continued in eternity, for, like me, she had a beautiful and dying child. Sweet Agnes Lester, with her lovely auburn and waving hair, her dark eyes, and her rose-flushed cheeks, which deceived the beholder with hopes destined to decay! Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, is one of the great figures in the history of the Pacific Coast, written and unwritten. Men of this region are on a grander scale in brain and heart than the narrow and sordid people of the East. They bear their gigantic successes without elation, and their terrible reverses without a murmur. "Dame Fortune's golden smiles" may change into lowering frowns, but these brave souls can never feel dismay. Uncrowned monarchs of their own realms, they show in all experiences an unchanging front to the world. Senator Jones was at one time worth many millions, but when the great depression came in the value of the Comstock and the Sierra Nevada mining shares, he bore the news that his fortune had vanished with all the composure of an Indian Chief at the stake. He has a most original and many-sided mind. He has read everything, and thought and reflected on everything. To borrow one of his own favorite expressions, he has "seen all there is of this play called Life, and they may ring down the curtain for him at any moment." But still I believe that last summons will be an unwelcome one, for he enjoys all things to the utmost, possessing as he does one of the most generous and genial natures in the world. The money of all the Rothschilds could not remain long in his pockets, for he could resist no sufferer's appeal, and if boundless charity be, as our Lord Jesus says, the greatest of all good qualities, then, at the sounding of the name of John Percival Jones, the gates of Paradise will roll ajar, and in that radiant light of which we dream, he will see the faces of those who loved him, crowding to meet him, joyously again, nevermore to say farewell! If he were merely to note the events of his life, they would make a brilliant record, for not only has he had a stirring career himself, but he has been the friend and confidant of many illustrious people. He was for years the *Fidus Achates* of Roscoe Conkling, and his estimate of the character of that distinguished statesman is probably the most correct one formed by any of his friends. Senator Jones is

not blinded by friendship in the least, and, though capable of ardent attachments, he has the faculty of seeing faults and weaknesses very plainly, though in dealing with them he is the most lenient and gentle judge in all the world. He makes much allowance for circumstance and temperament. I believe snobbishness and hypocrisy are in his eyes the most detestable of crimes, and as he is a marvelous, almost magical, reader of human nature, he is not easily deceived. He is gifted with the most charming adaptiveness, being equally at home in the mining-camp or the salon. Yet, though his society is eagerly courted by the rich and powerful, he listens patiently always to the story of the poor wayfarer on life's rough highway, sharing to the utmost his means, and generously giving his labor and his time to help the unfortunate, who have stumbled or fallen on the way. He is now in his third term as United States Senator, from Nevada, being always the people's choice for that position. He is generally beloved all along the Coast, and I fear he will find it a difficult, if not impossible, thing to retire, as he sometimes wishes to do, into private life. He is very fond of San Francisco and would like to live there, but the pressure of business and politics force him on continually to the East. The dreamy beauty of his western home suits the poetic side of his nature and woos him to return to the land of the laurel and the cypress, with its balmy and fragrant airs, which never blow too hot or too cold, and make life a luxury, while the legislative halls of the Nation call out to him in tones to which his higher nature responds, and he has fought many a hard-won battle for his region, on the silver question and other great and important issues. I suppose to such minds as his repose would soon create satiety, for

“ Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last ;
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die.

He married Georgiana, the daughter of Eugene Sullivan, of San Francisco, who was collector of the port in the time of Grant's Presidency. Of all the blessings in his richly-endowed life, I think the greatest Senator Jones ever possessed is his wife. She combines in one person more charms

and more goodness than almost any other woman in the world. Of Irish ancestry on one side, and educated in a French convent, all that is most fascinating in these two races seems to be hers. My daughter, Maud, who was not only fastidious in worldly affairs, but from her crystal-pure nature a soul reader as well, pronounced Mrs. Jones to be the most perfect lady she ever met. She had, to a marked degree, the "bel air" which Beatrix Esmond so admired, and those who knew her father best say that it was specially inherited from him. When I met him, it was in the decline of his days, and he was then in a very melancholy state of mind, owing to many disappointments. His feelings are thus expressed in a verse written on his last birthday:

"Once more the surf upon the beach hath rolled,
More dismal every time it breaks and cold;
It leaves what other surges left before,
Torn wrecks of hopes that erstwhile gaily sped,
Pale blood of waves in ocean battles shed,
And some rare sea-shells, beautiful but dead,
Upon the weary shore."

Mrs. Jones, though thoroughly accomplished, is not in the least pedantic, but adapts herself charmingly to every one. She is considerably younger than the Senator, but I have often thought what a pity it would have been if she had wasted her rare personality on some younger man, for it would require a mature observation and experience, both to enable a man truly to appreciate such a peerless woman—and her husband does, in every fiber of his being, with all his heart and soul. Roy, his son by an earlier marriage, inherits his father's fine nature and great qualities of mind. He will forever be incapable of petty thoughts or narrow views on anything. He has been from his birth, where he reigned as the little prince at Gold Hill, so constantly petted and beloved that it would have spoiled any but the sunniest and noblest of characters. The three daughters of his present marriage, Alice, Marion and little Georgie, her mother's image, are all charming and beautiful children. It is beautiful to see the fond affection that unites the whole family at Gold Hill. There is the Senator's mother, a magnificent looking old lady, who is royally worshiped by her numerous descendants and all their connection by marriage. There is Sam, the bachelor uncle, who has all the nieces' and nephews' affairs closely at

heart. There is the good and generous Alonzo Hamilton, who married one of the Senator's sisters. There is George Lester, the husband of my own dearest friend. There is Mrs. Gorham, a superb character, whom to know is a privilege and a benefit. Truly, if it were not for the sad visits of the death angel, who has stolen almost all her treasures from Mrs. Lester, this family would not need to long for Paradise, but would find it at Gold Hill. This reminds me that I was told that Napa Valley, close by them, is often claimed as the real spot where stood the Garden of Eden. Many people go there to try the grape-cure, which is reported to be an unfailing panacea—another instance of how mythology clings still to our latest nomenclature, and how the fabled daughter of Esculapius is made to bestow her name on every new discovery which is supposed to mitigate human suffering.

Senator Jones brought to us at once Doctor Bruner, a friend of his own and an accomplished physician. We became deeply attached to him. His daily visits were a consolation, and his face was our oracle, in which we read hope or fears. Yet he might have made it a mask, if he had so chosen, for a more perfectly calm and self-contained man I never saw. He was so kind to Maud, so exquisitely gentle, and in all ways such a polished gentleman, that his memory is part of the tender light that ever hovers over San Francisco. He seemed devoted to his home, though he had been all about the world—a student at Paris, a traveler everywhere. In those pleasant days, when we were first established in this lovely place, I thought the motto of the State of California expressed my feelings. It is "Eureka"—I have found it! Surrounded with dear friends, with a most skillful doctor, with Maud smiling and contented, and Hope ever singing her syren song in my heart, it seemed indeed that I could bribe, coax or drive away the dread specter standing near. In the old legend of Pandora, when the evils were let loose upon mankind, and Hope alone remained to console, was it well? Or would it be better to know at the outset of every struggle that defeat was sure, if so it were written? I believe that hope is like love in its nature, that it outlives all things, that floods will not drown it, nor death destroy it. For does not love survive all disappointments here and build for itself in dreams an eternal home for which it waits? Hope is the nepenthe for the soul's agony, and we shrink

from accepting at once as final the dread decrees of fate, but eagerly sip the delusive draught whenever it is offered, and turn aside from the dark cup of despair, until at last it is forced to our unwilling lips. And then, with what strange fortitude we drain it to the bitter dregs! Whence comes this strength? Surely it is more than mortal! The Christian of to-day gazes upon the cross and, like Jean Valjean, is comforted by the example of the Great Martyr, but pagans of all races have also seemed to have a spiritual help. Whence comes this high and unknown reliance? Answer, Socrates, who didst cheerfully drink thy hemlock in prison, with the saying that henceforth all earthly cares are drowned! Answer, Cleopatra, who, with a serpent's bite, baffled a Cæsar's triumph! Answer, mighty Julius, when thou didst wrap thy mantle round thine imperial form to hide from false friends thine agony! And Napoleon, thou Sesostriis of modern days, when the kings who drew thy chariot turned to rend thee at last, and imprisoned on a lonely rock-bound isle the mighty spirit that once aroused the world, say, from whence didst thou derive thy god-like power to smile with calm disdain on the allied powers whose combined strength was needed to cope with thy brain alone? Perhaps it was the proud consciousness that thou wast greater in thy exile than in thy blaze of glory, for nothing is so contemptible in the eyes of the Muse of history, past or present, as the many contending and arrayed against one. Many places shone from the reflected luster of thy name, but St. Helena more than all!

“Thou isle! to be remembered long and well,
That saw'st the unfledged eaglet chip his shell!”

Tell, O, gentle Louis, King of France, and fair Marie Antoinette, whose royal blood stained forever the merciless guillotine! And the ill-starred Stuarts, Charles the First of England, and Mary of Scotland, who trod the scaffold's floor as though it were the path to a rendezvous of love! And Anne Boleyn, the monarch's worshiped bride, who coolly observed that one stroke would be enough, as her neck was so small! And the countless brave soldiers, who have dared and met death in battle-fields, and who have passed into eternity, smiling, undaunted, triumphant!

Justice Field, of Washington, with his wife, was living that summer at the Palace Hotel. California is their home, and they return there almost every year, much to the delight of the people, who are so proud of them. Mrs. Field is a very beautiful and attractive woman, and her position is on the topmost pinnacle of that glittering structure called the "best society." To possess her friendship is to possess a signet ring which will gain favor in the most exclusive circles, and she uses her power in the most amiable and lovely way. Her receptions are as delightful as Washington has ever known, for the reason that in their quality they never change, as she does not bestow her smiles on wealth or sudden success alone, but makes her home the nucleus of the literary and gifted ones who, sooner or later, drift from all parts of the world to the Capital City. Though gifted by nature with charms of person and manner, yet the elegance and culture which surround her are the result of long years of association with the finest minds of the country. Her limpid blue eyes, clear as the waters of Lake Tahoe in her native State, have looked on nothing but happiness. No sorrowful tears have ever marred their brilliancy, and yet she feels sensitively the grief of her friends, and her sweet sympathy, together with that of her husband, while in San Francisco and afterwards in Washington, I fondly remember and appreciate. This grand couple have no children of their own, which seems a pity, since such high qualities should be perpetuated. One day Judge Field said in San Francisco that he should have loved such a daughter as my Maud, and spoke of Maud's evident love for his charming wife. "Ah," said I, "but would you like to have her for your very own and then lose her?" "Yes," he replied, "and you should consider it a great blessing to have had her given to you for eighteen years." I fully agree with him now. Many such words spoken to me then have proved a source of consolation. This was on her birthday; her friends brought her beautiful flowers, and looked at her with sad smiles. She never saw another birthday on earth. The Field family are perhaps quite as remarkable as any in our country. Stephen J. Field, the illustrious Judge, is conceded to be one of the very ablest and purest men who ever wore the ermine. He was the choice of the highest element in both parties for the mantle of the Chief-Justiceship after the death of Mr. Waite. Mr. Crowley said at the time that, had he been chosen, he

would have made the grandest one in our history. This reminds me that Mrs. Grant once told me that it was her profound admiration and appreciation of Mr. Conkling which induced the President to offer him the Chief-Justiceship. Perhaps it was the recollection of the high honor he had once so carelessly waived aside, when honors were thick in his path, that made him refuse with such bitter contempt the lesser office proffered him later by the creature of his own creation, Chester Arthur. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

The three brothers of the Justice, Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic Cable fame, and David Dudley Field, the venerable lawyer, the eldest of the family, and the Rev. Henry Field, editor of the *Evangelist*, are all living in New York City, perfectly well and active as ever, with no thought of resting on their oars. A very strong family love binds them together still, through all their busy years of renown. The Judge is the handsomest and most elegant of them all, and is wonderfully youthful in appearance, and his wife is the most beautiful of a family noted in California for loveliness of person and character. She was very young when she became his bride, but time has endorsed the wisdom of her choice, and the union is one of the happiest on earth.

Senator Sharon's famous country-seat, Belmont, so sadly associated with the tragic death of Ralston, its former owner, was then the scene of brilliant entertainment. For the sake of giving Maud a change of scene, and also an opportunity to meet some of the young people of San Francisco, he made up a party of guests and gave them several days of charming revel at Belmont. The host and hostess were the celebrated "Duke" Gwin, the Ex-Senator of California, and his wife, and no one would have dreamed the real owner of all this magnificence to be the slight-figured, quiet, unassuming man who glided here and there like some pale shadow, with not the least air of the ruler. I asked him, as I sat by his side at dinner the first evening, if it was not a happy thing to be the lord of Belmont. He replied in poetry, a favorite habit of his, saying:

"Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart, the heart is lonely still."

Later on in the evening, when I saw him surrounded by a

group of maidens, beautiful as houris, and heard him murmuring sweet love-words from Lalla Rookh, I thought his heart was far from lonely at that hour, in the moonlight of a matchless summer night, in that heavenly climate, and in a palace which might have rivaled that of the Veiled Prophet himself, of whom he was discoursing:

“We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.”

Maud was very happy that evening, and felt unusually bright. She wore a white dress, with some lovely lilies the young girls had gathered for her on our arrival. Her partner at the table was a friend from Washington, whom she was delighted to meet by a happy chance in this distant place, Mr. Dudley E. Saurin, Her British Majesty's Secretary of Legation, a most fascinating and noble gentleman, whom we shall ever gratefully remember. He has a faculty, partly natural, and yet partly through long mingling with the most cultivated people, of making one feel on first acquaintance as though he had been known for years. That elegance of manner, when accompanied by fine feeling and a kind heart, is irresistible. Maud, herself so reserved, felt completely at home in the genial presence of Mr. Saurin, while at first she was a little bewildered with the bright array of happy and healthful people on every side at the gay country house. Oh, those beautiful young ladies at Belmont! I never in my life, before or since, saw so much loveliness and sweetness grouped together in one house. No wonder Senator Sharon dreamed himself a Persian prince, with a harem of the flowers of Arabia clustered about him! First came the two Brooks sisters, Belle and Margery—Belle a charming blonde, with merry blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, and Margery a stately maiden, with a wondrous coronal of brown braids and a pale interesting face. I have not heard from them since we parted, but I trust that they are happy, for they turned aside from many a tempting prospect of gayety to stay with Maud, and the light of their bright eyes' gentle glances as they shone on her will go with me forever. There was pretty Bessie Sedgwick, who had quite a record for admiration, and Belle Wallace, who resembled Mrs.

Langtry, the English beauty, more than any one I ever saw, and who has since made a marriage both happy and grand—a rare thing, indeed! She is worthy of it, for she is a sweet girl, or, rather, I must suppose her to be a woman now—a mother, too, perhaps. There was the handsome Sibyl Sanderson, who has had already quite a romantic career, and who sang charmingly. I can still hear her clear notes ringing, as she sung this favorite song of that time:

“I think of all thou art to me,
I dream of what thou canst not be;
My life is cursed with thoughts of thee,
Forever and forever!”

There were Miss Morgan, Miss McKinstry, Miss Bessie Thornton and Miss Maggie Gwin, and the two daughters of the Ex-Senator, Mrs. Coleman and Miss Gwin, to whom we were indebted for so much that made our visit pleasant. The ladies of the Gwin family are all very fine looking, and have most perfect taste in matters of the toilet. They have the gift of being dressed suitably for all hours of the day and for all occasions. With their superb figures and graceful carriage all styles were becoming. I did not wonder at all that they were in such great demand, for they were the life of every party, and extremely thoughtful for the comfort and pleasure of their guests. Their home in the city was the resort of the brightest, not only of home people, but of travelers fortunate enough to be presented. They were very proud of their distinguished parents, and well they might be, for California will not soon look upon their like again. William M. Gwin was a great man, both physically and mentally. In person he was like a giant oak that had grappled with a century of storms. Such strong characters always meet with fierce opposition and censure, but it only seems to add to their growth and draw attention to their vast superiority. He would have made a great king or chief in feudal times, for he was cast in that mold of which royal conquerors are made. He towered above all others, a striking and majestic figure, with his luxuriant snow-white hair, that waved over his stern brow like a spotless plume, pointing the way to victory. His life was one of the most stormy of which we have a record. He was in sympathy with the southern rebellion, and therefore his large estates were con-

fiscated, and he went over to France. There he was sought out by the Emperor, who at once proffered an alliance, both friendly and political. The ill-starred Maximilian wished to make him Duke of Sonora, hence his title, which somehow always seemed to suit him well, for he was born to leadership and authority, and would have walked to the guillotine with undaunted step and smiled in the very face of death. On the second evening of our stay at Belmont, "Duke" Gwin was my companion at dinner, while Mrs. Gwin was accompanied by Senator Sharon. This lady was a great belle and beauty in Buchanan's administration, when her husband was in the Senate, and at her dinner table the most frequent and honored guests were Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. The President himself always attended her receptions, and she entertained with a regal splendor. Costly wines flowed then more freely than in later days, and though, for some reason, the change is a noble one, yet in other respects it seems to me that the manners and the wit of those times were superior to our own. Business, and not romance, check books and not eloquence, carry the day now. *O, tempora! O, mores!*

It was most interesting to me to hear Senator Gwin tell of the memorable day on which Webster delivered his reply to Hayne. His love and admiration for the great orator shone in his flashing eyes, and the snowy crest which adorned his massive head fairly shook with his excitement as he repeated the thrilling words at the close: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." If the question occurs here why Senator Gwin should have helped to try to sever that Union, one can only say that consistency is the rarest of all possible jewels. Why so great a mind could ever have defended slavery, could ever have thought it right to inflict such countless miseries on fellow-beings, because their skins were darker than his own, will in this life always be a mystery to me. God's image carved in ebony, as some one says, is quite as sacred as in white, or yellow, or copper, or any other shade. Many an earnest discussion did I have on this subject with the old Senator, but not all the eloquence of all the sages could ever convince me that it was or ever has been right. Another theme on which he discoursed eagerly was the ancient southern custom of dueling, which was in early days quite frequent in California. I looked upon it as murder unmitigated, and the most senseless way in the world of avenging insulted honor. But "Duke" Gwin was like the

knights of old, who ever carried lance and bow, and were ardent alike in love or hate. Such natures create warm friendships and vindictive enmities. They suffer more and enjoy more than the lesser souls can ever imagine. They are sure to leave upon their times an unfading mark, and, though often associated with strife, are surrounded by an atmosphere of distinction that makes them much more interesting than those who lead more peaceful and less envied lives. Happiest are they of whom almost nothing can be written! His only son, William M. Gwin, to whom he was tenderly attached, was happily married to a very charming woman, and I believe the family circle had only once been broken. The old "Duke" was very fond of his children, and told me the reason he was so deeply interested in Maud was that she reminded him of a little daughter they had lost when in Washington, who was but twelve years of age, and that sorrow seemed never to have faded from his mind. After all those long years he described her traits of character, and her fair promise of loveliness with all the eloquence of which he was master, as if the wound were but of yesterday. He loved to tell me also of the admiration his beautiful wife met with in diplomatic circles of that time, and, indeed, I could readily believe it, for she is a beautiful woman still, and possesses the grand air which is more lasting than beauty. Senator Sharon knew that the crowning charm of Belmont's festivities was to win her to preside as hostess, with the stately old chief, her husband, at her side. They were such a pair as could be seen nowhere else, and under no other conditions. They belonged to history, and there was about them a radiance of a brilliant past.

Senator Sharon's hospitality was conducted on a most princely scale. You felt it at the very start, when you found that your tickets for the train which took you there were presented to you, and on reaching the station a vine-wreathed char-a-banc, suggestive of woodland jollity, awaited you. As you drive through the grounds, you are impressed by the somber groves of cypress and laurel, the trees sacred to death and victory. Perhaps the cypress, after all, is best, for its branches droop over a heart at rest, and aching brows must often wear the laurel. Again, it is denied to those most fitted to be adorned with it. One of the ancient superstitions regarding the laurel tree was that, if the leaves became withered, a king would die. All the legends seem to con-

nect its crown with heroes, or bards. The one most noted in our time as laureate is Alfred Tennyson, and never did one more proudly or fittingly receive the classic wreath. Nothing could be more beautiful than "Maud" and "In Memoriam." For years I have never traveled without a little volume which contains these two, and also a small copy of "Childe Harold." Tennyson, too, adored Byron in his youth, and he now writes that, when the mournful tidings of his death was brought to England, he wandered off to the woods and carved on a fallen trunk the words, "Byron is dead," feeling that it must indeed be the end of all things. "England, with all thy faults," thou hast still produced three immortal bards, Byron, Tennyson and Shakespeare, and of course countless others, but these are the bright, the refulgent, the dazzling stars. As Bob Ingersoll says, "they have exhausted the language." The house at Belmont is perfectly adapted for fêtes and revels, having a fine ball-room and billiard-room, and a bowling-alley in the rear, and plenty of saddle horses for the young people, and even habits for the young ladies. Senator Sharon each morning presented his fair guests with a wonderful bouquet of most delicate tints, all selected from his conservatories and gardens. There are many fine pictures at Belmont, and the prettiest of all is one called the Spanish Coquette, in which the picturesque dress of that country is finely delineated.

Lovely music always added to the spell, and indeed everything proved that wealth is the modern magician, at the waving of whose wand all things appear. Even love has learned to obey, and certainly, in this Republic of glorious power, no high position can be attained without this invocation, this incantation, or whatever you choose to call it. People have at last really solved the problem of serving both God and Mammon. That is, they appear to do so. Roederer, the favorite champagne of San Francisco, sparkled freely at Sharon's banquets; and the luscious fruits of that fertile country rivaled the most tempting creations of his gifted chef—the fresh figs, the ruby cherries, the blushing nectarines, and grapes of every hue, from the dark purple of the Spanish to the opaline Tokay. No artist could pass without the desire to place on canvas the wonderful coloring of the fruits as they are arranged in tempting pyramids in the shops of San Francisco. Alice went out early every morning to select some, and Maud, on awaking, would find

at her bedside a dish charmingly arranged with a variety which no other spot on earth could offer: plums of magical bloom, side by side with pale strawberries; the rosy apricots, which are celebrated all over the world; the pomegranate, with its lovely red blossoms sung by poets, and worn in beauty's dark hair, and its "heart within blood tintured." Among the guests at Belmont were James Flood, the bonanza king, and his daughter Jennie, a very pleasant and attractive young lady. She wore a superb comb of topaz in her brown hair, which attracted me like a magnet, for it is one of my favorite jewels. Topaz is such a lovely yellow, or rather a brilliant amber, and simply for adornment, and aside from the intrinsic value, I prefer it to the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, or the emerald! I should think a necklace of topaz would be the loveliest of all, though I never happened to see one. Indeed, I never saw such a blaze of topaz flame as there was in this comb worn by Miss Jennie Flood. The word is derived from the Greek, and signifies the sun, and was suggested because large numbers of the gems were found in the isle of Topazos in the Gulf of Arabia. Its amber hue is said to be emblematic of constancy in friendship or love. If the wearing of this jewel could insure fidelity, what a mighty talisman it would be! It seemed to me that even the precious stones at San Francisco sparkled with a more radiant luster than at the East, they are so lavishly and carelessly worn, and are exhibited on all sides in such shining array. The jewelers display their priceless pearls and their diamonds of colossal value just as gracefully to travelers, when they are frankly told there is no thought of purchasing. It would be a pity if only the favored few who can buy these costly gems were allowed to feast their eyes on the rare splendors of color and light which these wonders of nature hold imprisoned. We are told in the Bible that the foundations of the new Jerusalem are adorned with all manner of precious stones, and the topaz is the ninth gem mentioned there, and the twelve gates are twelve pearls, and the streets of the city are pure gold, "and the gates thereof shall not be shut by day, for there shall be no night there."

"Duke" Gwin was a great admirer of Justice Field and fondly hoped to see him President. Mrs. Field was always, with her distinguished husband, an honored guest at all the beautiful country seats surrounding the city, Menlo Park and

the Crockers', and the Mills', and many others. She already held quite a little court of her own at Senator Sharon's home, and she was the first one to whom the venerable Senator presented me on our arrival, knowing we had met before in Washington. This brilliant first visit at Belmont came to an end at last, as all things will, and most fleetly the best and brightest; and we returned to our pleasant hotel, but we carried with us our kind hosts, Senator Sharon and Ex-Senator Gwin and his wife, for they had only gone there to entertain the party, which they did several times in the course of the season. On the day of our departure Maud looked so much brighter that I was inspired with fresh hope, and I asked Senator Sharon if he did not think she would yet be well. He answered, as he always did, in poetic strain:

"The king of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings."

I can still feel the thrill of fear that went through me as he spoke, but I shook it aside, and again drank of the nepenthe which some unseen power held forever to my lips. Ah! now, that "distant Aidenn!" We had really delightful society at the hotel. One of the most superb women I ever met was Mrs. D. C. Nicholls. She was very sympathetic, and her noble husband, the Captain, as we called him, joined with her in friendly attentions to us. I have always since hoped to meet her again. She is a gifted woman, having a highly cultivated voice and charming social abilities. These qualities, added to her elegant appearance, make her extremely distinguished whenever she appears. We met Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, the wife of another of California's millionaires, a very handsome woman, and a general favorite, whose surroundings were luxurious in the extreme, and whose only regret in life was that she had no children to share her splendors and her joys. We met the intimate friends of the McLaughlins, Judge Ross and his wife, a charming little woman, very kind and very fascinating, from whom we parted also with real regret. I have since learned that the Judge and Mrs. Ross had gone to live at Los Angeles. And among the many changes which have taken place since we left there, one of the first that came to our ears, almost as soon as we reached our home, was the news of the death of Mr. McLaughlin. His wife, who was deeply

attached to him, never recovered from the shock, but died suddenly not long since at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City. We met Mrs. John Corning, and Mrs. Davidson, and the two sisters-in-law of Senator Jones, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Bucknall, both lovely women, whom I should dearly love to meet again, and Miss Haskin and Mrs. Henry Gibbons. A few young officers, Riley, Warville, Webster and Lieutenant Cotton, whom we had known in Washington, were among those to whom we shall feel forever grateful, for courtesy extended when far from one's home is deeply appreciated and fondly remembered. Colonel Withington and his wife, who lived at the Palace Hotel, and who were also among the brilliant guests at Belmont, are fine specimens of the people of that cordial clime. It was afterwards a real delight to meet them in New York, and it was with a heart-throb of pleased surprise that we recognized the splendid form and handsome face of the Colonel amid the throng who promenade Broadway. Mr. Crowley went out to join us at San Francisco in July, taking with him our eldest son Richard, then thirteen years old. They accompanied us with a large number of friends to Belmont on the Fourth of July, which was celebrated in truly patriotic style. A new member of the party at that time was Mrs. J. Henley Smith, a pretty and attractive lady who lived at the Occidental Hotel. Though Mr. Crowley agreed with me as to the beauty of the country of California, yet he said he never could be contented long away from New York State. Indeed, he has, more than any one I ever saw, the attachment for his native place, and is very vulnerable to home-sickness, that nostalgia which makes the stalwart Swiss pine for his Alpine heights, his glaciers and his mountain air, and the exile from Erin sigh for his "cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood." John Howard Payne touched the one chord which thrilled round all the world when he sang his immortal ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," and one of Tom Moore's loveliest songs is, "The Dream of Home":

"Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?"

It is pleasant in a strange land to meet old friends, so Mr. Crowley at once sought out one of the companions of his

youth, Mr. H. D. Scripture, who had left Lockport for California many years before. He found him almost unchanged in all ways. I think almost the pleasantest meeting he had with an old friend, however, was the one with Gen. Edward Fitzgerald Beale, of Washington, and I am sure his legions of friends will agree with me that to see his genial face far from home would indeed be a satisfaction. He proved a charming companion, in our visits to the theater and to hear the far-famed San Francisco Minstrels. Wallack's Company from New York were then playing the "Silver King." It was just the play to attract the Californians, as it was certainly no more romantic than the lives they had seen in their midst, which would furnish many a glowing theme for the dramatist or the poet. Rose Coghlan was the star, and Osmond Tearle the hero of the piece, and he played finely the rôle of the Silver King. Maud had seen Rose Coghlan at Long Branch the year before, and when she heard that the actress she so much admired was stopping at the same hotel and on the same floor with us, and finding the time dull because the physician had ordered quiet, she begged me to go and see Miss Rose and ask her to visit her. I did so with some trepidation, for I had never met her, but I knew if she was as kind-hearted as all other members of the profession whom I had met, she would respond to this plaintive call from a sick child. As I told her my errand, and how Maud longed to see her again on the stage, she seemed to feel and pity the hopes and fears struggling for utterance, and to realize that in gratifying Maud's wishes I was anxious at the same time not to endanger her fragile strength. The tears came to her eyes and she replied: "Of course I will come and see the dear child, to-morrow, after rehearsal." And so she did, and her visit proved a veritable tonic, for Maud brightened like a flower in the sunshine, and persuaded her indulgent doctor Bruner to let her go to the theater. The kind actress even consented to play, for Maud's sake alone, the "Romance of a Poor Young Man." How happy Maud was that night, in the box with some dear friends of the year before in Washington, Lieutenant Hein and his wife, formerly Miss Sallie Ross, a well-known belle. It was Miss Rose Coghlan's benefit night, and the city had been rifled of its flowers, so when Maud and I went out in the morning to find some roses, we found that every Jacqueminot, every Marechal Niel, every rose of every name and

hue was bespoken for the Rose of the Drama. So, in despair, for Maud would have no other flower on that day, we turned away when a little French woman, touched as all people were by the lovely face, relented and said: "I will go home to my garden, and pick the little rosebuds for you of every color I have." So she sent to us later a most wonderful collection of exquisite rosebuds, dewy and sweet, with many a lovely tint, from glowing ruby to softest pink, and spotless white. So, at the scene Maud loved the best, the sweet offering was flung at the feet of the actress. And never in all the triumphs of her life could she have a purer gift. And I know that she does not forget Maud Crowley.

One of the young officers whom we had met at Washington, Lieutenant Cotton, at this time at the Presidio, is associated with recollections of the stage. He once brought with him to call upon us John McCullough, who was delightful in conversing and recounting the varied experiences of starring through the world. I think the finest tribute to the great actor was written by William Winter, who read it at the dedication of the monument at Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, November 28, 1888. I will here quote one verse, which I specially like:

"There's no grand impulse, no revealing
In all the glorious world of art,
There's no sweet thought or noble feeling
That throbbed not in thy manly heart!
There's no strong flight of aspiration,
No reverent dream of realms divine,
No pulse, no thrill, no proud elation
Of god-like power, that was not thine."

These words might fitly apply to many in that profession, for there are no people so ready to proffer aid in distress as they, and it seems as though the noble sentiments they repeat from the great writers become their mottoes and beliefs, and give them a sweet religion of their own, free from all cant, and yet closely following in the footsteps of Christ and his beloved disciples. Many surprises await us in Eternity, and one, I think, will be that we shall see many straight-laced hypocrites unmasked, while others, scorned in this world, will be arrayed in spotless white, and dwell forever among the redeemed and blest.

“ We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning
When the mists have rolled away.”

Closely connected in all hearts with the memory of McCullough, will forever be the faithful friendship of his former manager, Capt. William Conner, now proprietor of the St. James Hotel, New York City. Among all the public men I have met in Washington or elsewhere, there are none more gentlemanly and more noble than Captain Conner, or Billy, as his intimate friends call him. His house is now the headquarters for the editors of this state, as he was formerly of their profession. Thus it will be seen that he has had a diversified career, and one which brought him into contact with the brightest classes of minds, writers, actors, politicians and all. He had for many years as a frequent guest the most brilliant editor western New York ever knew, James N. Matthews. Ah! Never again will that wit enliven the board! Never more shall friends clasp that generous hand! The glory of Erie has departed, and when I recall the flashing satire, the tender pathos of his pen, I am always reminded of a favorite verse of Roscoe Conkling, himself a near and intimate friend of the great editor.

“ There is not such a lance as thine
In all the ranks of Spain ”

Mr. Conkling repeated this line the last time I ever saw him in this world. Thackeray often mentions in his matchless romances, “ Esmond ” and “ The Virginians,” the great names of those who frequented certain inns in London and other English towns. But what a romance would be written of a house like the St. James, or the Fifth Avenue! If one could only tell the truth, it would readily be seen that fiction to paint in glowing colors must dip the brush into the palette supplied by real life itself. Great hotels are always associated with unexpected meetings of dear friends, and of enemies sometimes, for insignificant, indeed, is he who has none. At the Occidental, just opposite the Palace, in San Francisco, we had the great pleasure of meeting our old friend, Col. George L. Febiger, of Washington, and his lovely wife and daughter. Bertha was a constant source of comfort to Maud and Alice in their exile. It was a joy to be with them, as

they were almost the happiest people I ever saw, fairly beaming with life, good humor and kindness to every one. I believe they are now stationed at New Haven, and I hope their lines will always be in pleasant places. Lieut. Hein was stationed at the Presidio, immortalized by Bret Harte in his poems. Lone Mountain Cemetery, too, he has well described:

“Here come the argosies,
Blown by each idle breeze,
To and fro shifting;
Yet to the hill of Fate
All drawing, soon or late,
Day by day drifting.”

Years ago the young niece of United States Senator Stanford, the daughter of Senator Stanford, of Albany, said, on visiting this place, that evidently the rich people of San Francisco had not yet had occasion to turn their thoughts to it. Yet noted argosies have floated there since then, and many a stately shaft and towering monument tells of the doom no gold could buy away. James Flood, of bonanza fame, must now sleep there, and he is greatly missed from the city of his strange career. He was remarkable for his devotion and constancy to his family, and his boundless hospitality. He was a good looking man in the double sense, that is, if good looking means looking good, for he had a countenance expressive of fine qualities. That he managed his large business affairs with much skill is well known. His loss to his family must be irreparable. Maud insisted on paying a visit to Lone Mountain, and, though I shrank from allowing it, it did not seem to cause her the slightest pain. She said it reminded her of all she had read of Rome, for the cypress, the “dark tree” of death, so chosen because, when once cut, it will not grow again, was native and luxuriant there. It is not the young who turn away from the grim *Memento Mori*, but rather those to whom life has been most unkind, and from whom the fleeting years have stolen beauty, health and friends. Could death be more cruel than life hath been? Mr. Crowley was rejoiced to meet an old friend, Mr. Harvey D. Talcott, whose home was then at Hazel Mount, Saucelito, and whose wife kindly came to visit us. We also met Congressman Calkins, whom President Harrison appointed Judge of Washington Territory. It is always pleasant to hear of the deserving meeting with

a proper reward, and in this instance Mr. Crowley said the choice was most excellent. We met in San Francisco the Rev. Mr. Abercombie, a former pastor of the Episcopal Church at our native town, and part of his family. As we had known and liked them very much during their stay in Lockport, we were glad to meet them again. The pretty Martha, now Mrs. Redfield, was as charming as ever, and the kind old minister, her father, tried to warn me gently of the coming blow, for he, too, had been smitten in the same sad way, his only son, a young man of rare promise and great amiability of character, having been taken away from him not long before. Though he still grieved bitterly over James' untimely death, he was so reconciled to the Divine will that I felt the contrast with the rebellion in my heart that would not be repressed, when I contemplated even the possibility of separation from my child. Through the insight born of his own great suffering, he was able to read much that was then hidden from me; for love is blind, and those who love most deeply are the blindest of all. Since then all things have been revealed to him who waited with such patient faith. I noted with regret a few days since his departure from this world. And yet why regret? For there were dear ones waiting, and he was so good and true that he must be happy now with "Jamie" and the little daughter who died so long ago.

Maud was very fond of looking at the curious Chinese ornaments, the tapestries, and especially the portraits. The famous Ichi Ban's is the principal emporium for these things, and yet many choice articles of artistic beauty can be found at a very low price in Chinatown. Of course we could not take Maud with us there as, owing to the density of the population, the air was much too close, but Mr. Crowley and our son, Richard, myself and a party of friends visited there one evening. We found the Chinese theater the principal place of interest, with the strange, discordant shrieking of the actors, their costly and gorgeous costumes, and the seemingly absurd character of the plays. It is a positive torture to listen to their musical instruments. In fact the only art seems to be expended upon the dress, which is fantastic, barbarous and evidently very expensive. In the Joss-house, their place of worship, are grotesque images. One is called the "good devil," and another the "bad devil," and many others represent special divinities to be propitiated by constant offerings

at their shrines. These gifts consist generally of rice, tea and sometimes whisky, and the ministering votaries declare gravely that all these things are consumed in the night, and must be devoutly renewed in the morning. They tell you this with all the earnestness of the true believer. The national religion of China is Buddhism, but Confucius, their great philosopher, has still many believers, and there are now among them many Roman Catholics, and also a number of Mohammedans or Moslem. The Chinese ideas of how health or fortune may be dealt out are very queer. A vase full of slender sticks of sandal-wood quaintly traced in hieroglyphics is placed before you. No matter what your disease may happen to be, you are to take the number indicated and go to the doctor, and he will give you the medicine specified. No diagnosis is supposed to be necessary at all. From the Urn of Fortune the cabalistic tablets are dispensed in the same way, or rather in a simpler way. There are supposed to be three degrees, the best, the good, the bad. The truth of these mysterious degrees will be at once manifest, when I say that I always drew the best! However, I am still hoping for my good fortune, being of that class which Dryden describes :

“ None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.”

When we returned from our last lovely visit to Belmont, Mr. Crowley and myself were charmed to find, attached to a basket of superb Queen Anne cherries, the cards of some dear home friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank De Long. The daughter of the celebrated Judge Lamont, and the nephew of the equally distinguished Judge Bowen, have found in this golden land a beautiful and happy home. The horn of plenty might be their shield, for all things on their immense ranch at San Raphael are constructed on a colossal scale. We spent a few days with them and were surprised to find, just across the Bay of San Francisco, a complete change of climate, and positively warm weather instead of the cool breezes of the great city. I never even imagined such huge dairies before, and to see butter in such enormous quantities made me really covetous. And how Maud enjoyed the warm fresh milk her kind hostess sent her every morning!

She always said it was the nicest she ever tasted, and I have no doubt that, aside from the perfect care of the cows and the luxurious herbage, the strange and romantic surroundings had much to do with the enjoyment of it. We drove through long groves of huge laurel trees, and Fanny, that is, Mrs. De Long, told me that their peculiar odor would cure a headache, but that it would also cause one, somewhat on the principle which makes the foundation of homeopathy, *Similia similibus curantur*. It may have been my imagination, for the thought that I was indeed inhaling the odor of the immortal tree, Apollo's fabled love, and to feel its classic branches sweep over my brows as we passed into the dense shade, was enough to cause the blood to mount into the brain, and make one feel as Byron did at Mount Parnassus. Like the noble bard, I, too, wished some memorial to bear home with me, and I carried away branches enough to decorate many a hero, but, alas! I lost them, and ever since have wished for more, hoping that in them there might be inspiration. Our favorite drive at San Francisco was through the lovely park, with its glowing parterres of flowers, to the Cliff House, which stands on a towering craggy summit overlooking the beautiful harbor called the Golden Gate. Here my husband's coldness to the charms of California melted, and before this enrapturing scene he surrendered his decision that this wondrous country could boast of nothing so fair as his own. He declared the view to be the finest he ever looked on, and for hours watched the seals reclining and disporting on the great rocks that rise here from the blue waves of the Pacific, or gazed afar into the distance at the Farallone Islands.

At last the bright skies, the balmy air, the sweet flowers and the luscious fruits palled, as all things earthly will, and Maud grew restless as her friends one by one departed for the eastern land of her birth. With regretful feelings indescribable, we prepared to leave the city where we had received such a heart-felt, cordial welcome and so much kind sympathy. Our dear Doctor Bruner, Senator Jones and his sister, Mrs. Lester, came with us across the bay, and we were accompanied almost all the way home by Mr. Crosby Whitman and several other young collegians, on their way to Harvard College. Senator Jones had often told us of his dear young friend, the son of Judge Whitman, of Gold Hill, and it certainly proved a sweet drop in that bitter part-

ing cup to feel assured of his delightful company; nor were our anticipations in the least disappointed in that regard. Agnes Lester, the invalid niece of the Senator, was suffering from heart disease, and it was not considered prudent to subject her to the excitement of a parting scene. It was destined that Maud and Agnes should never meet again on earth, but they have long since met in Paradise, where their pure souls were best fitted to dwell! We are to be with many of our dear friends in Washington in the ensuing winter, and so to them 'tis but a brief adieu; but to thee, O, San Francisco! it is a last farewell to thy shining shores. Our visit to thee was like Indian summer to the year, beautiful with a dreamy haze overshadowing it all. Beautiful in a sense of the love of kind hearts, of surroundings like Eden before the exile; beautiful, above all, in the companionship of my adored child, with whose image the fair memory of those scenes is blent, a pleasure which is mine no more! Many another foot shall press that enchanted ground, many an eye brighten at its loveliness, many a ship from far distant lands enter the Golden Gate, but from that country whither Maud and Agnes have sailed there comes not the slightest ripple of the wave, not the lightest flutter of a sail, not the faintest sound of celestial melody!

“And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL GRANT.

“Like sunset gleams, that linger late
When all is darkening fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last.”

THE seventh anniversary of that last winter at Washington with Maud is fast approaching, and many an eye that looked fondly on her is now closed in death, while others that we knew have separated far and wide, and such changes have come into their lives that it would be impossible they

should ever meet under one roof again here. She enjoyed meeting, on her return from California, her Lockport friends of childhood's days, especially Kate and Lizzie Carter, Jennie Daniels, Mina Clarke and Mollie Dickerson. They have nearly all changed their names since then, but I speak of them as Maud knew them. The Carters she had loved almost from her infancy, and I always feel that she will ever be to them a sweet and lovely memory, and that, no matter how many footsteps cross the threshold of their hospitable door, they will still fondly recall the one light step they never can hear, the bright face that will never come again. There are some hearts we know will cherish our memories, while others, though they loved us once, can not help forgetting. In ancient Greece were said to be two fountains, one for memory, and the other for oblivion, and of the travelers who sought them some would drown all their sorrows in Lethe's dark waves, while others would quaff deeply of the bright fountain of memory, preferring to keep the past, with all its woes, rather than lose the power to recall each brief hour of bliss. But these last were fewer, and the multitude sought rather forgetfulness. And thus it is to-day. After the glorious red banners of the autumn had fallen, and the snow lay thick around her loved home, she drooped and pined for the softer airs, and the dear friends at Washington, some of whom she had but recently left in San Francisco. Mr. Crowley, though his term in Congress had just expired, could not resist her appeals, added to the warnings of physicians, and so, just after the holidays, we were very pleasantly settled at the Arlington once more. Our host, Mr. Roessle was so thoughtful and kind in his attentions, that Maud felt as much at home as in her father's house; in fact, she always loved him dearly. To crown all, Mrs. Jones was to be a guest there also, for the Senator had grown tired of his great house on Capitol Hill, and brought his family to the hotel, that he might live altogether without care for awhile. And so we met them several times each day, and even now I never see those lovely pink roses, called "La France," that I do not think of Mrs. Jones and all her sweetness, and see her coming into Maud's room, with a bunch of them in her hand, and a charming smile which always brought an answering one to the face of my darling. It was a delight to see the Fields again, though we had the pleasure of meeting them at Buffalo and Lockport just before, when Mrs.

Field was visiting her sister, Mrs. Condit Smith. Surely changes began early that year in our cherished circle, for Mr. Smith was carried away suddenly, after a brief illness, and this cast a shadow over the brilliant life of the wife of the great jurist, who felt deeply that her sister's happiness should be so rudely broken. There were dear Mrs. Logan, and the dear General, and charming Mrs. Tucker, and little Logan, and the General's son, all so kind, and, O, how glad Maud was to see them once more! I have found many false and ungrateful, and am somewhat disposed to rail at this world, and call it only a place of probation, but, when I think of Mrs. Logan, I at once admit there are some angels here whose mission it is to brighten and console, and who redeem the race, and illumine the time in which they live.

Emory Storrs, the celebrated lawyer of Chicago, was there a great deal during that season, being interested in the passage of certain bills before the House and Senate. We met him every day, as he was an old friend of Senator Jones, and dined with him constantly. I found him not only possessed of a great and tender heart, but one of the most brilliant intellects as well. His droll way of telling stories was inimitable. He became ardently interested in Maud, and every morning sent her a cluster of the lovely white Ascension Lilies, with a few words of inquiry as to her health, couched in most eloquent language. He was so genial, and so sympathetic, and held out so much hope to me, that his memory is one of the brightest and finest of that time. Like all sparkling characters, he was subject to fits of profound depression. This is not surprising to those who have known much of life, for we see constant examples on all sides. It is related of a celebrated French comedian that he once went to a skilled physician and begged for some remedy for the terrible malady of *ennui* and gloom which overpowered him. The doctor advised him to divert his mind, and told him the best thing to effect that purpose would be to go to the theater and hear Monsieur Blanc. "Alas!" cried the poor patient, "I am myself that unhappy man!" Thus it is that the masks are worn on and off the stage. When I was a child at school I remember being impressed with this sentence from Lamartine, in French exercises: "A smile on the lips and death in the heart is often the fate of a woman of the world."

I believe there is absolutely no idea to be found in the face as to the state of the mind. People have been known to jest on

the eve of suicide, to sing gay songs just before a battle, when the presage of impending disaster was strong within their souls. The nonchalant bearing disguises many a dread.

Who could have read, in the proud and beautiful Lady Dedlock's face, the signal of her approaching doom, or the possibility of a guilty secret beneath such solid prosperity? Hawthorne delicately and darkly hints at the burning of Hester's "Scarlet Letter" when she drew near some spotless matron, or some rigid Puritan magistrate, who would have enjoyed condemning the detested sinner to the stake. A curious thing in life is the lack of mercy. Those of high degree may break all the commandments in secret, but woe to the luckless wretch who commits the unpardonable sin of being found out. I have noticed this, not only in the behavior of women to each other, which is proverbially harsh, except on the part of the absolutely pure women, who are always angels of charity to the erring; but it is true among politicians that those who really are or have been most dissipated and dishonorable themselves are totally merciless to others who do precisely the same things, if they happen to be under the cloud of failure, it matters not from what cause. The hardest man I ever saw was one whose true story, if written, would cause that of Aaron Burr to grow dim and be forgotten.

Often a person in high station is indebted for the world's good opinion of him to the fact that the world knows him not as he really is. There is a Persian proverb which says that, if the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would at once draw his hat over his brows. A perpetual smile not only may hide despair within, but it may also serve to conceal a cruel nature. Shakespeare has said that a man may smile and be a villian, and Dickens, describing one of his most contemptible characters, Carker, dwells upon his gleaming white teeth, constantly displayed. The hateful Judge Pyncheon, in the "House of the Seven Gables," who fairly beamed upon the people in the streets, and whose radiant looks would ripen the fruits and cause the flowers to open, could plot the overthrow of a man's whole life, and instigate a murder with the same coolness with which he ordered his dinner, or took his place at the communion-table on Sunday. O, Christianity! how many wicked souls have worn thy outward seeming! It was believed by the ancients that the gods gave to mankind, in order to enable them to

bear their innumerable tortures, the power to conceal their real sufferings. I remember, the first time Mr. Conkling came to Lockport, I said to him that surely he must be perfectly happy, for fame had come to him early with her glowing garlands, and the world was all smiling in response to his slightest words. He replied with a great deal of expression:

“ If every heart’s unwritten care
Were stamped upon the brow,
How many would our pity share
Who move our envy now !”

I did not so readily believe then, as I do now, that a tremendous penalty is exacted for every shade and variety of success. Who can doubt this who has known or seen in close companionship those whom the world vainly imagine to be wholly satisfied? Thackeray’s closing words in “Vanity Fair” are among the truest ever written, though they but echo those of Solomon: *Vanitas Vanitatum*. Oh, you who have reached the very pinnacle of your ambition, what but sudden fall or slow decay can await you next? Or perhaps the loss of some loved one, without whom pleasure or fame were as one? Oh, you who have on some one child placed too much love and pride, gaze not on that beauty, feel no thrill at the splendor of that genius, or the spoiler will snatch it from you. Hope not to keep that child, seek not to attain that proud height, for ’tis true, as an old Latin poet said, that the bitterest drops are mingled in joy’s most delicious cup. Even fame is too capricious a goddess to come early enough in life to make her wreaths worth wearing. She waits till the brown curling locks are gray, and the bright eye dimmed, and the bounding step feeble and slow. Ah, why could she not respond to the youth’s eager wooing, and offer the nectar of success to fresh young lips? Why not come ere we have discovered that our dearest companions are envious, and that we are, as we go on, more and more alone?

General Grant and his wife spent some time at the Arlington that winter. Among the many strange coincidences was the fact that we never saw the General on earth again. He was looking exceedingly well, and there was no outward evidence that Fate had made up her mind to send him some of the most cruel sorrows in contrast with the glories of his glittering prime. But, though she could take from him both

health and fortune, the memory of his great victories and his peerless qualities of heart and soul were beyond her caprice. Even at the last she relented towards her favorite son, and restored power to the failing hand, and gave to the great mind the blessing of endowing his loved ones with the fruits of his genius, a heritage doubly precious, a victory snatched from the very jaws of defeat, with Death standing grimly by, in wait for one of the grandest men who ever obeyed his summons. As stars shine on through the ages, while tapers expire in an hour, so must the thought of Grant's great mind be in the recollection of men, when they compare him with the numerous ephemeral creatures of circumstances, who allow a brief period of prosperity to turn their brains to that degree that they are intolerable, not only to those who knew them before, but even to those whose favor they seek to gain by being false to early friends. The General's manner was precisely the same to those in or out of power. Money never was one of his idols. He had a profound contempt for the petty vanity shown by people who chanced to wake up and find themselves famous. In fact, of the three classes described by Shakespeare, those who are born great, those who achieve greatness, and those who have greatness thrust upon them, I think the latter class are the most insufferable by far. Any one, who has chanced to meet the members of royal families or of the highest circles of the nobility, will almost always bear witness that they are affable in manner, seemingly unconscious of their rank, and gentle to inferiors. To those who achieve greatness from the god-like power within themselves, which compels obstacles to vanish, and before which defeat and disaster turn aside and dare not strike, all mankind willingly render tribute. To admire such natures is involuntary and inevitable. They command at once the homage of a world. But to those on whom greatness is forced, though they may be surrounded by the parasites always found where thrift may follow fawning, there will never come the true reverence of the heart, the love which men felt for Napoleon, for Cæsar, for Grant, which made death for them sweet and desirable. There are countless multitudes in all ages to whom the hero's approving smile is worth more than all that successful mediocrity can bestow. General Grant's tour around the world had been an unequalled ovation. Crowned heads had laid aside the traditional reserve and seclusion, guarded and enjoined by cen-

turies of custom, to show him honor. Yet all this incense never for a moment clouded or intoxicated the most level brain in the world. The pageantry of courts did not dazzle him, nor the attentions of monarchs flatter him. In some of the delightful conversations I had with him, when, late in the evening, after ceremonious guests had departed, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of visiting Mrs. Grant and her husband alone, he expressed himself on this subject to me with frankness and interest. He said it was a matter of much surprise to him to observe the manner in which "that man across the Park," as he called Arthur, conducted himself at his receptions, and even at dinners given to honored guests. He told me that, when he went there with Mrs. Grant to dine, both they and the friends invited to meet them were compelled to wait some time before their host appeared upon the scene. Then the band, having been previously instructed to play "Hail to the Chief," he sauntered along, without saluting any one for some moments, apparently to give those present a chance to survey the elegant person of the "President." This posing inspired nothing but disgust in those who distinctly remembered having seen the Chief Magistrate under very undignified circumstances, but then, of course, it goes without saying that he would not pardon the slightest delinquency on the part of others for that very reason.

In reading John Russell Young's delightful book, "Around the World with General Grant," your fancy is actually beguiled into the belief that you have taken the journey with them. It is the best book of travel I have ever read, which is no small statement for me to make, as I have always been a spell-bound reader of just these special works, as well as of romances and poetry. If one is not so fortunate as to be able to visit those historic and alluring places, then the next best thing is to read Mr. Young's charming work. It has also the great advantage of being beautifully illustrated, so that I consider it a perfect treasure in every way. It treats of one of my most admired heroes, and I always have found Mrs. Grant to be just what the writer describes her to be, sweet, and courteous, and thoughtful for every one's comfort, and I agree with him in thinking the marriage and home life of General Grant a perfect one, and that the wife of the great man was in all ways worthy of her high destiny. This book causes us to reflect anew

on the constant changes in this crumbling world. The whole story is so vividly told that, in imagination, we gaze on the ruin that once was Thebes; we see then the vanishing traces of imperial splendor trodden upon and plundered by conquering hordes. The turbaned Turk, the dark Egyptian, each appears in turn, now victorious, and again vanquished. We see at Delhi the famous Peacock Throne, with its dazzling gems, its rubies, and emeralds, and diamonds blazing with all their mysterious fire, and its strange inscription in Persian characters, which literally transcribed is, "Oh, if there be an elysium on earth, it is this, it is this!" But there *is* no elysium on earth, as the forlorn condition of this seat of forgotten monarchs now testifies, speaking eloquently in contrast with its once barbaric splendor. The Persians were a little in advance of the English in this instance, and carried off those wondrous jewels. Grant seems to have been specially interested in the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Indeed, it must be a solemn thought that one is walking on the streets where sleeps the dust of buried ages! The glory of Pompeii has gone, and the beauty of Herculaneum has vanished! Ages have rolled by since those places were thronged with life, and now the dead alone are there. Forms strong and beautiful moved through those echoless streets and occupied those once gorgeous palaces. Warm, noble hearts beat there, eyes flashed with the fire of intellect, and lips long mute moved with the all-commanding power of eloquence. Now all are ashes. But there are other silent cities, which are scattered far and wide over all the earth. Their lowly mounds and lofty monuments are seen in every land. They are the homes which mother earth gives to her children when, in the innocence of childhood or the weariness of age, they sink to rest upon her bosom. Silently all repose alike, the high, the low, the rich and the poor. The grave hath no titles among its sleeping millions. Death hath no palace but the coffin, no purple save the shroud. All wear it and slumber on. Age is there, youth is there, and infancy in its guileless sleep. Earth weaves her grassy mantle over the beautiful and the gifted, and the lovely form is dust, and the voice of genius is hushed forever. She folds alike in her long embrace the devotees of Mammon and the votaries of Pleasure. Truly may we exclaim with Burke, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Guilt looks upon those still chambers as the openings to a dark and

dreaded future, while religion sees in them but the pathway to a better land. The tide of life is ever flowing onward to eternity, bearing youth and beauty, wealth and fame, alike in its never-varying course. How the fleet of souls is anchored we know not, but hope and trust in the promises of our Lord. After "the fever called living" the unbroken slumbers of the narrow house seem welcome, for faith whispers that the morn cometh to the sleeper, and the freed spirit enters upon a brighter world than ours. Earth's silent cities now claim her sleeping children, but when the last trumpet sounds, it is written that they shall give up their dead. Earth has her silent cities, cities of the ages gone, and every clime the silent cities of the dead, but the silent cities of the heart who shall number? Who may wander amid the graves in human minds? Who disentomb long-buried hopes and joys? No stranger's foot may tread the sacred walks, no stranger's eye gaze on its costly wrecks. The present safely hides them from the view, but the soul lingers lovingly with its dead, and oft a tear, the glancing of an eye, the trembling of a leaf, or the mellow lustre of the autumn light, charms into being and to former glory the buried treasures of the past. We may not know what glorious cities hope and love have planned, what gorgeous temples they have reared for the indwelling of affection's idol, blotted from existence by the burning lava-tide of passion, and sleeping now beneath the ashes of disappointment. One alone knoweth, and in that faultless record of our lives, kept by His hand, no thing of beauty unforgotten lies. As to the earth, so to the soul, shall come a resurrection, and the graves shall give up their dead. Our treasures shall be truly ours. All who are familiar with the story of Ulysses and his wanderings, as described in Homer's bewitching strains, must have thought of it in connection with the travels of Grant and his friends. We wonder what his musings were, standing on the spot where the Trojans fought:

"The desert of old Priam's pride,
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

All about the Mediterranean Sea seems full of romance and poesy, the Æolian Isles, near the shores of which were Scylla and Charybdis, destined to be used as illustrations in

warnings of danger forever, and the terrible volcano of Stromboli, wrapped in clouds and mystery. Ulysses Grant passed safely by the enchanted coast of the sirens—no need of the wax prescribed by the goddess Circe to fill *his* ears. Who more carefully avoided the rock of Scylla, where the six-headed monster swallowed up her prey, and the whirlpool of Charybdis, with its roaring chasms? Did the gods, who smiled upon his birth and his great career, present him, as well as his ancient namesake, the hero of antiquity, with the talismanic moly to ward off evil spells? But, alas! in later years the charm was broken, and the wild waters of Charybdis engulfed him, for a brief time only, to be sure, as after the rescue from those cruel waves his fame shone brighter than before. Not even death in its most painful form eclipsed that glorious star. More favored than the Penelope of old was Julia Grant, the wife of this modern Ulysses. No sorcerer's charm, no fabled lotos dream, no siren's song could ever lure him from her side. No hopeless web has she been forced to weave, and no dark threads came until the very last turning of the loom. I think the memory which will linger longest in the reader's mind is the description of Grant at Jerusalem, under the "Tree of Agony" at Gethsemane. He believed, from the proofs given him there, that it was the identical tree under which our Savior stood in that awful hour, nearly two thousand years ago, and why should it not be, since the age of olive trees is almost unlimited? Even the oak will stand three-hundred years, and many other trees flourish through longer time. Even in looking on the map and tracing out the path through which Jesus trod, there is a deep thrill, felt about no other spot in the globe. Jerusalem, in Palestine, in the country of Syria, what a power is in those names! And the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, and the place of the Crucifixion! The darkness that came upon the earth enshrouds the mind in the effort to recall the distant, yet familiar, figures of that vanished and awful time. Vanished, yet ever remembered, and ever renewed, since 'tis meant to be an example of human life, and to show that it could be borne, and would yet be redeemed. For all souls some day must come, each to his own Gethsemane.

" All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there
And battle with some fierce despair.

God pity ~~those who~~ can not say,
 "Not mine, but thine," who only pray,
 'Let this cup pass,' and can not see
 The purpose of Gethsemane."

There have been great minds and holy lives in the followers of ancient creeds before the light of Christianity illumined the world. It is very interesting to read about the various beliefs which have held sway in different lands. Just now in Asia the people are divided into Buddhists, Brahmins and Moslem. Edwin Arnold has shed a glory over the beautiful history of Lord Buddha in his wonderful poem, "The Light of Asia." In Persia and Bombay there are the Ghebers, whose favorite prophet was the Zoroaster, of whom Marion Crawford has recently written so delightfully. Moore, the sweet bard of Erin, in his enchanting tale of the Fire-Worshippers, tells of this strange race of beings, those slaves of fire, who, morn and eve,

"Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
 Among the living lights of heaven."

Palestine is now ruled by the Turks, who still worship Mahomet, with the Koran's ideas of Paradise. Why does not some new knight appear to lead a crusade and rescue that sacred country? Egypt, too, is under tribute to Turkey, though nominally ruled by the Khedive, and there a variety of creeds holds sway. In early times the Egyptians worshiped idols, Iris, Osiris and others, and the scarabeous, a kind of beetle, was their emblem of immortality and was placed with the dead in their sacred tombs, and is now frequently seen wherever mummies are exhibited. There are now many Copts, sometimes called Jacobite Christians, there. The Jews or Hebrews seem to be scattered everywhere. The Roman Catholic Church is now said to be steadily in advance of all other beliefs, and the ancient proverb is in a fair way of being verified that "all roads lead to Rome." General Grant for many years was considered to be so quiet in all ways, that he was frequently called "the silent man." When the papers noted his progress abroad, there was one picture given of the General at the Pyramids of Egypt, and standing near the Sphinx. The most mysterious of all statues is supposed to have broken the silence of centuries and addressed the interesting visitor with these words: "Now,

at last, there are two of us." A little stronger flight of the imagination might represent Memnon's musical statue on the banks of the Nile, which once paid morning tribute to the rising sun, as saluting with mournful melody, in the desolation of the ruins around, the American whose greatness rivaled if not eclipsed that of all the Pharaohs of old, now sealed away in those vast Pyramids, or still more recently plundered by the modern vandals of the world. I have several times heard the Grant family speak of the young king of Siam as being especially interesting. He seemed fully to appreciate that, in his interviews with Grant, he was receiving and not conferring an honor. The beautiful curtains in Mrs. Grant's drawing-room in New York were one of the expressions of his friendship. Death and disaster have scattered the souvenirs and trophies of a great life, but many of them have been placed in the Nation's keeping. What countless looks of affectionate curiosity will be bestowed upon them from the eyes of "millions yet to be!" It was very touching to me to hear the wife of the dead hero tell how, just before starting for Mount McGregor, he stopped for a moment to look at the empty cases which had once enshrined the swords he carried at his great battles, the clothes he wore, and the medals and the mementoes of that thrilling past. What thought must have filled that brave spirit and tender heart as he went up to the mountain to say farewell to earth, and yet with what calmness he gazed over the boundary! Yonder he knew were many dear friends waiting, and some day would also come those from whom he now must part. All through his "Memoirs" he speaks modestly of himself and generously of others. I was much pleased to read his opinion of our friend, Gen. Rufus Ingalls, that he would, if placed in a high command, have become a famous general. His praise of Lincoln was unbounded. Strangely enough, he says his days at West Point were the most disagreeable of his whole life, and that at that time he positively disliked the idea of becoming a soldier. All this would be to a fatalist fresh proof that it is as Victor Hugo says: "We may chisel the marble block of our lives as we may, but the black thread of destiny will run through it continually."

He was stationed in California when a young officer, and was so delighted with the country that it was ever afterwards the hope of his life that he might some day live there. And

truly it was the home of many of his warmest and best friends. While we were there we heard of him constantly—of Senator Sharon's princely entertainment given to him at Belmont on his return from his travels, of the attentions of Senator Jones, of Nevada, and of his trip to the Yosemite, accompanied by Senator John F. Miller and Mrs. Miller and Miss Dora, and Mr. Flood and his family. As a matter of course, at every place of landing on that now memorable tour, the Grants met American friends, many of the Consuls being those who had been appointed during their own régime. It must have been a pleasure to them to welcome to foreign lands their own greatest citizen, and present to kings of ancient line their monarch to greatness born, and yet by power unspoiled. At Tokio, Japan, the late Mr. Van Buren was then Consul, and on this winter of which I now speak his wife and daughter were living at the Arlington. We met them at Mrs. Jones' rooms and found them very charming people. Maud was specially fond of the young lady, who was very generous and thoughtful for her.

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, and Father Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union*, a very dear friend of ours, called upon General Grant at Belfast. I know of no one more capable of appreciating true greatness than Father Cronin, as he is so rarely gifted himself. It is seldom that one sees a poet truly practical, yet here is a favored child of the divinest of the Muses, who can conduct business affairs of Church and State with the same facility with which he composes a sonnet, or dedicates a sweet hymn to the Virgin. He resembles strikingly the portraits of Ireland's most famous bard, and any one who has seen Tom Moore's statue in Central Park, New York, must note the similarity. When I was a child, an aged priest, a relative of ours, Father Tuohey, used to say, I believe he translated the idea from some Latin author: "Whom the Muses look upon with benign countenance is spoiled forever for all the walks of life." But this is certainly not true in the case of Father Cronin, for the Muses have smiled upon him radiantly, and yet he walks a very straight path indeed. A believer in Karma would pronounce him to be the Greek Anacreon, or Tom Moore, sent to this vale of tears again to work out, as a Roman Catholic priest, a mission higher than lovely poetry alone could accomplish. His devotion to the Irish cause is as great as that of him who touched the harp of Erin's loftiest chords,

. . .

“And showed the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet its music still could be ;
How gayly, e’en ’mid gloom surrounding,
It yet could wake at pleasure’s thrill,
Like Memnon’s broken image sounding,
’Mid desolation tuneful still.”

A charming party from Lockport, who traveled through the principal cities of Europe a few years ago, were so fortunate as to have Bishop Ryan and Father Cronin as companions at some of the most historic and renowned places. Among the party were Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter, Mary, whose lovely spirit has since taken its flight to that land where no malice may enter and no tears are shed. In her mother’s bitter cup the one sweet drop must be that Mary can not suffer now. It was the bridal trip of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Valkenburgh, and to the eyes of youthful love what a glory must have shone on the ancient places of song and story! The pretty dark-eyed bride can describe in the most fascinating way all the memorable incidents of her journey. Her quick intelligence fully appreciated all the points of interest long familiar to her by reading the history and poetry of different nations. She told me that Father Cronin, more than all the others of the party, was deeply moved at Waterloo. How Napoleon’s fall and Byron’s immortal description must have thrilled his mind as he trod that fatal field, forever to be the emblem of destiny’s climax! How from the shades he must have summoned that imperial figure, to “shake again the world, the thunderer of the scene.” Father Cronin has a brilliant protégé now, young Rowland Blennerhassett Mahany, who is also a dear friend of our own. I wish that they would take the great tour together, and write down their impressions for the benefit and pleasure of their friends. Not since the magic pen of Childe Harold was laid aside would such beautiful descriptions of classic scenes be given as could now be produced by the hand of this “Childe Rowland,” whose native eloquence and perfect polish of learning combined would make a superb volume. Like Childe Harold, he, too, would feel that Parnassus was his native heath, and the fair fountain of Castaly would sparkle anew at his approach, and the leaves of Daphne’s immortal tree offer for his brow a garland bright and undying.

Senator Miller, of San Francisco, and his interesting wife and daughter, were among the most noted of the many brilliant people who figured conspicuously that winter. They gave a grand masquerade ball, to which Maud expressed a wish to go, but, alas! for her "the revel of life was done," though we could not then accept the fatal truth. President Arthur always went to their dinners and receptions, and was very much attached to them. I do not wonder they found him charming, for he could make himself extremely agreeable, and had it not been so, his friends of other days would not so keenly have felt his desertion of them; for they were not of a class that bowed down before wealth and high position, unless fine qualities were the accompaniment. It was those who had been his truest friends who most marveled at the change in him, when Guiteau's bullet sent him into the White House. The family of Senator Miller had known a great sorrow, and thus learned to feel for others in affliction. Their only son lay sleeping far off on the Pacific shores, and the constant thought of his loss was like a strain of mournful music running through a life of sunshine and joy. Their home was a scene of enchanting beauty before death stole this flower away, and left the sadly vacant place. On Dora, their only child, all that love and wealth could give was lavished. Her sunny nature was not marred, but she seemed ever sweet and kind to all whom she met, and Mrs. Miller was considered by all who knew her to be one of the loveliest and most amiable of women. Senator Miller's record as a fine general in the War of the Rebellion gave him an added prestige, which, with all his social qualities, made him a noted figure in Washington life.

Monsignor Capel was at that time creating a great furore, both in church and the drawing-room. His eloquent sermons had the most marvelous effect in bringing stray lambs to the fold. One day, at an afternoon reception given at the house of an intimate friend, Maud having obtained permission of her doctor to be present for a short time, we were presented to him as he was receiving with the hostess. Like all others, he was at once impressed with Maud's great beauty, and with the clear vision peculiar to Catholic priests, he saw plainly the seal of death traced on the peerless brow. He made himself very agreeable and interesting to the guests, who seemed charmed with his flow of graceful talk and elegant expres-

sion. But I made up my mind that, though he was very fine, I had known many Roman Catholic priests equally so, and some few much more so. It is like celebrity in worldly professions, you can not tell how or whence it comes. In the evening of that same day, Maud having retired early to rest, I was aroused as I sat alone, by a gentle tap at the door, and on opening it I saw the tall form of the Monsignor in the simple black soutane and the beretta worn by priests in the confessional. I was thrilled by the recollection of early days, when I saw so many priests, as they strolled through the gardens, or sat beneath arbors, reading their breviaries on week days, and withal I felt a strange fear, as if a dread specter, whose existence I had been trying to believe was but a dream, suddenly came before me in unmistakable and terrible guise. I divined his mission there. It was to deliver the last rites of the Church to my beautiful child! I told him that the doctors were all the time bidding me to hope, that I could not disturb her then, that at all events she was not afraid to die, that he must come again in the morning. He was very stern with me at first, because I fondly clung to hope. He told me I must relinquish it at once and forever. "She is beautiful," said he, "too fair a flower for this earth; she is for the garden of the Lord. In vain you try to keep her here!" When I look back to that hour, I know that, though I would not agree with him then, yet like Poe's raven, he brought the shadow there to stay, from which my spirit "shall be lifted nevermore." He came every day during his stay in Washington to see Maud, and had many talks with her. He was much surprised to find her calm in the face of death, and greatly relieved to find that the presence of kind friends did not, as he feared at first, draw her thoughts in the least from that Heaven where she was an expected guest.

The wealthy young widow, Mrs. Louis Hammersley, now Duchess of Marlborough, was then visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ogle Tayloe, just opposite the Arlington. It was rumored that the golden stores of the fair lady were almost won over to the Jesuit cause by the wily tongue of the able preacher. But Time, who consoles in spite of our fondest beliefs, and who avenges, if we will but wait, has arranged a very different disposition for the millions of the departed husband. The ducal house of Blenheim is being restored, and the descendant of the great Marlborough, degenerate though the

world may style him, is the fortunate possessor of the lady and the gold. English court and castle are the abodes of the fair American girl, instead of the cloister, which at one time seemed to be her lot. Of all the characters I ever met, hers seems to be one of the greatest contrasts in itself. She, too, was very much interested in Maud, and pleaded with me earnestly to look the truth in the face that I must give her up. I believe she really at that time had her mind fixed on spiritual thoughts. At all events, she seemed lovely, and Maud was very fond of her, and this alone makes me hope that her chosen path may not be as thorny as many have predicted.

I shall always remember Mr. Converse, the Member of Congress from Ohio, with gratitude for his daily kind inquiries for Maud; and this calls to mind how many wonderful and good people Ohio has produced. Every one will remember Chauncey Depew's witty interpretation of Shakespeare: "Some men are born great, and some are born in Ohio," but when such names as Garfield, Windom, Sherman and others are called, then the coincidence of birth and fortune is marked. Salmon Chase was the son of Ohio's adoption. He was Governor there, and how often now one hears some proud mention of him and his beautiful daughter, who was, as a young kinsman of his once told me, "the pride of Ohio." Thurman, and Pendleton, and McKinley, and Keifer, and Butterworth, and Townsend were all sons of Ohio. I must not forget our old friend, Mr. Benjamin Le Fevre, whose genial ways made him so popular with us all. I never shall forget one kind word I received in that last winter, and shall always watch with great interest for news of the dear friends who followed so beautifully the holy injunction: "Bear ye one another's burdens." For if we must stagger along under the weight of the cross, yet sympathy does give strength to the fainting spirit on its dreary path. Most truly was this exemplified in our fortunate meeting with Mrs. Isaac Harts-horn, of Newport, who was presented to us by Mrs. Ogden Doremus, of New York. At first I thought her wholly absorbed in the gay world around, and did not imagine she had ever tasted of grief, but one day she told me of her life's sorrows, and from that time her friendship was a cordial for the aching heart. She was lovely in all ways, for she was of a poetic nature, full of deep feeling, and never said one word to discourage. Her daughter, Mrs. Livingston Mason, is also highly fascinating, and they both have legions of friends.

Their home is at Newport, and is called Halidon Hill, and is famous as a resort for the gifted and lovely who are so lucky as to possess the fair owner's regard. During their stay at Washington they were much admired for their charming manners, their superb toilets and, above all, for their kind hearts. Oh, if all the rich and fashionable knew how much brighter than any earthly jewel beams the sympathetic glance, how much the tender word outweighs all pomp and splendor! If there were in this world more women like Mrs. Hartshorn and Mrs. Mason, how many clouds would be brightened, and how many hearts would grow lighter as well! Sometimes other friends accompanied these ladies, and one whose memory will be forever dear is Dr. Robert H. Lamborne. It is so natural to associate the thought of our friends with some special scent or flower that I, for instance, always think of Doctor Lamborne in connection with red carnations, for he sent many of them to brighten the shadows of Maud's room in the long hours she passed there. So with their spicy odor the memory of his kindness is recalled. I remember him also when I see opals, these strange gems like rays of brightest sunset caught and bound in bands of pearl, for he had the finest collection of them I ever saw. I trust that in his case they carry with them no uncanny spell. The belief that the opal brings misfortune is rather difficult to prove, and I have seen the reverse of late to be true in the case of my kinsman, Senator John Laughlin, who, just before the rising of his political star, was presented with some magnificent specimens of these curious jewels. No evil spirit yet has power over him, though, like all brilliant people, he has enemies who are bitterly jealous of the ability they dare not hope to rival. Great men, though they are proverbially the most superstitious of all, do not withhold their arduous endeavors to compel success, and their lives illustrate the truth that they really believe,

"It is not in our stars, but in ourselves,
That we are underlings."

Mr. Dudley E. Saurin, Her British Majesty's Secretary of Legation, was at his post, and we were rejoiced to meet him again, though we had but recently said farewell to him at San Francisco. When I think of his kind heart and his faultless address, and how agreeable his visits were to

Maud, I forget for the time my hostility to the English Government. Would that his country could boast of many like him, and then some of the darkest pages might be changed! Senator Gwin, California's greatest "century-plant," astonished us by appearing again in the scenes that knew him of old. But what changes had taken place! The Washington of his time, which was but a comparative village, had now become a beautiful city. The stately forms he remembered of yore had passed away. The silver tongue of Webster was silent and the impassioned face of Clay was hidden. Buchanan, too, had gone, and his beautiful and admired niece, Mrs. Harriet Lane, was then abroad. There was almost nothing to recall that vanished time. There was to me something grand in the stately form of the great Californian, as he walked down the busy streets, towering above the different men of to-day. He was rejoiced to be able to welcome the new star of the Democratic party, Grover Cleveland. He had for many years been an intimate friend of their great leader, Samuel Tilden, and never could recover from the disappointment of that time. However, he hoped to be sent in the reign of Cleveland as Consul to Japan, but, having long past the allotted three score and ten, and living, as is said, on "borrowed time," he went instead soon after to that distant country, of whose mysterious voyages no account is given. Many of the families of the foreign ministers and attachés were very fascinating. The ones we knew best, and of whom we have the most grateful memories, are the Baron and Baroness Fava, of Italy; Señor Don Federico Pinto, of Chili; the Señor and Señora Don Arturo Ubico, from Guatemala; J. Gurgel Do Amaral Valente, the Brazilian Minister, and the Prestons, from Hayti. At this time Señor Don A. M. Soteldo was Minister from Venezuela, and he was the father of our unfortunate young friend of Iowa Circle. Perhaps had his father been sent earlier from his distant home, the footsteps of his impulsive and brilliant son might not have fallen into the paths which led to his untimely death. Antonio Soteldo was long a well known reporter of the *Sun*. He was successful as a writer, and a great favorite, and he was very happy in his lovely home in Iowa Circle, for his wife was one of the loveliest of women, and they had two daughters of rare beauty and intelligence. But the fond circle was most cruelly broken.

Señor Don Francisco Barca was the Envoy Extraordinary from Spain, and his wife and daughter were among the loveliest of all the ladies there. Later he committed suicide, which was a terrible shock to his friends. I always recall the time I last saw him, which was at one of the Patti matinees. The Opera was "*La Traviata*." We were guests of Miss Anna Farwell, of Illinois, daughter of the Senator, and I remember that day I thought no heart in all the land was so sad as mine when I looked first on the smiling faces around me, and then on the peerless prima donna, whose beauty shone resplendent, and whose liquid notes fell on the air like the trilling of countless nightingales, and seemed to linger there as if loth to die away. At one burst of melody a white wreath ornamented with ribbons of red and yellow, the colors of Spain, was flung from the box occupied by the Spanish Minister. It was a fitting tribute to the songstress of Madrid, and the whole scene was very fine. President Arthur was in the opposite box, and the house was densely crowded. But little did I dream, as I contrasted my own sorrowful fears with what I supposed was all gayety around me, that the superb minister and his handsome wife and child were to be so soon the actors in one of life's saddest tragedies. So it is that we judge by outward seeming, and see not the menace of the future. One of the ancient Roman beliefs was that the feet of avenging deities are shod in wool, so that we can not hear their approach, but this is not always so, for sometimes we hear every footfall as nearer and still nearer they march. Who can tell which is hardest to bear, the slow torture of dread, or the sudden fall of the axe, which cuts off our love and hope and places it in the cold and silent grave? But it is not given us to choose, and we can not judge at all by appearances. The sweet poet, T. B. Aldrich, expresses this sentiment so perfectly that I can not resist quoting him:

"Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise,
And shows us laughing lips and roguish eyes,
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy tears!"

Among the brilliant young men we met stand prominently Mr. Montgomery Blair and his brother Jesup. They were sons of General Frank Blair, and were highly gifted men. There was also handsome Harry Reynolds, one of the

numerous nephews of the old philanthropist, Mr. Corcoran, whose venerable form was so long a part of Washington social pageantry. Another illustrious figure, now fast vanishing into the historic past, of which he wrote so magnificently, is the author, George Bancroft. In his early editions, what flow of poetic imagery, what marvelous descriptions of scenery and character enchant the reader! And what people he has known! He counted Byron and Goethe among his friends, and all the gifted and great of the world have been proud to render to him the homage due to his genius. I first met him at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Blaine in honor of the then incoming Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen. Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen, now I believe Mrs. Gray, was certainly a very popular woman. I do not believe she meant to allow the mold of worldliness, that settled on everything pertaining to Arthur, to crush out all the nobler feelings of her better self. One day she introduced me to a very interesting looking young man, Mr. Frederic Palmer Fitts, of New York, who had heard of Maud's illness, and, being threatened with consumption himself, thought he could advise with her, for he was sure of getting well. So he came. It was just before we started for home. He had a brief interview with her, in which his great dark eyes looked at her with sympathy; such a strange look I was startled at it. "Good bye," said he to me at the door, "I am going home to get well, but your daughter I shall never see again; she is dying!" And the poor fellow wept for the early doom of beauty, little dreaming, as it afterwards proved, that he would survive her but a month.

How the names and faces flock around me as I think of that last winter at the Arlington! There was the handsome Governor Murray, of Utah, who brought sunshine with his smiles, and who was one of Mr. Crowley's greatest favorites. There was the magnificent Governor Squire, one of the few stars whose brilliant shining redeemed the inglorious reign of Arthur. Now the new State of Washington has chosen him for Senator. No more fitting herald of success, no more promising ambassador, could be found in the broad lands of all our great country. Here, from Niagara's distant shore, we send our heartfelt wishes for his future glory. He is not made of that "quicksilver clay" in whose bosom melts all memory of the past, when his feet press the enchanted ground of success. Mrs. Orange Ferris, the wife of one of

the Auditors of the Treasury, was one of the most popular women in Washington. Her overflowing good nature fascinated every one, and I shall always cherish gratefully her kindness to me. Not only is her memory dear on account of her lovely qualities, but she is inseparably associated in my mind with the thought of her cousin here at our Lockport home, Mrs. Colonel Wright. I remember, when she visited Washington, how perfectly the animated atmosphere there seemed to suit her, and how much she was admired. I have always considered her one of the most charming ladies who ever lent a refined and elevating influence to our City of the Locks. In appearance she always suggests to me those wonderful white roses, sometimes seen in old-fashioned gardens, with just the faintest flush on their fair leaves. Perhaps this air of dainty freshness which surrounds her is due to her Quaker parentage, though no rules were ever stiff enough to bridle the flow of sparkling wit and sympathetic converse which her friends have long loved in her. Her husband, Colonel Wright, was in every way a fine personage. A polished gentleman, and extremely popular with all, his death has left a place ever vacant. The constant name by which I now call this world, "a vale of tears," was first told me by Mrs. Wright. Strangely enough, though I was nineteen years old at the time, the sad scriptural expression had never caught my wandering thoughts before. It was on the day I first met her, somewhere in a conservatory and surrounded by blooming plants and sweet odors, she said in response to a careless remark of mine, "This is a vale of tears." Suddenly a vision seemed to sweep over my mind of a dark valley wrapped in mists and mournful shadows, where wailing voices sounded, and graves were made, and life and joy were swallowed up and lost. That vision was prophetic. It never has departed. Mrs. Winans, of Janesville, so kind and sympathetic, and Mrs. Millard, of Syracuse, a very bright lady, we met with pleasure even under the sad conditions. But it is just at those times the deepest impressions are made, and the tenderest ties are strengthened or broken forever. Mrs. Hartley, a young widow to whom we became fondly attached, did so much to cheer the dark path we were treading that I hope her own sorrows have become chastened by the touch of time. Only one who had suffered could ever have shown such deep feeling.

How strongly, as I recall the familiar names of these dear friends, the wish comes over me to meet them once more! But so many have gone out of this life since then, both young and old, that I look back to that parting at Washington as a final severing of many fond ties. But I was destined to feel that other changes than death can separate lives once fondly linked together. General Mahone, of Virginia, had then been some time in the Senate, and with his family lived at the Arlington. He is so different from all the other men I knew in his personality that the impression upon the mind is very marked. No one, to meet him, would believe at the first glance that in that frail physique dwells a hero's power. Yet the same dauntless bearing he carried into the battle-field is with him in the Senate's halls, and everywhere he faces the world and its contests with all the fire of old days. Mr. Crowley from the first conceived a very strong admiration and liking for the Southern statesman, and we all found Mrs. Mahone and Otelia, her only daughter, and Butler, the son, to be very delightful companions. The Southern people are always charming to meet, as they are more cordial in their ways generally than those of the North. If it were not that I so abhor slavery, I should find even a more pathetic romance than I now do in the ones who still mourn for the Lost Cause.

“Furl that banner softly, slowly ;
Treat it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead !
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead !”

sadly sang Father Ryan, the poet priest of the South! Alas, that his Muse should now be silent! Yet he found this world but a desert pilgrimage. Congressman John Wise was there that season with his pretty wife, and they were everywhere received with welcome, all the men agreeing that Wise was a royal good fellow. At the Soldier's Home, that lovely and famous place, which is the Mecca to which many thousand footsteps have turned, both for reverie and pleasure, lived then the family of General Sturgis. The very name is sacred to me, and as I write memory, indeed, “lifts each shroud that Time has thrown o'er buried hopes.” I do not believe that a family more gifted and lovely ever

brightened the social world of Washington. One might travel over all the habitable globe and not find their superiors. The General was imperial and *distingué*, and concealed his stern experiences in life under an air of elegant courtesy. It was but yesterday came the startling tidings of his death at St. Paul. Fatal words, flashing over the wires, across the prairies, carrying deep sorrow to the hearts of those who loved him! That gallant form sauntering down the avenues of Washington was once the cynosure of all eyes. And those dark closely-cropped curls and that beaming smile! We shall never greet thee here again, noble friend, but in the hereafter, where we look for consolation, we shall hope to meet first those whose kind hands stanchd our bleeding life-wounds. So another distinguished figure of the great war passes away! At each reunion the brave veterans weep one fallen leader more! Many a comrade's tears will fall for generous, gentle and brave Gen. Samuel Sturgis! Yet he is with his noble boy, his daring Jack, once more! Mrs. Sturgis had subdued, for her children's sake, her early sorrows, and well might she be thus inspired, for in those dear children she is rarely blest. The eldest daughter, who early married Mr. Louis Dousman, I did not meet, but I heard much concerning her great beauty. The eldest son, Jack Sturgis, shared the tragic fate of General Custer, and this was the great sorrow of their lives. A singular incident connected with it was that, when his uniform was sent home to his grief-stricken parents, just on top was a picture of Faith clinging to the cross. This they took to be an emblem of their duty, and they then embraced the Roman Catholic faith, which has ever since proved to them a rock of refuge. Ella Sturgis, the second daughter, was a great belle, and the havoc created by her jetty curls, sparkling eyes and sweet songs sung to the accompaniment of the zither was more than I dare to chronicle. She is now happily married, and I hope that in her distant western home she finds something of the peace and health which she prayed in vain might be Maud's portion here. Mary, the youngest of the family, had been at a convent school in St. Louis, and just returned home that year. She was the dearest friend of my daughter Alice, and their daily companionship formed one of the bright strands woven amid the dark threads which Fate then was drawing around us.

At first, on leaving home, Maud and I thought we would be contented alone, but she soon pined for the companionship of her sister Alice, from whom she had never been separated before. All who have known them from childhood will remember it was always "Maud and Alice." So I wrote to her papa that, when he came on to see us, he had better bring Alice with him. In a few days he walked into Maud's room alone, and in her greeting to him she tried in vain to conceal her disappointment. But a gay laugh from the other side of the door soon assured her that her wish was granted, and tears of joy stood in her beautiful eyes. Does she watch for her sister in the silent country? Does she watch for us all? Does she know how bitter the world has been since she left us? Better not! Better that she should see nothing of all that happens on the dreary shore whence her bark so early sailed. But if a meeting here could be so blest, what rapture beyond words must we know when we see her again! Mary Sturgis became deeply attached to Maud and would sit for hours at her bedside, refusing the most alluring attractions elsewhere. A preparation supposed to have power to heal the lungs was then burned in the room, and, surrounded by the fleecy clouds of vapor which arose as at the touch of some sorcerer's wand, the golden hair and beautiful eyes of Maud would shine divinely fair, and already were foreshadowed by the angel's wings, so soon to bear her from a world too cruel long to be her home. The days float by. The spring comes. As my soul flies back I can see the cotton tree by the window at Washington shedding its filmy fragments on the air. I see flowers from dear Mrs. Logan, and on the card is written, "With boundless love for dear Maud." I see the white lilies from Emory Storrs, with her name written for the last time by his hand, and on this scene the doctor's voice breaks as he tells me Maud must go home at once!

Always before she had put off our pleadings to come back to Lockport, saying that she would be there all summer, but on that day she was inspired with a wish to speed quickly to her old home. "Oh, let us go!" she said. "I wonder if the Linden tree is in bloom, and the apple trees too?" We hurried and sped away, and the last farewells were uttered, and Mrs. Logan wept tears of heavenly sympathy, and Mrs. Jones knew that she was parting forever from one who loved her, and whose like she would never see again, and

the waiters and guests of the hotel, who have never forgotten her, all said a mournful good-bye. As she passed out to the carriage, leaning for the last time on the arm of Senator Jones, I caught a last glimpse of Emory Storrs, as he gazed silently at her. Into the country where she was hastening, he soon followed, and so many other dear friends that I could scarcely call now the record clearly. Oh, what a brief stay it is here and why should it not be more of kindness and less of strife? Some little incidents connected with that sad time there is wonderful pleasure in recalling. One is that, just before we started, Maud expressed a wish to have a dress of lighter material than those she had worn through the winter for the home journey, and I did not see how it was possible to have it made in one day. But I went in desperation to one of the leading modistes of Washington, Madame Van Reuth, and told her the situation. She instantly agreed to drop everything else and make the dress, and so, at the appointed hour the robe of dark blue India silk came, and O! how lovely Maud looked in it! Death, though he had marked her for his own, had not the cruelty to rob her of her beauty, which seemed to shine resplendent at the very last and needed no change to glorify it. As she went before Time had touched her, so in the memory of all who knew and loved her she smiles ever radiant and young.

"She can ne'er behold
The long years linked with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told."

Another event occurred which I shall always think was a special kindness granted me to assuage the bitterness of that day. The Rev. Mr. Gilliatt, formerly rector of the Episcopal Church at Lockport, with whom we had a cordial friendship, was in Washington, having just arrived in time to hear the sad news concerning us. He had known Maud in childhood, and he had himself passed through sorrow which he bore with great self-sacrifice, so his words, coming from the heart and inspired with true Christian fervor, felt like balm upon my troubled and rebellious soul. Why should I be so smitten? was my constant wondering cry. I was through the ministering of one like Mr. Gilliatt I came at last to feel that,

"When I sorrowed most,
'Twas better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

When we reached our Lockport home, it was the first of May, the day on which happy young folk dance around the green in England, and which Tennyson has crowned with his touching verses:

“And sweet was all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far was death than life to one that longed to go.”

She was glad to be at home again and to see her early friends of childhood days; glad to see the dear familiar blossoms on the trees, but after a few days she longed to see “Mamie” Sturgis again. So I wrote to her mother, knowing it was asking a great deal to have this young girl pass through the dark shadow with us, but the good parents, remembering their own loved child, consented. She was so pleased to see her friend once more, and for the few days that remained they enjoyed a sweet communion. Before the blooming May had quite passed by, while still the matins and vespers were daily sung to the Virgin in this month sacred to Mary,

“Forever and forever, unto a blessed home,
There to wait a little while until we all shall come,”

went my angel Maud, my beautiful child, whose short life was a poem and who was, as I now see with clearer vision, thus spared from many sorrows. The exquisite tributes which were borne to me from all over the United States, wherever dwelt a friend who had ever seen her, bore testimony to her worth and loveliness and the general sympathy for our loss.

In our native city, her old friend, Doctor Clarke, wrote the first announcement, from which I quote the following extract: “It was not unexpected, but when the sad tidings, ‘Maud Crowley is dead,’ were whispered from pale lips to trembling ears, the whole heart of sorrow throbbed in our midst, and every eye was tear-stained. Maud was only eighteen, and from a child had possessed a beauty so entrancing that to many her face was a living reproduction of Guido’s Beatrice, and to the grace of person was added a soul of such sweetness that all who knew her loved her. This great affliction falls with crushing weight on her immediate family. It is the smiting of the first-born, and it is no wonder that the cry of Rachel, that will not be comforted, arises from the stricken household.”

Among many kind comments, I gratefully recall the one from the pen of the fine writer, Miss Emma Janes, who all through that sad time evinced the most delicate and thoughtful sympathy. Here are a few words of it: "The tidings of Maud Crowley's death stirred deep feeling in the breasts of those who knew that radiant young girl. All that the Lockport and Buffalo papers in their obituary notices have said of her unusual gifts and graces is confirmed by the recollection of her Washington friends." My feelings at that time can only be understood by those whose hearts like mine have been wrung.

" 'Whom the gods love die young,' was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this."

If the best and brightest hope held out to mortals is that, after long struggling and many trials, we shall reach Heaven at last, why is it not better to arrive at that happy shore before the bark has sailed through tempests, before warm friends turn cold, before beauty fades and aspirations wither? As a preacher was quoted to me as saying not long ago, in a touching sermon on death, "If Heaven at last, why not Heaven at first?" Though I always believe this to be true, yet philosophy does not help in this hour of agony. The lightest touch of friendship but adds to the pain. To the eye of despair the blue skies of summer and the cold clouds of winter are alike. Time, which conceals the ruin with verdure, and which finally avenges all things, binds up at last the bleeding heart; and, though the scar remains, we pick up the broken and tangled threads of our lives again and join the great procession of life. Not many stop to consider in the march how the old wounds ache oftentimes. None but old soldiers know, if the crutches are only carried bravely, and the pain smothered with a smile. The troops go tramping on. We enter the lists once more and strive for victory, though we have lost our best weapons, and the fire of young ambition has faded into ashes. Still we hope, and the past, with its sacred tomb and vanished dreams, seems sealed forever!

" Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles
That never but one face wore !
Ah, for the voice that has flown away like
A bird to an unseen shore !
Ah, for the face, the flower of flowers, that
Blossoms on earth no more !"

CHAPTER XIII.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL—NEW YORK CITY.

“ They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead ;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if we parted yesterday.”

ONE of the saddest things in life is to revisit the places where we have been happy, after some crushing sorrow has befallen us. The contrast is painful between the past and the present. Each spot is full of sweet yet mournful memories. Still, the first feeling that one is alone in grief fades away after contact with the world. In its great procession we meet one black-robed figure after another, faces once joyous, and now sadly changed. I felt this truth forcibly and deeply on my first visit to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City after an interval of more than two years. There I had met so many friends, from time to time, either in the autumn on the way to Washington, or in the early spring, when New York is especially delightful, and the sunshine is so bright there, and the sweet odor of the violets greets one at every corner of the streets. In after days even the sound of the hand-organ, as it pipes some sadly familiar strain, recalls in the most heart-breaking way departed happiness and faces gone never to return. There we saw the aged Senator Gwin for the last time, for, strangely enough, the lofty tree of the Sierras was destined there to fall, far from home and friends. He died quite suddenly at the New York Hotel, and looked like a monarch of feudal times as he lay in his coffin, at rest after a remarkably stormy career. In his brief stay he had resumed his former friendship with Roscoe Conkling, whom he enthusiastically admired and liked. There was much similarity in the characters and temperaments of these two men, the same imperious disregard of obstacles, the same consuming fever of ambition, the same strong loves and hates. Nature seldom rises to such heights of aspiration as in molding men like these, and in contrast with their greatness, even with its flaws, how poor, and dwarfed, and common, how lacking in generosity, seem some of those who have since trodden the boards of life's theater! For the people know greatness, and are not deceived by

mediocrity! And though they will often turn upon their most cherished idols, and history's thrilling pages reveal them to be

“Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as frenzy's fevered blood,”

yet, when the hero dies the world weeps. Repentant and adoring France received with wild acclaim the dead Napoleon, and the tomb in the shadow of the Hotel des Invalides is her greatest glory now. Rome knew not how she loved Cæsar till she saw the cruel wounds that jealous treachery had made. England did not see the sparkling radiance of the brightest gem in all her starry diadem of genius till Byron's lifeless form was borne from the fields of Greece, and that immortal harp was forever silent! Westminster holds the dust of kings, but in a country churchyard lies one who outranks them all. In Ireland the still uninscribed tomb of Robert Emmet is more eloquent than the costly mausoleums of now forgotten sovereigns. In America the dust of detraction blew for a time in slight clouds about the name of Grant, but, when the warrior died, a pageant greater than ever witnessed the triumphs of a Pompey or a Cæsar followed that silent commander, and spoke with wailing requiem and mournful tears all their love and all their wild regret! I have observed that not even fitfully do the people render homage to those who only succeed by accident. There is, to be sure, a crowd surrounding the prosperous, who hope to be benefited, but the real enthusiasm is never awakened.

By the distant Pacific another friend has passed away. Senator William Sharon, who never liked to think of death, and who, in his quiet way, enjoyed the feast of life. How changed San Francisco must be without these two Ex-Senators, Gwin and Sharon! Fast friends, and connected so closely with the brilliant early history of that Coast, their departure deprives the people of two of its greatest men. I remember, on complimenting Senator Sharon about the festal glories of Belmont, I said it reminded me of the fables of the Elysian Fields, and there was also another similarity, one could not get there without Charon (Sharon). “Oh,” replied he, “do not speak of that pale boatman. I dread to expect him.”

But he has at last carried him over the Stygian stream, and beyond, I trust, he has found that his fears were in vain and the sweet surprise awaited him of peace for all eternity.

Gen. Cyrus Bussey one evening brought to me a friend who carried with him great consolation. It was the Rev. Dr. Newman, now Bishop of Texas, a warm friend of General Grant and his family, and of many others whom I knew. Bishop Newman has the most beautiful way of placing death in its true light. There seems to be in his mind almost a spiritual revelation concerning the glories of the life beyond. At all events, I date my first emerging from the dark clouds of despair to his visit. The impression was almost impalpably conveyed to me that Grant, standing on the heights, gazing into the new country, seemed endowed with almost prophetic vision and immortal courage. He often spoke to his dear friend and constant companion, Doctor Newman, of the certainty of meeting his loved ones in a better world. It is hard to fancy him as happy, even among the mighty shades of conquerors and kings, while he is waiting for the wife and children he so fondly loved while here. This is one of the questions the anxious heart is forever asking, do they who have gone long for us as we long for them? Or is there at the entrance to Paradise some bright Lethean stream, whose waters give oblivion to earth's woes? This is one of the ancient Brahmin ideas, but forgetfulness is not what we wish for those who have gone before. Rather would we hope that, from some bright balcony, they are leaning, looking at each troop of spirits sweeping by, escaped from thralldom, to see if we are among them at last!

On the morning, as we were in the breakfast-room with Mrs. Mahone and her daughter, Gen. Anson McCook came to the table with the announcement, "Arthur is dead!" A thousand memories were awakened at those words. Once more I saw him young, gay and smiling, as he greeted my husband, "Dick" as he used to call him, in the fondest welcome. How he seemed to love him then! Not a day passed during our visits that they were not together, in councils of war as well as festal meetings. And now he was dead, and the cold grave would enfold him! But he had grown cold in heart and had cruelly wronged those who had trusted and helped him most. That change had been worse than death, and yet, O, for one hour of that old companionship! O, to see again that beaming smile! We felt no wish to clasp that

lifeless hand, for to us it had long since been cold. And we shall clasp it nevermore. Oh, was it well, for pride's brief hour, to crush all ties of gratitude and friendship? The melancholy dirge which aroused no sorrow in the passing crowd, the cold dictates of fashion which presided over the last ceremonies, showing the ruling passion strong in death, all spoke of friendship estranged, of great opportunities wasted. Upon the bier of Grant the tear of the humblest soldier was as precious as the wreath sent by England's Queen. But no tears fell for Arthur, unless it were from the eyes of a few rich people who mourned that they would be bidden to his feasts no more. There came, to witness the last rites in honor of the dead Ex-President, a crowd of brilliant personages from Washington, many, indeed most, of whom I had heard express their true sentiments towards the man now dead, and just opinions they were. There was James G. Blaine, around whose name and presence circles a magic spell of interest. I happened to see him on the evening of his arrival, and enjoyed a long talk with him concerning the election of Cleveland, and the baleful influence of the narrow-minded bigot who gave utterance to the imbecile expression of the three R's, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." To lose an election for an alliteration! And where did the auspicious star of Blaine hide her beams that she allowed him to be just out of sight and hearing at this time? How his clarion notes of scorn would have rung defiance to the thought that in the ancient church of some of his ancestors, or on the isle which has given birth to some of the men he most admires, there was aught for him to fear, or to assail. The Roman Catholics and the Irish of America know him to be their friend, and yet, in times of great excitement like that of a Presidential election, a chance missile does deadly work, in inflaming still more minds already excited, and leading people to say and do things at which they afterwards wonder, and for which they feel deep and unavailing regret. But the title of President could add little to the fame of James Gillespie Blaine! Always a central and radiant figure, he will be remembered when the names of many who occupied that place exist only in the record of history, never in the hearts of the people. I was especially struck with the admiration felt for him during Mr. Crowley's last campaign for Congress. Every time he mentioned or quoted James G. Blaine, the word had scarcely passed his lips when his

listeners rent the air with tumults of applause. All responded to that loved and honored name. There was a southern editor stopping at the hotel then, Mr. Collier, of Nashville, Tennessee. Although a Democrat, he is an ardent admirer of Blaine. He is a very interesting and brilliant talker himself, and in appearance resembles the pictures of John C. Calhoun, whose fiery spirit so stirred up the House of Congress, bitter in opposition, and devoted in partizanship. Mrs. Collier is a lovely woman, and I enjoyed this meeting with her very much. We watched together the passing of Arthur's funeral train, the flower-laden coffin and the quiet passage on the last journey to Albany. Ah, how many a time had we taken that same road with him in the by-gone days! How gaily, when we were a little late for the train, he would lift Maud, then an infant, in his arms, to hurry us on. I think it is quite a fitting thing that the wealthy friends, upon whom he heaped favors in his day of power, should have reared his monument.

On this occasion, this gathering of the clans at Arthur's funeral, we saw our friend General Logan for the last time. Yet little did we imagine this to be. No more gallant form ever trod those halls, no more noble soul ever lighted human eyes than the one we saw looking upon us, to our great surprise and delight, as we were seated at the dinner-table one evening. Brilliant dark eyes! Never more shall we behold them shining with pleasure or flashing with indignation. After dinner I asked him to come with my daughter Alice and myself to the blue parlor, as that had been Maud's favorite room. He complied, without speaking until we reached there, and then he said, with a sigh, "Poor Maud! What a beautiful, and what a good girl she was." His heart was so great and so kind that, though he had never lost a child, except one babe in very early infancy, he knew what my feelings were in that memory-haunted place. He was in a great hurry when taking his departure for Washington, as it was one of the rare occasions when he was not accompanied by his dear wife, his loved Mary. So, as I shall always remember, he said in a hurried way, "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!" "Oh," said I, "don't say it three times, it has a strangely ominous sound." "Well," replied he, "we are always saying good-bye in this world, and you must not be so superstitious." And with a smile and a wave of the hand he was gone. If I had known that in one short month he was

going to that country where Maud dwells, what messages I would have given him! How I would have thanked him for his kindness to her, if I had only known! Now, in every talk I have with his heart-broken wife, I learn more and more of that great soul, and that noble life.

“ To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.”

It was very interesting to note the men who passed through the great hall on their way to the dining-room on this occasion of the burial of the Ex-President. There were the two Shermans, looking so much alike, both tall, slender and distinguished. There was brave Philip Sheridan, who always reminded me of the Friar Tuck of Robin Hood's famous band. I have heard it was on horseback that he was the inspired commander, and certainly the fine picture painted by Buchanan Read, and now in the possession of Mrs. Grant, gives the best idea of him. It represents him on his wonderful ride to Winchester. The great soldier and his gallant steed are doubly immortalized in the poem and the portrait. It was a mournful thing to lose one of the most brilliant figures of the war, just in the prime of life, with a beautiful and loving wife, charming children, and all the prestige of well-won victories to make the last days of his life glorious, but, alas! the exposure and fatigue of the long rides, the terrible perils in which he placed himself in the period of his country's danger, shortened the hero's days. I would love to see grand monuments reared to perpetuate forever the memory of such men, to record their courage and to show to future generations what great souls helped to found and save this glorious Union; but I would love still more to see the Nation cherish their families, and I think the Congress of the United States should feel it to be one of its proudest duties to protect them and keep them in the position won by the genius of the husband and father. Among the great men who came to pay a last respect to Arthur, simply for the office he had held, three have since departed: John A. Logan, Philip Sheridan and Roscoe Conkling.

“ Men drop so fast, ere life's mid-stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.”

That was the winter of the Senatorial contest between Levi P. Morton, Warner Miller and Frank Hiscock. I was

anxious for Morton to succeed, and General Logan was hoping that Miller would continue to keep his seat. Mr. Hiscock was more confident than in any former candidacy, and when he told me he knew he would get the coveted prize, I believed him, for I saw he had the confidence which sometimes, though rarely, is the presage of success. On my return home I said to Mr. Crowley: "I think Hiscock will get it, for he holds the balance of power, and that you know was the case with Garfield." But my husband answered: "Oh, I do not think so; Frank is well equipped for the Senate, of course, but I think Morton just now has the greatest strength and following of the three men." But I persisted in my belief, nor was I surprised at the result. Women are largely governed by their intuitions, and men by their judgments. I have taken pains to quote Mr. Crowley's exact words on this occasion, not from any hope of favor, as he does not ask or wish for any office under the Government, but to show that he was totally free from jealousy that a former comrade should win the honor for which he had once so hardly fought in vain. If I dared to tell what others said then, some of whom have since reaped much benefit from Mr. Hiscock's accession to the Senate, I could point a marked contrast. But, though fearless in expressing my own opinion, and often proving it a costly luxury so to do, I have never yet betrayed a confidence, though sometimes rather tempted to retort when the very persons who most unkindly criticised others have proved traitors and worse, perjurers as well. However, the lesson one learns in Washington quicker than anywhere else in the world, I believe, is that nothing is resented to power or money. These influences may yet prove useful, but what can be expected of failure? There is nothing that succeeds like success. Among those we met who had been under the shadow of Azrael's wing since we parted, were the wife and daughter of Gen. John Franklin Miller, Senator from California. They had been traveling to seek relief from their great sorrow, but everywhere, all the world over, they missed the kind husband and father who had just been taken from them. For long years a sufferer from wounds received in the war, his great vitality was at length exhausted, and he died at Washington in the spring of 1886, surrounded by friends and deeply loved and lamented. The highest honors were paid to his memory by both House and Senate, and many dear

friends went with the mourning family all the way to the Pacific Coast, and witnessed the burial of the dead Senator in beautiful Laurel Hill, as the chronicles said at the time, "literally buried in flowers." Senator Leland Stanford said, on the occasion of the Memorial Services in the Senate in the following May: "Impartial history will delight to place his name, as a private and public citizen, high among those who are worthy examples for their countrymen to admire and imitate." Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, said: "I lay upon his grave the tribute of my most affectionate remembrance." Mr. Voorhees said: "Indiana joins California as a mourner for the honored dead, and lays an ever-green garland of gratitude for his services, and affection for his memory, on his grave." Senator Logan, of Illinois, said: "Senator Miller was a true type of the American freeman, with iron courage and a gentle nature that melted enmity into friendship and opposition into compliance. He was at home among the humble, and always a peer of the best." Senator Fair, of Nevada, said: "He was a man of fine intellectual endowments; he possessed an admirably balanced mind and a heart full of consideration for his fellow-men. He was a man of patriotism, of honor and of honesty, and I join with his warmest friends in deploring his untimely death." Senator Harrison, of Indiana, now President of the United States, said: "His sense of honor was high and imperative. As an adversary he was open and brave; as a friend he was true and steadfast. His love of country was a passion; its unity, its honor and its prosperity were dearer than life to him. He had twice shed his blood in its defense. Another of the great soldiers of the war has departed. Wrapped in the flag he loved, and covered with laurel wreath and flowers, his scarred body has been laid to rest by loving hands. Indiana mourns her son, the nation one of its most gallant defenders, and we a friend." Said Senator Dolph, of Oregon: "Though the body is mortal, we know the soul is immortal, and that, safe in the abode of the blessed, beyond the reach of praise and censure, of the mutations of time and the ills of life, thou shalt enjoy a state of eternal felicity." Senator Hearst, of California, said, in alluding to the purity and integrity of his life: "Such an example should be written on the mile-posts of the highway, chiseled in the cliffs along the trails of the Rocky Mountains, graven on the granite of the Sierras, hewn on the tall

pinus of the Pacific slope, and commemorated in the flowers in the valleys of the dead Senator's adopted State."

The House of Representatives, in the following month, also paid glowing tributes and uttered beautiful eulogies on Senator Miller's life and character. Said Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio: "I remember the plaudits of the Army of the Cumberland that were showered upon John F. Miller after his distinguished career at Storm River. I remember well when he was being carried back to the rear with a wound that ultimately terminated his life." Mr. Holman, of Indiana, Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, all spoke eloquently in praise of the dead Senator, and Mr. McKenna, of California, closes with these poetic words: "He peacefully reposes in the State he loved and served, in a grave overlooking its fair city and ocean view, while its waters as they beat against the coast sound everlasting earthly farewells, everlasting earthly farewells." Mr. Morrow, of California, said: "The waves of the Pacific have chanted no sadder requiem than they do to-day over the remains of John Franklin Miller." If ever life looked fair, it must have so appeared to Senator Miller, for, wherever he pitched his tent, whether in the National Capital or his western home, he was surrounded by beauty, and luxury, and friends. His beautiful villa in the Valley of Napa was called Lavergne, in memory of the place where his first victory was won. Mrs. Miller showed me some of the pictures, and truly it is a veritable Eden; the freshness and luxuriance are indescribable. The tropical plants and the tall, stately trees, the variety of fruit and flower, render it a scene of enchantment. Why is it that, no matter how lovely the home is, people will love to wander? But then the return to such a lovely spot must be a compensation for the absence. Mrs. Miller's grief has but beautified her character and intensified her sympathy for others, and as for Dora, now so happily married to Lieutenant Clover, I never met one more unspoiled by pleasure and flattery.

I found some charming new friends at the same time I met some of those dear from tender association. There was Mrs. Colt, of Rhode Island, one of the most intellectual and fascinating women I ever knew. She is thoroughly familiar, not only with all the best literature in the English language, but with that of several others as well. She repeats the whole of Byron's "Parisina" without the slightest effort. Her

taste in reading is exquisite, and I have often thought that if her son, Mr. Pomeroy Colt, Attorney-General of his State, should be elected to the United States Senate, as it has been often supposed he would be, the mother would form a salon there equal to any in the brilliant days of the French Empire. She has many generous and noble qualities, as well as her powers of mind. She is wonderfully young in appearance, and the fire of her dark eye is undimmed by the creeping years. It is lovely to witness her sons' devotion to her. There are three of them, George, the eldest, then Pomeroy, and next the one they call "Barry." I believe he is "Judge Colt" to the world at large. His name, "Le Baron," is hereditary in the family, as they trace it to a French ancestor who came here in political exile many years ago, and whose life was to its close surrounded by a halo of romance and mystery, though his actions proved his true nobility of character. The tale is very charmingly told in the book called, "*A Nameless Nobleman.*" One can readily still see in these sons the same traits, the same sense of honor, of courtesy to those in misfortune, of everything comprised in the old adage, "*noblesse oblige.*" They are very proud of their mother, and she has transmitted to them her intellect and her true nobility of heart and soul. Byron said :

"All who joy would win
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."

This truth was never better exemplified than in a recent visit I paid to New York in company with my dear friend, Mrs. Fuller, of Buffalo. She has, of late, turned her attention to literary pursuits, and her success is most flattering. She is a wonderfully charming interpreter of Shakespeare, her readings having been eagerly welcomed by the true lovers of Avon's bard; and her essays show great originality and beauty of expression. I consider her one of the most sparkling women I ever met. She combines in a remarkable degree the brightest wit with the tenderest feeling. Her very presence is a cordial, and if one has thought life not worth the trouble of continuing, a visit with her brings back lost youth and hope once more. Such spirits shine best in life's shadows, like the jasmine flowers of the Orient, that only open their lovely buds and exhale their sweetness to the air of night.

On this visit I met, for the first time, two Senators from Albany, of whom I had heard and read much, Mr. Vedder and Mr. Erwin. I found that friends had not exaggerated their brilliant qualities, for in the evening we spent with them the bright repartee, and the delightful reminiscences of travel were extremely interesting. The Senate is familiar ground to Mr. Erwin, who has been Speaker more than once, and who is well known in politics. He has a lovely wife, but, I believe, no children. Senator Vedder is quite alone in the world, his only son having been taken away from him not long since. In his heart ambition, perhaps, has succeeded love, for though on the rocky path which leads to fame are many cruel disappointments, many lurking snares and treacherous places, yet the heart can not be so deeply wounded as when we make unto ourselves idols of this perishable mortal mold. Some one has said that, "We turn from love to ambition, but never from ambition to love." It was then I witnessed that wonderful achievement of dramatic genius, the play called "*Anarchy, or Paul Kauvar*," by Steele Mackaye. The terribly magnificent drama of the French Revolution is absolutely unrolled before you. The merciless axe sweeping down the flower of the nobility, who faced death with the courage of great souls, the maddened roars of an oppressed people, the dazzling figures of history all appear, summoned by the imperial mind of the brilliant author. I think this is one of the very greatest plays ever produced upon the American stage.

Mrs. Robert Pitcairn, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and her charming daughter, Susie, are among the most conspicuous habitués of the hotel of late years. Mrs. Pitcairn would be observed anywhere for her beauty and elegance. She is delightful in all ways. Though her husband is one of the most successful business men in the country, she has not become in the least exalted in her notions, and she does not draw the line between herself and those who have failed, at all. She was one of a very pleasant coterie of ladies who assembled, in the evening, in the great hall, during the intervening hour between dinner and the amusements of the opera or theater. The others were Mrs. Edward Bonner, of Montana, and Mrs. Post, of Cheyenne, whose society we found exceedingly enjoyable, and whom we shall always hope to meet again. But how seldom does the same circle come together even one year later! Time, with its countless changes, sweeps over,

and in a few short months a life's hopes are wrecked or realized.

Of the political friends, there are still some few left of the Old Guard, whose motto was to die, but never to surrender. One is Alonzo B. Cornell, the Ex-Governor, who has kept many friends true and devoted to him through all these years. There is something massive and grand in his character as well as in his personal appearance. I formed my opinion of him at the time he was nominated at Saratoga. Just afterwards, when weaker men would have seemed elated, he was just the same, calm and courteous to every one, and I never had reason to think success made him vain. If he had shown symptoms of inflation or arrogance, I should not, as I here do, predict for his prosperous career a speedy revival. When pride falls it falls never to rise again, and for the haughty spirit that goes before destruction there is on this earth no balm. But I like to see level heads, like A. B. Cornell's, come to the surface, and I believe the waves of disaster that have temporarily enveloped him have now receded. All things come round to him who will but wait. But one event, connected with my best memories of New York City, I fondly hope to see, and that is the restoration to wealth and power of our old friend, Mr. Thomas Murphy. Fortune's fickleness has not written any changes on his face, and, equally unmoved, he would again welcome her smiles.

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind !
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
As benefits forgot,
As friend remembered not !”

CHAPTER XIV.

GENERAL LOGAN.

“No, by mine honor,” Roderick said,
“So help me heaven, and my good blade !
No, never ! Blasted be yon pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart !”

THUS proudly spoke the mighty Chieftian of Clan-Alpine as he vowed allegiance to the race of Douglas ! And John Logan, who traced his descent to one of those brave men

who went with the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land, has inspired in life and death the same burning devotion on the part of those who knew him best. Fearlessly and magnificently into danger and victory rushed the troops led and inspired by the Black Eagle of Illinois. The brilliant and spotless record of the warrior-statesman will forever be a great example to the young men of our country. History can point with her impartial finger to no life more pure and shining in all its relations—husband, father and friend. The world knows that he was rarely fortunate in his marriage, that his beautiful and talented wife was his guiding-star in all the storms and perils of his life's voyage. Many great men, in marrying early in youth, find as years roll on that the wife has not kept pace with them at all, that there is no real companionship. I have often admired the gallant bearing of successful men on reaching some proud eminence, as they faced the world bearing the burden of this fatal mistake. This is the test of true chivalry, and most men bear it well, for to fail in this would be the quintessence of all disloyalty. I think General Logan and his wife were the most picturesque and perfectly matched pair I ever saw. The first time I observed them closely was in the Senate Chamber at Washington. Logan was making a speech on that day, and his wife sat in the gallery. Never shall I forget his dark, dramatic face, his long, black hair and impassioned bearing. And she, with her beautiful statuesque face, framed in silver, her sparkling black eyes, her air of profound interest and affection, impressed me even more. Grand figures, luminous amid the commonplace, they shall be remembered when others with their wealth and gilded shows have passed into eternal oblivion. In the fate of after days I came to know that ambition's fire never hardened in Mrs. Logan's breast one of the truest hearts that God ever allowed to beat for a high purpose in this cruel world. What a hopeless place it would be, if now and then, once or twice in a lifetime, perhaps, we did not meet such people as they to show that the stories of antiquity were not all fables and dreams; that sometimes power was god-like, and success was kind, that beauty was not vain, nor valor cold and ungenerous. It needed no Sibyl to predict that Logan was drawing near the Presidency, that he would have been elected in 1888, had he been spared to us. But what we could not foresee was that he was destined to go while yet his sun of life was high, and

warm and bright. He had labored hard and long, and he was just beginning to enjoy a little repose. He is gone, and we shall see him no more until we

“ Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian Sage, and all who taught the right.”

His biographer and friend, Mr. George Francis Dawson, says in his beautiful life of Logan, that he might himself have been the nominee at Chicago in 1880; that, like Cæsar, he did thrice refuse the kingly crown. He was ardent in his support of Grant and said publicly, when accused of being the dark horse in the contest: “I never play ‘hide-and-seek’ in politics. When I wish to be a candidate I say so, and make a square and honorable fight for the prize. I never have second choices. The man that I am for is my choice always, unless defeated. Then the choice made by my friends becomes my choice.” To Logan no deceit was possible, and his bold and open nature scorned all dissimulation. This is one of the great reasons why he is such an example for young men, and I have placed these two books, the “Great Conspiracy,” written by himself, and Dawson’s “Life of Logan,” in the hands of my own sons, telling them that here was a life lived in our country by a soldier and a statesman which might be a model for all time. From the latter book I have caught the thread of events in his career, which I before knew in a general way, but not in the beautiful sequence observed by Dawson, who gives battles and speeches with such telling effect as could only be done by the pen and brain of one who loved him.

General Logan was born at Murphysboro, Illinois, in 1826, and was one of eleven children. His father was an Irishman, a physician, and vainly tried to interest his son in the arts and theories of medicine. His bright star began early to shed its rays upon his path. He won distinction in the Mexican War at twenty years of age. He was elected to the State Senate at the age of twenty-six. He was sent to Congress at the age of thirty-two years, in the year 1858. There were exciting scenes in Congress in 1860. Senator Charles Sumner was stricken down by the fiery Southerner, Brooks, and thus received the blow which caused his lingering and painful death years later. Lovejoy, the great Abolitionist, was hindered from speaking by the members from the South, but Logan, like a knight-errant of old chivalric days,

came to the rescue and offered to meet any one outside the House who dared to question his right to the free expression of his opinion. It was Logan who fired the patriotic heart of Illinois to send her best to save the Union. To him is the credit due for the rapid raising and organizing of troops. He fought as a private in the battle of Bull Run, and at Belmont his horse was shot from under him. He was then made Colonel of the Regiment of the Thirty-First Illinois, and after Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson received the rank of Brigadier-General. The soldiers of those battles tell that where bullets flew thickest, and where the tempest of war was darkest, there Logan would always be, dauntless and invincible. Grant made him Military Commander at Vicksburg. He was victorious at the great battles of Fort Gibson, Raymond and Champion Hills. He made the following ringing reply, to the taunt that he was an Abolitionist, in a speech at Chicago, in 1863: "If it makes a man an Abolitionist to love to hear 'The Star Spangled Banner' sung, and be proud to hear that such words were ever penned, or could ever be sung upon the battle-field by our soldiers, then I am proud to be an Abolitionist, and I wish to high Heaven that we had a million more; then our rebellion would be at an end, and peace would again fold her gentle wings over a united people, and the old Union, the old friendship, again make happy the land where now the rebel flag flaunts dismally in the sultry southern air."

At Resaca he won fresh renown. At Dallas, on his coal-black charger, in the thick of the fray, something in his appearance led the men to think he was mortally hurt. At once the news flashed along the line, "Black Jack's wounded!" This aroused the soldiers to frenzied efforts, and the day was crowned with victory. His brilliant charge at Little Kenesaw is warmly remembered, but above all, Logan was the hero of Atlanta! When his friend, the brave McPherson, fell, as it were by the hand of destiny, being then in command of the Army of the Tennessee, General Logan at once dashed through the lines shouting, "McPherson and Revenge!" The brilliant results of that memorable day showed the love of the soldiers for both these heroes. The picture of the gallant chieftain, as he swept along on his fiery steed, borne on by the genius of victory, with his coal-black hair floating in the wind, his dark eyes flashing with stern avenging fire, will be stamped

forever in living colors on our Nation's history. Men who witnessed the scene will tell their children, and, as the years roll on, it will lapse more and more into the radiant glory which surrounds the past, and the story of "Black Jack of Illinois" will be sung by poets and go down to posterity in the brightest way of all, the songs of a country. General Leggett, an intimate friend of Logan's, was then in command of the Seventeenth Regiment of Illinois, and what pleasures the two warriors enjoyed in after days, fighting these battles over again! The appointment of Howard to the command of the Army of the Tennessee caused very great disappointment to Logan's friends, who thought, by saving the day in the face of such a misfortune as the death of the leader, he had doubly won the right to his friend's vacant place. But Logan himself said nothing. He simply went back to his old command without a murmur. Like the immortal Six Hundred at Balaklava,

His not to reason why,
His not to make reply,
His but to do and die,
Noble John Logan!

General Grant says in his "Memoirs" that Logan would have filled the place well. General Logan took an active part in the Presidential election of 1864, which came just after the Atlanta campaign. His presence in Illinois must then have been invaluable to Lincoln, as, fresh from the prestige of this great victory, he spoke with thrilling eloquence to the people of his state, whether assembled in the halls of large cities, or in gatherings in the open fields. He must have seemed to them the ideal soldier with his hair tossing like raven plumes, and his eager, expressive face; and, when mounted on his famous black horse, it is not strange that this dark chieftain, something like the Black Douglas, one of his ancestors, should have suggested the names given to him, "Black Jack," or the "Black Eagle of Illinois." He declined successively the ministries to Mexico and Japan, and in 1886 was nominated for Congressman-at-large by the Republicans of Illinois, and was triumphantly elected, though persecuted with almost incredible malignity. It was said at the time that no candidate in Illinois had ever been so abused. Here was a man who rushed foremost into the fields of danger, and risked his life, and left his business for his country's

sake, and who hurried home now at the appeal of the President who knew that his name and presence would help him at this crisis more than aught else; yet all this self-sacrifice aroused in some small minds nothing but the desire to detract and pull down one of whom they had so much cause to feel proud. But Logan's intrepid spirit bore all these attacks with the same marvelous patience with which he endured the hunger, the cold, the fatigue of the battles, and the watches, and the marches, and never was heard to complain of either. One of his most eloquent speeches was the one against Andrew Johnson's idea of admitting the South into Congress, with all the privileges enjoyed before she had tried to destroy the Government. The Grand Army of the Republic, not only the surviving veterans, but their descendants, will always remember Logan. Three times was he elected their Commander-in-Chief, and to him is due the institution and observance of Memorial or Decoration Day, the 30th of May, when over all this fair land the soldiers' graves are strewn with flowers. In issuing his first order for this purpose he made one of the best speeches of his life, one which alone would utterly refute the absurd charges concerning his lack of grammatical or rhetorical finish. I never in all my life met any one more thoroughly conversant with the elegant literature of classic authors, or more familiar with the finest poetry than General Logan was. Mark this beautiful sentence from his speech in inaugurating Decoration Day: "Their soldier lives were the reveillé of Freedom to a race in chains." It has since become a National holiday, and will ever be associated with the name of its founder.

How this makes us feel the noble purpose of the war, to crush slavery! How proudly and purely, like glowing stars in Heaven's dome, shine now from the heights to which they have reached, the names of Lincoln, Logan, Chase and Sumner, of William Lloyd Garrison, of the poets Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow, of Wendell Phillips, and of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman and all the great generals of the North, who lived, fought and died that this terrible stain on a Free Country might be wiped away forever! In all time no grander epitaph was ever written, on marble mausoleum, or towering monument, or enduring pyramids, than the one written by William Cullen Bryant on the death of Lincoln:

"Thy task is done, the Bond are free ;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the Slave !"

Even now, when it is all past, no feeling heart can read without pain of the horrors and cruelties of those days. In his speech impeaching Andrew Johnson, Senator Logan not only shows great power and deep learning, but forces the reader to feel deeply what an awful trust is involved in the holding of the Presidency. He declined the nomination for Governor of Illinois in 1867, preferring to remain in Congress at that time. It was General Logan who presented the name of General Grant to the Convention in Chicago, in 1868. During that campaign, in his speech against the Democratic party, he said: "We gave the slave a musket, because we found he was a man; and we gave him a ballot, that he might be a citizen." Is not this *multum in parvo*? Two speeches I specially admire are the one in favor of volunteer soldiers in 1869, in Congress, and the oration on the death of General Thomas. Logan, as the picturesque and dashing volunteer hero of the war, was well fitted to speak on the first subject, and his touching tribute to his dead friend shows how fond and true his friendships were.

One of the most marked traits in the character of Senator Logan was his contempt for sordid and mercenary motives in politics. He did not believe any one suspected of bribery, or connected with schemes for making money, should sully by his presence the houses of Senate or Congress. A Sioux City paper said of him: "Logan belongs to that class of political men that will not give you the kiss of peace to-day, and betray you to-morrow. He has never gone back on a friend, and I don't think he ever ran from an enemy." The *Irish Republic*, after he was elected to the United States Senate, in 1870, compared him to the best Roman orators. I believe this was in commenting on his eloquent defense of his friend, General Grant, against the attacks of Charles Sumner, in 1872. It was at this period that he was first prominently spoken of for the Presidency. I will quote here what I consider a very fine extract from his eulogy on Zach Chandler, of Michigan, in alluding to the oration made by the latter at Chicago on the last day of his life: "His logic came like hot shot in the din of battle, crashing through

the oaks of the forest." And in speaking of his sudden death on the same night, he says: "The angel of death must have whispered the message so softly that he knew not his coming." I take from Mr. Dawson's valuable "Life" the following incident, which shows so well the noble character of General Logan: "He was the first of the 'Stalwarts' to take the stump for Garfield. At the ratification meeting, June 16, 1880, in Washington, it was Garfield's eye that saw Logan in the crowd, and Garfield's hand that beckoned him to come up, and Garfield's voice that asked him to say a word on that occasion, and that exclaimed, 'Thank God, Jack's up!' when he stood up before the multitude." The *Washington Star* briefly tells what followed. "General Logan was here recognized, and for ten minutes the applause was deafening. When quiet had been partially restored, General Logan said: 'If any one desired to know who his first and last choice was, he would answer: The nominee of the Republican party. The candidate who now bore its banner was all that he or the people could desire. If the people of this country desired a born leader, they had it in the person of James A. Garfield. No matter who the first or second choice had been; let the only choice now be the nominee. All sores should be healed, and there should be no feeling save one of success; and to his old comrades he would say: Touch elbows on the march and press onward to certain victory!' General Logan retired amid loud applause, and the assemblage dispersed. All those who were on the spot will remember that Garfield was moved to tears as he thanked Logan for his hearty support."

General Logan, ever dauntless and faithful, stood by Garfield as President to the bitter end. I was delighted to find, in his speech on the subject of Education, that he cherished such broad and noble views on the general equality of prince and peasant where intellect is concerned. In fact, he believed in universal education, and was in favor of extending its advantages to all, Indians, people of all colors and races, every one. I myself should think any one who has read history, or observed mankind, and noted the passing events of his time, would see that genius is the most capriciously bestowed of all the powers of the gods. She will prefer the lonely cabin, where her lover reads by the light of pine-knots, as in the case of Lincoln and many others, to the sumptuous palace, with its glare and splendor.

She scorns all notion of lineage. Certain qualities may be hereditary; physique, of course, may be, but genius never. Its ancestry is beyond the skies, and the lips hallowed by the sacred fire of Prometheus are often those of the peasant's child. Who cares for Shakespeare's origin? Or Napoleon's? Thackeray said: "I would rather have genius than wealth. I would rather make my name than inherit it." In the National Convention in Chicago, in 1884, the courtesy of Blaine and Logan to each other was admirable. There, as always, Logan's dignity and unselfishness shone forth. Arthur was deservedly beaten; he could not expect to stand against champions like these. I have never been able to see on what grounds he presented himself as a candidate before the people. Was it because the shot of an assassin precipitated him into the White House, having previously been made Vice-President merely as a sop to Cerberus? Or was it that he had won the heart of the American people by his ingratitude to his friends and his fawning after millionaires? Well, neither old and tried friends, nor gilded new ones, stood by him at Chicago. Toleration is one thing, and preference is another. He at last felt his littleness, and it has been told by eye witnesses that he wept copiously at the selection of Blaine and Logan. He belonged to the class of people who are callous to other's woes, but very tender concerning themselves. It is also a fact that Arthur himself and a few choice spirits held high carnival of rejoicing when the news of Cleveland's election was received. This was fine gratitude from the man who, more than all others in the Republican party, was rewarded, as Roscoe Conkling afterwards said, "so far beyond his just deserts." Blaine was severely criticized for not being heart-broken at his funeral! "My Old Guard at Chicago, the 306, made Arthur," said Grant, "and see how quickly he has forgotten them! As for me, if people come to me for letters to that man, I now tell them I would not injure their cause by advocating it, or defeat their papers with my signature." One of the mysteries I can never solve is why men suddenly placed in power become so utterly changed. They at once seem to mistake hardness for greatness, and meanness for statesmanship.

The General's and Mrs. Logan's pathway through the country during the summer and autumn preceding election was a triumphal march, such as greeted the Roman Emperors of old after victories. The enthusiasm of the people was

unbounded. If this wonderful pair had been placed at the head of the Nation, it would be in sweet connection with the eternal fitness of things. They were perfectly adapted in all ways. All the women in the land would have rejoiced to pay homage to Mrs. Logan. She possessed all the qualities most admired in women, great beauty and intelligence, combined with the sunniest nature in the world, and a heart in sympathy especially with her own sex; for I know no one who is so peerless in this one quality; she seemed to be created for this especial destiny. But it was ordered otherwise, and yet, in the light of the coming years, I believe the name of no lady of the White House will shine one half so fair, so pure, so bright as that of Mary S. Logan. No event in the life of General Logan is more impressive to me than his last election to the United States Senate. Fate seemed determined to put his courage and endurance to the utmost test. The strange fatality of three deaths, two Democrats and one Republican, leaving the salvation of his election hanging on a single chance, the long fight of over three months closely following the election campaign, the powerful odds against him, the masterly strategy by which it was fairly secured, capturing the Democrats in what they fancied was one of their special strongholds, and electing a Republican there, made it one of his most glorious battles! Alas, that it should have been his last! Mr. Crowley said at the time that it was one of the greatest pieces of political management and generalship he ever knew or read about, and he was delighted with the news of the victory so bravely fought for and so brilliantly won. In a Fourth of July oration at Woodstock, Conn., he so forcibly expressed my ideas in regard to election privileges and the rights of people in general, that I select from it the following fine passage: "When the time shall come, as come it must, which shall see faithfully executed the declaration that all citizens of the United States shall be regarded as equally entitled to the same rights and privileges now contemplated by law; when men of all shades and colors, who under the law are entitled, shall be permitted to have their voices heard and their ballots counted in the selection of the persons to control the Government of the Nation and the States; when intimidation shall cease; when frauds, coming whence they may, in misdirecting and miscounting the ballots, and controlling elections unlawfully, shall be punished; when ballot-box stuff-

ers shall find homes in penitentiaries; when the black man as well as the white man shall be permitted to exercise his legal rights without fear or molestation; when he shall have equal rights with the whites in all the courts of justice; when he shall have equal privileges afforded him in securing an education; when he shall not only be counted in the apportionment for representation in Congress and in the Electoral College, but shall also be permitted freely to aid in the selection of that representation; in a word, when all citizens are equal and unobstructed while participating in the affairs and management of this great Nation; then, and not till then, will the real gem of 'liberty and equality before the law' be permanently fixed as the finishing cap-stone and crown of the sacred temple reared by our fathers and perfected by ourselves, within whose dazzling portals liberty shall live with us forever, and Heaven benignly smile upon a 'Government of the people, by the people, and for the people'!"

In his beautiful eulogy on General Grant, after ranking him at the head and front of military genius in all ages, he says, in allusion to the well-known truth that he was never elated or rendered proud by prosperity: "Egotism, vanity and ostentation always follow the success of the weak." Grant and Logan had no such contemptible weakness! Accustomed to the plaudits of the world, they did not forget to smile upon the humble as well as the haughty. Standing high on Fame's pinnacle, they never forgot who placed them there. Their true greatness needed no outward assumption. All mankind feel, what Shakespeare alone could express, that refined gold needs not to be gilded, nor the lily to be painted, nor the violet to be perfumed. I remember so well how beautifully and tenderly Grant spoke to me of Logan just before the election of Cleveland. The exact words I can not give, but the impression was one of perfect trust and honest admiration for John Logan. A fine touch of sarcasm is apparent in a speech made by the General at a banquet given him by the "Logan Invincibles" of Baltimore, in which he alludes to the fact that the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia rode about on the saddle formerly used by his uncle, Gen. Robert E. Lee. "While sitting thereon, he receives a kind of inspiration from the old saddle, that makes him feel as though he were in command of some great army, fighting for the destruction of his country." It was very interesting to hear both the Senators,

Logan and Conkling, discuss the colored people, for it is a subject on which I have always thought and felt very deeply myself. Who can tell what future lies before them now? Slavery kept them down as it has white nations. How is it possible to tell what they may yet accomplish? Well might we all copy their fidelity and their gratitude to those who are kind and just to them. Their love of music has always been considered wonderful, and if their songs were sweet in captivity, how divine will the melody be when the sense of Freedom has attuned the chords to perfect harmony! The wail of the captive, the lament of a race in chains, will be heard no more. How General Logan lived up to the noble idea he thus once expressed: "In God's name let us respect and love the dead who have died for us!" The long array of pensions secured to the soldiers' families by his wonderful persistency and untiring devotion will forever attest. If the prayers of grateful widows and orphans could have saved him, he would have been spared to be his country's pride for many years.

" But when the rose is brightest,
 Its bloom will soonest die ;
When burns the meteor brightest,
 'Twill vanish from the sky."

In my opinion, General Logan's book, "The Great Conspiracy," is the very best and most truthful record we have of the Civil War. I never was more interested and fascinated in the most thrilling romance ever penned. Fiction fades before the events here told. It is dedicated to the young men of America, and is, as I have told my sons, a priceless heritage. Its beauty and its worth will grow with time. We have all the vast panorama of the war; we have also the great figures who mingled in its stirring scenes, who fought the battles, made the glowing speeches, and carried the country safely through the storms which imperiled it, and the shots of traitors on all sides. Logan, the warrior, the statesman, is here the magician, who calls the noble dead from their graves and bids them speak again with all the fiery eloquence of yore. We hear again the battle of the giants, Lincoln and Douglas, as it rings over the land, listened to and watched by the thousands waiting to decide the great questions of the day, and in spite of all our loyalty to Lincoln, we adore Douglas for the intrepid spirit with

which he takes his stand on slavery, and more than all, when he declares himself in favor of the northern side of the great conflict, of which he did not live to see the end. Said his friend, Senator McDougall, of California: "The last voice of the dead Douglas I felt to be stronger than the voice of multitudes of living men." Logan inspires the reader with his own deep and outspoken admiration of Baker, of Oregon, who died on the field of battle. This beautiful extract from one of his speeches defending the Liberty of the Press, I specially admire: "It is fed by the dews of Heaven, which distil their sweetest drops to form it. On its broad bosom it bears a thousand barks. There Genius spreads its purpling sail. There Poetry dips its silver oar. Upon its borders there grow every flower of Grace and every fruit of Truth."

The constant friendship felt for President Lincoln by General Logan, the profound sympathy he felt for him in those troubled days, breathe all through the book. They were in perfect accord, both unselfish, thinking of their country's good alone, both brave and patriotic to an inspired degree. Logan's love and admiration for Grant are also everywhere apparent, and his eulogy pronounced at the hero's tomb will be an amaranth crown, for the flowers of which it is composed are more than mortal in their beauty. All through the "Great Conspiracy" are fine, glowing sentences like these: "When the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, its sullen echoes sounded the funeral knell of slavery." Alluding to the attitude of the Administration of Buchanan at the opening of the war, he says: "Thus swindled, betrayed and ruined by its degenerate and perfidious sons, the imbecile Administration stood with dejected mien and folded hands, helplessly awaiting the coming catastrophe." The whole story is magnificently told, and to those who knew the writer it is only a slight effort of fancy to recall his dark flashing eye, with its eloquent glance, and to dream they hear, not read, those burning words. Well hath it been said that the pen is mightier than the sword, but few have ever lived who could wield both so well as Gen. John A. Logan. This thought occurs to me, perhaps it has to many another before, that if Virginia is proudly styled the Mother of Presidents, if to be born in Ohio means to be born great, should not some new device of laurel crown the state which gave us a Logan, a Lincoln and a Douglas?

Just at the setting of Logan's earthly star, long-cherished wishes seemed to be realized. His travels during the summer before were like the triumphant progress of a royal conqueror through a flower-strewn land. On him the Nation's eyes were centered as their chosen hope and leader. Last, but not least, he had just been settled in his beautiful home, so long and ardently desired as the peaceful haven after many stormy battles. Alas! he but dwelt there long enough to consecrate its memory forever for those who lingered behind. I do not think any one could better have expressed the truth that Logan, like all great natures, could love and hate with equal fervor, than his friend, Doctor Newman, who was present at his death, and who most fittingly pronounced his funeral oration. Said he: "When composed, the ocean of his emotions was so placid that a little child might sail his fragile boat thereon; but when agitated, the great deep was troubled; the heavens scowled; thunder answered thunder; the ethereal fires gleamed and burned; wave mounted wave; and whole armaments were scattered before the fury of the storm. This is the key to the warmth of his friendship and the bitterness of his enmity." Another beautiful expression, in allusion to the fact that Logan first suggested Memorial Day, and afterwards spoke of it as the proudest act of his life, is this: "Could the patriotic dead rise from their graves, each with a memorial flower in his hand, there would rise a floral mountain to the skies, the perfume of which would ascend in gratitude to the God of Battles. Logan deserves such a mountain of flowers." How soon was he followed by Philip Sheridan, who stood at his death-bed, and Roscoe Conkling, whose grief for his friend was so eloquently expressed! Well might we exclaim,

"We've fallen upon gloomy days!
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled!
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly falls the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier."

Not only in Washington, but all over the United States, was the tenderest sympathy felt for Mrs. Logan and her children in their great sorrow. The whole country, without regard to party, felt that one of the best and brightest, one

of the most picturesque of all the grand figures, had passed from the stage forever. In the Senate, where they gathered to pay the last honors to their dead colleague, beautiful eulogies were delivered by Senators Cullom, Morgan, Edmunds, Manderson, Hampton, Allison, Hawley, Spooner, Cockrell, Frye, Plumb, Evarts, Sabin, Palmer and Farwell. Still, even in comparison with these distinguished gentlemen, I feel proud of the orations pronounced by our own New York State Senators, many of whom knew Logan well. Senator Sloan said: "I believe it is conceded on all hands that Logan's record was the grandest of any one of our citizen soldiers, notwithstanding there were many whose names were written high upon the scroll of fame." Lieutenant-Governor Jones said: "Public life opens golden opportunities for the acquirement of wealth in questionable ways. Many Members of Congress have been rapidly enriched. General Logan died poor. He was as incorruptible as he was positive. He is one of our public men who may be safely cited as an example to youth." Senator Coggeshall said: "He was endowed with a constitution that would have been the pride of a Norman king. He was vigorous as an athlete, robust as a plowman, perfect as an Apollo, polished as a Chesterfield, and as brave as the most immortal hero in history." Senator Knapp said: "Down along the line of the future, until time shall fold his wings, the name of Logan will be a household word." Mr. Saxton said: "The star of Logan will shine on with clear, serene ray so long as this Nation shall endure." Senator Raines said: "He was the comrade of every man who wore the blue. They were always in his mind; he never forgot them, and as long as one of them remains to answer the roll-call, he will not cease to be remembered." Senator Vedder said: "As a patriot he has no superior in all this world. He was the idol of his countrymen, and the savior of the untutored worship of all upon whose black brows he had helped, by sword and pen, to place the glittering crown of American citizenship. As an orator he had few equals. His oratory was peculiar to himself. It was rugged, intense, impetuous, sincere, and with a conscience behind it; in fact it was the unhewn honesty and rock-ribbed loyalty of John A. Logan that always spoke. As a soldier, he was the bravest of the brave. Had the flower of the Fifteenth Corps been the Imperial Guard of France, and had a Logan led them at Waterloo, the English

center would have been pierced, La Belle Alliance would have been Belgium's capital, Napoleon would have been on a throne, and the fate of the world would have been changed." Assemblyman Platt said: "Underneath that strong will, behind that inflexible nature, and beyond that indomitable bravery of the General and the leader, there was the loving, tender heart of the man." Mr. Langley said: "The qualities of the soldier, the citizen, the patriot and the statesman were all concentrated and unified, and they shone with rare and resplendent brightness in the life and character of Gen. John A. Logan." Emily Thornton Charles, in her beautiful poem on the death of Logan, expressed perfectly my feelings when the sad news came:

"What! Logan dead! the grand, the free
Untrammelled spirit of the West!
He, lying low, at death's decree,
With folded hands across his breast?
Alas! Alas! that it be said,
The soldier-citizen is dead!"

I believe every one will agree with me that in times of great affliction some words said by some friends have more power to soothe and heal than others, though all are uttered or written with the same kind sympathy. Though years have flown, and trials have thickened in our path, I can still recall with a throb of heart-felt gratitude the first despatches from the General and Mrs. Logan: "We deeply sympathize with you in the loss of your lovely daughter. Dear Maud! We loved her as if our own." Mrs. Sturgis, whose daughter was with us when Maud passed away, seems to have had the same feeling in regard to her. She writes: "We are with you, and suffering as though your dreadful loss were our own." I shall never forget how tenderly one special chord was touched by the hand of an early friend of my husband, Mr. Myron Clark, of Royalton. After expressing the full understanding of our grief that only those who have suffered can know, he adds: "By and by, well-meaning friends will say—the phrase has become stereotyped in my ears—well-meaning friends will say: 'Had Maud lived she would be now of such an age.' But to you, your Maud will always be as she was when last here, in her young womanhood, as my Maud is still to me the little girl with the golden curls, who kissed me 'good-night' and went away from me years ago." Of all the letters we received, and they were many

and tender and beautiful, this one only seemed to know and feel the immortal love, the love that through pain could yet rejoice that the adored one was out of the reach of this world's suffering, out of the touch of its treachery, beyond the possibility of its defeats, its disappointments and its deaths. I stood by a youthful bride; she was Maud's friend; she held a bunch of lilies of the valley in her hand; even so did Maud when she slept her last sleep; but I thought, "Where Maud is now the lilies never fade, and I would not call her back." I have met coldness where once was love. I have thought: "This, Maud has been spared." Ah, Menander! wisest of the ancient Greeks wast thou, who didst say that, better than all the triumphs life could offer was an early escape.

After an interval of four years I found myself once more on my way to Washington, the city of such sad memories, and yet so crowded with fond recollections as well. I was going to visit Mrs. Logan, whom I had last seen just before starting on my home journey with Maud. A little more than a year previous the great blow of her life had fallen, and her worshiped husband, General Logan, had been summoned. I longed for, yet dreaded, the meeting, and now, as I look back, I can trace in myself an improvement from that time; for I not only was worn with grieving, but I had come to believe that nobility and generosity were the dreams of youth and the illusions of the poet's brain. It was reserved for Mrs. Logan to dispel these clouds, and while such a woman lives, or we remember that she has lived, that knowledge is worth thousands of inferior natures not worth noting at all. The lesson given by her is that, though like the sweetheart of Robert Emmet, her heart in his grave is lying, yet she constantly exerts herself for the welfare and happiness of others, thereby finding blessedness. The words used by Moore in his sweet ballad now apply to Mrs. Logan, as well as to the story of the fair maid of Erin's hapless isle:

"He lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him."

But we pray that she may stay some years on this troubled sphere, if but to show what *woman can be*, when she rises above the weakness, the cruel jealousy, the narrow mind,

that have so long degraded her sex and made them so much more cruel than man is to man, or even than man is to woman. A loftier plane on which to stand, a brighter light may dawn for woman, if she lives to help, to comfort and to bless. I arrived in the morning, and as I stepped from the train a messenger said Mrs. Logan was waiting for me at the end of the platform. With what deep emotion I looked on that once beaming face, now in its statuesque beauty fairly startling beneath the widow's sable veil. Grief is a fine and cruel sculptor, yet in our faces he always spares the best, and those who survive that merciless chisel seem to come forth resplendent. Is this a herald of how luminous we shall be when this outer shell is quite removed? Jordan, the faithful black coachman, drove us out to Calumet Place, the home of the departed Chieftain. At first it seemed that I must see the General's noble form approaching, hear his genial voice and catch the sparkle of his peerless dark eyes; but on Memorial Day, when I went with them to his tomb at Rock Creek Cemetery, and saw the casket veiled in spring flowers, with his swords crossed above it, and his portrait silently gazing down, while all around the wreaths of immortelles kept since the funeral day, the "Cartridge Box, with forty rounds," the badge of the Fifteenth Army Corps, and all the emblems of his famous victories, then at last I realized that he was gone; that though in Calumet Place all his familiar belongings were everywhere visible, his hat hanging in the hall just as he last placed it there, his books as he last laid them down, yet when we returned that night, after the Grand Army of the Republic had paid their tributes to their "Comrade, John A. Logan," and the "Logan Invincibles" had wept for the old commander, we should not see him, he would not be visible to mortal eyes. That home has since become a temple dedicated to his memory. The trophies and souvenirs of a great and noble life are gathered and treasured there, and well do those children appreciate their priceless legacy! They seem to resemble their father more and more. I was told by dear friends of the family that Mrs. Tucker, the General's daughter, or as he always fondly called her, "Dolly," was her mother's whole dependence and inspiration in her first terrible grief. In her frail form are centered the resolution, the courage and devotion for which General Logan was celebrated. Heroic blood will tell. The dear mother, through her love for those children, rallied at last, and now the smiles,

so long watched for by loving friends, sometimes shine out as in olden days, though soon and often to be quenched in tears for the noble dead.

John A. Logan, Jr., seems to possess all the blessings which a fond father could have prayed for, a lovely wife, hosts of friends, a little daughter, named for his glorious mother, Mary Logan! May not one drop of that now brimming life-cup be spilled! The dark resolute face of the "Warrior Statesman" has been so often seen in the banners flung to every breeze in stirring campaign times that no description is necessary. Though Mrs. Logan's face is fast becoming historic, being so beautifully repeated now on canvas and in marble, yet I will here give my impression of her appearance. Though from the very first I thought her beautiful, when her kind eyes beamed on me so gently in Washington, as they did on all new-comers, as if for encouragement, yet I did not realize how faultless her features really were, and how grand the head was which enshrined those great qualities, until I went with her one day last year to the studio of Flannery, the celebrated sculptor in Washington. We passed a delightful hour there while little delicate touches were added to the splendid bust he was making of her. It was then, when I noted the perfection of the marble, and looked from its cold, though lovely, features to her own bright warm face, that I felt not alone the exact similitude in shape, but also what Nature had done in molding such a head. To crown all, there is, besides, the fond, true woman's heart. It is not strange that she shines out pre-eminent among the wives of the great men of our country, for I have well observed that many of them have no other thought than to derive as much utterly selfish pleasure as possible out of the gay life of the Capital, and that every courtesy they bestow has its object, while the leper is not more shunned than those who have fallen from power. There is so much they might do, if they only would, but in the meantime their glory, too, fades away, and they are in their turn forgotten, as they deserve to be.

Mrs. Tucker, the only daughter, is a perfect contrast in coloring to her mother. I think her temperament is different also. Mrs. Logan's is like those winds which blow in Persian lands over beds of roses, forever wafting sweet perfumes only, while Dolly's resembles those wandering airs that catch in their passage the breath of the Spice Islands as

well. She is like one of those birds of paradise, of which Persian legends tell that they fly from far southern isles to India to eat of the nutmeg tree. It is this quality of her mind which renders her society so piquant and entertaining. She is already a charming *raconteur*, and I predict she will be a leader of the most brilliant circles yet. Beneath this sweet effervescence, like that of a tingling, sparkling wine when one is weary of insipidity, there runs a deep river of emotions, of heroic qualities worthy of the race from whence she springs, the angel mother, and the soldier sire. It was Senator Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, who introduced the pension bill for Mrs. Logan, in which he was assisted by Senator Cullom, of Illinois, and Senator Call, of Florida. Their names should be canonized, but why was not the Senate more generous to a man who had doubly won their recognition? Who in all this broad country deserves more than the wife of General Logan, not only on his account, but on her own? In most instances, when great men die, their families are remembered solely because they belonged to them, but here is a most striking instance where each member of the family is entitled to the nation's love and the nation's gratitude. If great wealth were theirs, what sufferings would be alleviated, and what tender kindness shown to the unfortunate. Even as General Logan remembered the wounded soldier, so his wife would remember the wounded on the great battle-fields of the world!

I have not yet taken the reader over the threshold of Calumet Place, outside of whose hospitable door no friend would long be permitted to remain. You enter the grounds through a drive of stately old walnut trees, and stand on a broad piazza, encircled with sweet honeysuckles. On the heavy door is a very quaint brass knocker, with the American eagle proudly gleaming from its polished surface. A broad hall reaches through the house, as in most of the mansions of Colonial days. I remember the first room we entered was the library, on the left of the hall. There stand the General's black-walnut desk and chair, used by him so many years in Washington. What memories are associated with it, of the letters and despatches he wrote there, of the hours of perplexed thought he spent there, of the very life which was given there in studying how best to benefit his country, never trying in the slightest degree to scheme or plot for his own advancement, as so many others did. This should have

been remembered also. This room is full of interesting things, including a bust of the General by Miss Johnson, of Chicago, and a photograph by Scott, of Chicago, taken only forty days before his death. One would not dream, in studying the features, that death stood near and said to himself: "This is the last of all mortal semblances of Logan." There are also the portraits of the Logan Invincibles, of which he was elected a member in 1885. That, too, was but one short year before the final enrolling, the enlistment in the last army. The photograph of the one hundred and three men of the Thirty-Fourth Illinois Legislature, which elected Logan for the last time, had a peculiar and most touching interest for me. I felt what good and true men they all were, and how happy they must be, now that he for whom they voted has passed away, that they did not desert him in this, his last extremity. Directly over the bas-relief by Miss Johnson is the picture of the original ancestor of the Logan family, a Scottish Chieftain in the Highland costume, wearing a Campbell plaid. Close by, a modest little frame holds a record in the life of Mrs. Logan that should be written imperishably: "At a reception at the White House during Arthur's Administration, Mrs. Logan, observing that Mrs. B. K. Bruce, the wife of the Register of the Treasury, was not politely treated by the other ladies, with her characteristic kindness and nobility of heart, extended her hand, for which the colored citizens of the City of Chicago sent the following resolutions," which are, as they should be, among the gems of Mrs. Logan's collection, and will be forever dear to her descendants:

"*Resolved*, That we, the colored citizens of Chicago in mass-meeting assembled, recognize in Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan the true type of womanhood. She graciously relieved Mrs. Senator B. K. Bruce in extending to her the hand of friendship at the above named reception, while other ladies present were disinclined to grant her the courtesy and the consideration due her as the wife of a prominent Government official (Register of the Treasury.) And that we will, for this one act, hold in respectful and kind remembrance the name of Mrs. John A. Logan.

(Signed.)

FERDINAND L. BARNETT,

Chairman,

And JOHN B. FRENCH,

Secretary."

Over the doorway which leads into the hall are the portraits, first, of Stephen A. Douglas, next, of General Grant, then of Arthur, and then of General Logan himself. Mrs. Tucker, the General's daughter, recently related to me a very remarkable incident connected with these pictures. Just when her illustrious father lay dead in the room above, in fact his bed stood directly over this very spot, the sons of these great men, by chance, by fate, stood directly under the portraits of their sires, and just in the order above mentioned, Stephen Douglas, Fred Grant, Alan Arthur, and John A. Logan, Jr.! There is here one of the celebrated Brady photographs, of which only a few exist, of Sherman and his Generals—Logan, Hazen, Howard, Schofield and Blair—and beneath is the well-known bas-relief of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. There are countless Indian ornaments from Santa Fé, connected with the life of Mrs. Tucker, when her husband was stationed there, which well attest the artistic ingenuity of that race. I do not suppose that anywhere in this country can be found such rare treasures in old and fine mahogany and rosewood furniture as are now in the possession of Mrs. Logan. If inanimate things could feel in their own way, how they would rejoice to think, after descending from their ancient splendor in the drawing-rooms of the South, to the sordid auction rooms of the conquering North, they had at last fallen into worthy and honored hands. A handsome sofa from the Slidell family, of Mason and Slidell fame; a dower-chest from the Hallidays, old and worm-eaten in the wooden lining, but wonderfully carved by Italian workmen, and brought over by the first Mrs. Halliday, are here. Mrs. Tucker showed me a piece of the wood taken from the inside, when they had it relined, and it was porous, almost sponge-like, from the ravages of the worm. Naturalists said that the traces bore evidence of nothing which ever grew here, so the inference was the chest was of great antiquity many years before the Hallidays purchased it, and the carving bore traces of great skill. In the hall there is a tall and stately clock, which reminds one of Longfellow's "old clock on the stairs," and as it ticks the hours away, one dreams of the melancholy cadence of the refrain in the poem, "Forever—Never—Never—Forever." Just three minutes after General Logan ceased to breathe, this clock tolled solemnly three times, and now, whenever they hear it strike that memorable hour, their thoughts go back to that day, and its sad scenes

are lived in sorrowful remembrance over again. For them it is, indeed, the "horologe of eternity."

Among the historical pieces of furniture is a candlestick of old mahogany, long used by Henry Clay. One muses over this piece of polished wood which once held the light shed over the brilliant orator as he read his Bible, or penned his letters; and reflects on the brilliancy of mind so much more fleeting here than the humblest things which surround us. In the dining-room are the tables, also of handsome old mahogany, with quaint brass legs, around which once sat the Carrolls of Carrollton and their guests, of long-ago Colonial times. Perhaps these silent boards heard many a toast to the King's health before the famous member of the family saw fit to immortalize the name by placing it on the deathless Declaration of Independence. Where are now the beauty and the wit that circled round this table come to such fit servitude at last? Do they ever revisit old haunts? But little such ponderings as these vexed the souls of the brilliant assemblage of dames that gathered there on the first entertainment given since Calumet Place was in mourning. This was during my visit, and on the occasion of an Army and Navy luncheon, and I venture to say that round that ancient historic table no lovelier, brighter women ever sat than those who responded to Mrs. Logan's first call since her great sorrow. Mrs. Drum, the wife of the popular General, whom no one could know without loving, and the charming Miss Blackburn, daughter of the Senator from Kentucky, were the ones I saw most of, but I was positively bewildered with the diamond sparks of wit and the flashing of the bright eyes around me. Once more I repeated my old decision that for *savoir-vivre*, for kind hearts, for tact and cultivation, the ladies of the Army and Navy challenge the world; that is, the social world, as Lord Chesterfield said, the *beau monde*. In this same room, now laden with lovely fine china, towered the old-time book-cases of Daniel Webster. Where the tomes which once distinguished them have been scattered, I know not, but their last days are devoted to the safe keeping of Mrs. Logan's pretty tea-cups, among them a set of brown china which came over in the Mayflower, and was presented by a friend from Massachusetts. The mahogany dressing-case used by Buchanan when he was our Minister to the Court of St. James now reflects back the beautiful face of Mrs. Logan, as she makes her toilet, and in another

room is a lovely Venetian mirror which gave back the fair dames' images in the old days of the Doges. I like to think that all climes and all ages have sent their quota to my noble friend. If I had jewels, which would burn and shine to testify my love and admiration for her, I would offer them as freely as pious pilgrims do to saintly shrines; but these feeble words are like a chaplet of wild flowers flung at her feet, quickly to fade and be forgotten. And yet, no! For she prizes as dearly the blossom, wet with the heart-dew of friendship, as the costliest offering that wealth could bestow. It was even so with the dear General! It is true of their children!

The portieres, made of Navajo blankets, are not only handsome but almost indestructible. General Logan often saw the Indians making them, and they have many interesting plates of the process. In fact, the house abounds with both Indian and Mexican pictures and curios of all kinds. A very interesting portrait is that of Peta-La-Sha-Ra, Chief of the Pawnees, who was noted for forbidding the custom among his tribe of offering human sacrifices. He is gorgeously dressed and wears the gigantic war-bonnet, trimmed with trailing turkey-feathers reaching to the feet, worn by the Sioux and northern Indians generally. The water-bottles made of grass by the Piscarilla Apaches, and the canteens, or jars, made by the Zuni Indians, are wonderfully ingenious and pretty, and the moccasins and tobacco-pouches are really beautiful. Near the striking portrait of the great Navajo Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces, hangs a singular looking horn, and "thereby hangs a tale." This barbaric vessel was once used to carry mescal, or the Mexican whisky, which is made from the roots of the plant called Spanish bayonet. It was given to General Logan on a trip to Sonora, Old Mexico, with Governor Sheldon, then Governor of New Mexico, and when presented it was full of the mescal. The General meant to take it back to Santa Fé, where he was visiting his daughter, Mrs. Tucker, but forgot it at Lamy Station. When he recovered it, he observed that the contents were partly gone. However, some quantity remained, which was still in the horn when Mrs. Logan hung it upon a shield of black velvet in her home on Twelfth Street, in Washington, the following winter. The old colored fireman, who had charge of the grates, discovered in some way that this horn contained something enticing; so one day, after recklessly drain-

ing this dangerous draught distilled beneath western suns, he suddenly horrified the peaceful inmates of the house by the antics of a maniac, and they were obliged to dismiss him, as the effects did not speedily wear off. It is to be supposed that it did later, however, or else the Mexicans were more capable of bearing fiery stimulants than the Africans.

Some very ancient Spanish curiosities are a shield of raw-hide and a frame of a holy picture from a church at Santa Fé, hewn out with an axe, before tools were invented. The Moqui plaques are evidences of taste and skill on the part of these people, who seemed to have had so little to suggest beauty in their lives or to encourage them to works of art. A trophy of the General's skill in shooting is a pair of pistols won from Fred Whitehead, the crack shot of the army. Another fine trophy was presented by Edwin S. McCook, brother of the Hon. Anson McCook, Secretary of the Senate, formerly General in the army, and Member of Congress. It is the largest moose-head I ever saw. The animal was shot in Dakota. The end of this brave man was a striking example of base ingratitude. He was murdered by a man whom he had often befriended, and whose family he had saved from being burned to death.

As you pass through the drawing-room you behold with wonder a fairy-like structure that seems to have arisen at the spell of some weird magician, so quickly and wondrously has the labor been performed. Yet it is no dream of beautiful memories, but an enduring monument reared by a woman's love, aided by the skillful brain of an architect who was also a friend. This is Memorial Hall, planned by Mrs. Logan and the talented Mr. Mullen, of Washington, a man who knew well many of the great ones lately passed away. There are here many interesting portraits taken during the Mexican and Civil Wars, both of the General and those associated with him. One is a photograph of the Commander-in-Chief and Staff of the Grand Army of the Republic, N. P. Chipman, Fred A. Staring, Timothy Lubey and William T. Collins. I observed a frame hung near one of the General's portraits, which contained some printed words, which at once arrested my attention. They were, "Good-Bye, Old Arm."

DEDICATED TO OUR COUNTRY'S WOUNDED HEROES.

"In the hospital at Nashville, a wounded hero was lying on the amputation table under the influence of chloroform.

They cut off his strong right arm and cast it, all bleeding, upon the pile of human limbs. Then they laid him gently upon his couch. He woke from his stupor and missed his arm. With his left arm he lifted the cloth and there was nothing but the gory stump. 'Where is my arm?' he cried, 'get my arm; I want to see it once more, my strong right arm!' They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and, looking steadfastly at the poor dead member, thus addressed it with tearful earnestness: 'Good-Bye, Old Arm! We have been a long time together. We must part now, Good-Bye, Old Arm! You'll never fire another carbine, nor swing another saber for the Government!' And the tears rolled down his cheeks. He then said to those standing by: 'Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one state shall be torn from this GLORIOUS UNION.'

General Logan was very fond of dwelling on this sad, yet inspiring incident. How terrible it is to think of all the unrecorded suffering of the war! This solemn thought comes, I think, more at the Arlington Cemetery than anywhere else, when we stand by the monument erected to the memory of the nameless dead, the heroes whose friends could not find their remains. Surely, somewhere, there must be an unerring record kept. This we believe. There is a photograph of Logan and his staff during the war, an engraving of "Sherman's March to the Sea." Here hangs the sword presented after Vicksburg. There hangs the shield of the Headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps. On either side of the door hang two old flags. One is the banner of the Sixteenth Illinois, and went all through the war. The other was presented by a friend and hung over his saddle on the occasion of the Grand Review. There are prints of the siege of Vicksburg, and of Logan's Division going into fight at the Crater at Fort Hill. There is the map of Vicksburg. Next hangs the painting of the house where General Logan was born, at Murphysboro, Jackson County, Illinois. There is a piece of redwood tree cut down by General Logan in California. Perhaps the most striking object in the whole place is Flannery's beautiful bust of the hero, in fine white marble, against its background of crimson plush. It is perfect in the likeness, lofty in the expression, and altogether faultless.

The exquisite regularity of the features is wonderfully reproduced in the marble.

All the stained glass work in the ceiling is lovely in design and execution, and the two memorial windows are peculiarly interesting. One contains beautifully illumined badges of the various organizations to which General Logan belonged: the Grand Commander badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, next, the Loyal Legion badge of the Army of the Tennessee, then of the Chevalier Bayard Commandery of Chicago, and the Knight Templar, Masonic badge. In the center of the window is the coat of arms of the Logan family, a blood-red heart pierced by three passion nails. *Motto—Hoc majorum virtus.* Just above the door leading to a delightful conservatory beyond hangs a hand-painted copy in china of this coat of arms. The memorial window on the south side contains the illuminated portrait of General Logan, with the words underneath, "Major-General John A. Logan," on a red ribbon unfurled, then palm-branches, always used for the victorious and the dead, then the two corps flags of the Army of the Tennessee, red and white, blue and yellow, with gold fringes. Just under these flags is the medal voted by Congress just after the siege of Vicksburg, July 4, 1864. Last, sword and gun crossed, pen and manuscript laid aside. Emblems so beautiful, yet so sadly expressive of the fact that his life-work was done, are these! Among the interesting flags in their collection, I remember specially a gorgeous banner, with the General's portrait, which was carried in California at the reunion of the G. A. R., not long before his death. Another fondly treasured is the flag of the Army of the Tennessee, of dark blue silk, which has been carefully repaired and preserved. A stirring picture is one of the battle-scene at Atlanta, just after the death of McPherson, when Logan instantly assumed command and gained the victory. There is an old print of the Thirty-Sixth Congress, which puzzles many people, as it is almost impossible to find the faces of Logan and Conkling there, or to believe when you are told that these smooth features were destined to be so changed by the stern experiences of after years. I tried for some time one day, when Mrs. Tucker told me her father's face was there, to find it among the crowd, but gave it up as impossible, though I found there many another historic and distinguished face.

Here are the holsters and field-glasses General Logan carried through the war, and the musket he carried to the Battle of Bull Run, when he rushed from the House of Congress in citizen's clothes across the bridge. How these things will grow more precious with every year as history and time illumine his grand and heroic form! There hangs an engraving of the managers of the House of Representatives of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Besides General Logan, there were present Benjamin Butler, James S. Wilson, now Senator from Iowa, Thaddeus Stevens, George S. Boutwell, Thomas Wilson and John A. Bingham, of Ohio. There is a picture of the Chevalier Bayard Commandery, taken at the time of the Conclave at St. Louis, on the 22d of September, 1886, and the Escutcheon of Military Record. Mrs. Logan has many perfectly arranged scrap-books, containing personal mention, volumes of letters of congratulation on his election to the Senate, and later, the many comments on his death. His library books are still arranged just as he left them, history, poetry, biography and fiction all assembled. General Logan was very fond indeed of fine poetry. He loved Shakespeare, and Dickens was one of his favorite novelists. But I think with him the ancient classics writers stood first, after all. It was touching to see the book-marks, just as he left them, in Sallust and Eschylus, Tacitus, Suetonius and others. One fears he may return at any moment and find the marks displaced. But, ah! he will not come, let his treasures be rifled as they will. Small dread of that since they are tended by reverent and loving hands, to whom the slightest token of his love and presence are dear. He seemed to dwell greatly on books pertaining to immortality. At one time he studied constantly for two years on the Bible, and he fully and devoutly believed in its inspiration. Close by is the Koran, with references marked, and many works on theology. As his daughter Dolly and myself sat musing over his favorite books, feeling that thus we could almost speak with him once more, something brought up the name of his old friend, General Leggett, of Cleveland. I had just before met him at our home in Lockport, being enchanted to hear he knew the Logans well, and it seems that the General, in his last illness, dreamed that he was at the home of the Leggetts, and would say to his wife, "Mary, we must go home." Alas! that he did indeed go home so soon! I did not wonder, when I came to know General Leggett and his wife, that the

family of General Logan prized their regard so highly. The General is a superb character, a thorough gentleman and a finished scholar, and Mrs. Leggett is one of the prettiest and most charming women I ever knew. I was at once aware of her perfect freedom from any of the small weaknesses of jealousy, for she spoke in such glowing terms of praise of so many other women. General Leggett still carries painful reminders of the glorious battles he fought. But, if the bullets remain, glory has its balm to soothe the pain.

The memorial resolutions that were sent from all over the United States on hearing of the intrepid chieftain's death were clothed in such royal garb, and uttered in such knightly phrasing, that they might have been deemed fit messages for monarchs to send or to receive. Some were in black velvet, some in white, and some in purple silk. The first, presented at the funeral, was from the U. S. Grant Post, of New York. Among the most beautiful were those from Illinois, Kings County, New York and Boston. There were the resolutions of the Loyal Legion, Michigan Commandery; of the Englewood Union Veteran Club, of Chicago; and the Old Guard Post, of Dayton, Ohio, sent a memorial in the shape of a Grand Army badge—eagle and star. The Veteran Union League, of Chicago, and Ulysses S. Grant Post sent resolutions, as did also the J. B. Stedman Post, of Ohio, and the Logan Invincibles, of Baltimore. I was proud to observe that the memorial resolutions of the Union Veteran League, of Erie County, were beautifully worded and arranged. The furniture in this Memorial Hall was used by him in his library at Chicago, and was especially designed by him. The family prize it on that account. There is the same leather-covered couch, and the same carpet, a light ground decorated with little yellow shields. The chair he used in the Senate was presented to Mrs. Logan, and is here. It is a temple reared to glory and to love, and if the hero's shade might glance here for a moment, he would see how fond a worship consecrated this fair spot to his memory.

“ Rest, soldier, rest ! for peace is thine ;
Rest, warrior ! for earth's strife is o'er ;
Rest, statesman ! Fame's bright laurels twine
Thy noble deeds ; the golden shore
For thee is won, while tears are shed
For lion-hearted Logan, dead.”

CHAPTER XV.

A GLIMPSE OF THE NEW RÉGIME.

“ To him each lady’s look was lent;
On him each courtier’s eye was bent ;
Midst furs, and silk, and jewels’ sheen
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The center of the glittering ring,
And Snowdown’s Knight is Scotland’s King !”

AND Indiana’s Senator is Columbia’s leader! Like James Fitz-James, of Scotland, in the minstrel’s story, though other forms may tower above him, and jewels gleam, and bright eyes shine upon him, and brilliant ambassadors from foreign courts surround him, yet he will still be the principal figure as long as he lives in that place which has been occupied by so many strangely differing personages. The King is dead! Long live the King! Though our Republic has not proved itself ungrateful, having duly honored its heroes, yet it is quite as fickle as even the French. For who in Washington to-day stops to think of Cleveland or Arthur? The King is dead! Long live the King! The spring shone radiantly on the entrance of the new régime, and in the White House grounds the crocus and violet blossomed gaily in spite of death and change. As I passed up the walk the birds sang, and the flowers looked up smilingly from their grassy bed, as if in mockery of the past. I thought within myself, “Oh, for one hour of the glorious Grant, of our own Haroun Al Raschid!” If I should tell him that my husband had nearly worn himself out in making speeches urging him for President, and had been beaten by all the base efforts that slander and money could effect, by the men who, disappointed at not being nominated for Congress themselves, confined their labors solely to effect his defeat, never once uttering a word to help the National cause, how the great warrior-statesman would have crushed such traitors under his heel! These reflections filled my mind while waiting to be admitted into the presence of the President. As I at last passed into the library, for a moment it, too, seemed haunted by the ghosts of Garfield and of Arthur. A brilliant burst of sunlight shone on the table sent by the English Queen, and shed a halo of splendor over the head of Benjamin Harrison. Like the Scottish King,

“ On his bold visage middle age
Has slightly pressed its signet sage.”

Determination sits upon the massive brow, and they who claim that Harrison is much influenced by this or that Senator must be shallow readers of Physiognomy. I believe, as the result of my impressions on that day, that he means to do strictly right by every one, as far as it lies in the power of one man to do so. The Administration is yet in its infancy, but, whatever happens, I shall not believe he was swayed or intimidated. He is, perhaps, likely to commit some injustice by too rigidly adhering to some rule or plan of action he may have laid out for himself, thereby playing unconsciously into the hands of unscrupulous men, who are thus enabled to work out their schemes of revenge or future power for themselves. If possible, he should not allow his high office to be perverted to those base uses. But that Almighty Power which has placed him at the head of the Government can alone inspire him, and defend his power from the hand of the wicked and cruel ones, who seek to turn it to the ruin of the noble and the advancement of the vile. Time and Nemesis, who seem to walk hand-in-hand through the revolving years, have placed Blaine and Windom in the Cabinet of the United States once more. In this Harrison seems so clearly the chosen Avenger that I deem it a favorable augury of good works yet to be, an omen that right will triumph, that the Heroic will supersede the Silver age. These two officers have wisely chosen for their first assistants the finest possible men. Mr. Blaine has his son, Walker, and Mr. Windom has Gen. George Batcheller. Secretary Noble is fortunate in securing the aid and companionship of General Bussey. The Attorney-General, Miller, we have not the pleasure of knowing, but I admire the friendship which prompted the President to reward a life-long friend, and certainly none would know his worth and usefulness better than the one with whom he had been so long associated. Secretary Proctor, of the War Department, we met for the first time on this recent visit to Washington, and in accordance with my favorite idea, I pronounce him a great man. First, because immense wealth has not inflated him with purse-pride, and next the sudden elevation to high position has not disturbed his mind in the least, and last and best, for his true sympathy with others, his capacity to distinguish

merit from littleness. I have not met Secretary Tracy, of the Navy, though he is an old and admired friend of Mr. Crowley, nor Secretary Rusk, of the Agricultural Department, though one day I happened to be at the White House door just as the entire Cabinet were on their way to a meeting, and the new member just created looked benignant enough to cause the goddess Ceres to smile upon the country. I thought they formed quite an imposing band that day, though it happened that the Premier, Mr. Blaine, was the last in the distinguished line, as he had been detained in some way. It is superfluous to add the seeming paradox, that, even though last, he would always be first. This rather Hibernian expression has the highest possible authority, that of the Scriptures, for is it not said that the last shall be first, and the first last? . The Postmaster-General, Mr. Wanamaker, is enveloped in such a golden mist that at first you fancy he must be far off and almost unattainable. But, as your eyes get accustomed to this glare of light, you find, like all things dreaded most in this world, on clearer vision a charming, unassuming, kind and true gentleman. Not only will he gild with royal magnificence the pageantry of the new Court of the Republic, but he will gladden many a despondent soul at the same time. He manifested at the outset the deep finesse for which he is celebrated, when he secured the aid and fellowship of General Clarkson, of Iowa, as first assistant. This was a *coup d'état* worthy of a Wolsey or a Richelieu. It insures the success of his office, and just as fearlessly as he can trust his vast commercial interests to worthy hands, so he can rest contented in the assurance that Mr. Clarkson at the helm means safety and glory.

It remains to be seen whether, with all these tremendous advantages, with auspices as fair as any under which a bright star ever shone, John Wanamaker will be all that he might be, will dare to assert and maintain his own position. For it is not necessary, as I understand it, that he should defer to any special person who happens to be in power, or that he should consult anything on earth but his own conscience, first, and Benjamin Harrison next. He is conspicuously sailing under the banner of Jesus, and there is nothing in that life to afford an example of reward to the successful because they have trampled on the wronged. Of course, to walk really in those sacred footsteps would mean crucifixion always, but there need not be such endless abysses between theory

and practice. Postmaster-General Wanamaker treated us in all ways with a courtesy and gentleness for which we will always remember him most kindly. One of the great pleasures of spending an evening at his beautiful home is to study the collection of rare paintings from almost every land. Think what a privilege it must be to own the great picture of "Christ before Pilate!" I really think it should be ever before the eyes of Mr. Wanamaker to remind him that troubles and persecutions are oftentimes undeserved. Just before the election of Harrison and Morton, I called at the Victoria Hotel, in New York, to see Mrs. John A. Logan, previous to her departure for Europe. It was then I met one of her special friends, Mr. J. S. Clarkson, of Iowa. There are certain turns in the fortunes of individuals and of nations in which the character and disposition and capacity of those we meet are shown clearly in the briefest space of time. I wish to record here that no man whom I have ever met bore the test which tells of great heart and mind better than James S. Clarkson, of Iowa. He stood in contrast with the selfish schemes so common in political life, like a spotless, peerless gem among common pebbles. There is no place too high for such a man, none where he could lose sight of, and pity for, others less successful. When President Harrison was so fortunate as to secure his services in the arduous position he now holds, that of Assistant Postmaster-General, the press of the whole country voiced the sentiment of the people in flattering yet just encomiums. In one of them, this kindness I have just spoken of is described: "Mr. Clarkson has proved his fine spirit by remembering his friends in his new position of power. To forget one's friends when fortune smiles is the way of the world, but not the way of Mr. Clarkson, who is now proving his goodness of heart, so long appreciated by those who know him best." Said another: "He will fight hard and long for a friend, and forgive an enemy while he is doing it." He is known all through the West as "Ret," this formerly having been used as a *nom de plume* in corresponding from Washington. An intimate friend thus addressed him, calling at the Department just after his assumption of his office.

"Dear Ret: It is better to be there granting a favor, than anywhere else, asking one.

Yours,

C. E. MASON."

Having been known to decline countless offices, and holding the proud independent position of editor of a leading journal, the *Des Moines State Register*, it was a surprise to many that so able a man as Mr. Clarkson should have accepted a position in any way secondary. But to those who knew him best it did not seem strange, and his own words will partially explain it to others. He says: "I feel just as I did in the campaign last year, when I declined the chairmanship of the National Committee to take a second place. There is one good thing about the office, too, which is grateful to me. It is not so large that my occupancy of it can excite envy, enmity or jealousy. It is hard work, inferior rank and poor pay, and even my opponents will be willing to let me have such minor blessings as these." He declined the Swiss Mission, tendered to him by General Grant, and also the Consul-Generalship of London, and was mentioned, though against his expressed wish, for a place in the Cabinet of Garfield. He was born in Indiana, but went in early childhood to Iowa. He comes of a family of editors and seems to have inherited an ability for literary work of various kinds. He has written romances, as well as political essays and articles on practical themes. He is a very fine-looking man, with a fascinating address, and the unmistakable stamp of intellect is observed at a glance. Said the *Waterbury American*: "When you are with Mr. Clarkson, you are apt to have an uneasy sense that you are being read. Those eyes never leave you alone. He is the best sort of a man for a friend, and the hardest sort of a man for an enemy. He loves strongly and hates bitterly. He is generous to a fault. He is a tireless worker." The *Des Moines Postal Record* says: "Mr. Clarkson is unquestionably the strongest Republican in Iowa, excepting Senator Allison. He has more enemies than some other public men in his party, but his qualities are such that he attracts the fighting element of his side and has always had his way in State politics." Mr. Clarkson has been for many years devoted to Mr. Blaine, and was at the head of the Iowa delegation for him at each time his name was presented for the Presidency. He has been sent as delegate to four National Conventions, at the last of which he turned with his State to Harrison, when the nomination of Allison became impossible. The whole country is familiar with the story of his labors in the campaign as Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Secretary

Wanamaker told Mr. Crowley that it was only after repeated solicitation that he consented, for the sake of his friends and his party, to take up the burden of his present task. The *Irish World* says: "The supervision of Chairman Quay, Vice-Chairman Clarkson and Treasurer Dudley has probably never been excelled." We had known Colonel Dudley when he was Commissioner of Pensions in Washington some years before, and he is unquestionably one of the best and brightest workers in the Republican ranks to-day. He also has a charming wife, marvelously youthful looking, when one realizes that she is the mother of several grown-up children.

On my last visit to Washington I met Mrs. Clarkson, and, though I had read the most delightful accounts of her in the western papers, and heard attached friends speak proudly in her praise, yet I could say, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half had not been told me. She is not only very handsome, fascinating and finely educated, but, something rarer still, she has a heart, and the impulses of a noble and unspoiled nature speak in every glance of her bright eyes and every word she utters. With her fine address and tact, I predict for her a brilliant social reign in Washington. It is really a pleasure to see people who adorn lofty positions, instead of being compelled to wonder why fate selected them, as we often do. Mrs. Clarkson's name was Anna Clarinda Howell. Her husband and intimate friends call her "Ruby." She was named after two aunts, having lost her mother in infancy. She was born and married in Ohio, but soon after her marriage removed to Des Moines, where they have since resided, and where they will be greatly missed during their life in Washington. The Press of their own city unite in pronouncing Mrs. Clarkson "as popular as she is handsome." No matter how high the star of James S. Clarkson may rise, no matter how brightly it may shine, the peerless "Ruby" he chose years ago will shed a more beaming luster than aught beside over the pathway his friends hope and believe to be brilliant, and to which the place he now holds is but a stepping-stone.

I am told that the life of Secretary Noble has been full of interest, and that his present high position is the deserved reward of talent and perseverance, and great nobility of character, in a word, that his name is a very appropriate one. The reason for his choice of General Cyrus Bussey as first

assistant are most creditable to the heads and hearts of both. They were associated in the stirring scenes of the war, and now they share together the pleasures of the country's peace. When General Bussey came with the Rev. Mr. Newman to visit me in my great sorrow, I could then see and know the nature of the man, who, having just experienced a profound grief himself, could sympathize with another. All his friends will agree with me in saying that General Bussey is the model of a soldier, a gentleman and a Christian. He is the very soul of honor and fidelity, and Secretary Noble is fortunate in securing his co-operation in the Department of the Interior. His martial instincts may be said to be in the blood, for he is descended from the line of Junot, Duc D'Abrantes, whom Napoleon made Commander of Paris and Marshal of France. He probably inherits from the same source his chivalry, for I have always thought Junot the most kind and tender to the discarded Empress Josephine of any of those by whom the Emperor was surrounded in the days of his glory. All courtiers will smile on a woman beloved by a king, but how many will ever recognize a woman exiled and forgotten? One only needs to attend a reception at Washington to observe that the spirit of the days of the Knight Templars has departed, for Senators and soldiers will fawn around and flatter alike the ladies in power, no matter how ugly, how dull, or uninteresting they may be. There is no time spent on those outside, and Pompey's words to Sylla are every day verified: "Men worship the rising, and not the setting sun." General Bussey's sincere and unaffected piety is a direct legacy from his good parents. His father was a Methodist minister, and Cyrus was one of a large family. Owing to the well-known fact of ministers of that sect constantly moving, he never staid in one place long enough to have the advantages. One thing was in his favor, according to Chauncey Depew, he was born in the lucky State of Ohio. The same kind presiding genius of his destiny caused him later to settle for some time in the perhaps equally fortunate State of Iowa. Self-denying, industrious and religious through his youth, he earned the successes of his maturer years. He became State Senator in 1858, and in 1860 he was elected delegate to the convention which nominated Stephen A. Douglas for President. Up to this period he had been an ardent Democrat, but, because he did not remain in the ranks of those who wished the continuance

of slavery and were willing to sacrifice the Union he was "formally read out of the party for no crime but loyalty to his country." Governor Kirkwood, who afterwards was a member of Garfield's Cabinet, knowing the courage and ability of the young man, made him Lieutenant-Governor at once. Next, by order of the Government, he organized the Third Iowa Cavalry, of which he was made Colonel, and which behaved so gallantly at the famous battle of Pea Ridge. In 1864 he was commissioned Brigadier-General U. S. V., and in 1865, Major-General by brevet. After the close of the war, his health impaired by close attention to duty, made it imperative that he should seek a milder climate, and he went to New Orleans. There he became a very successful merchant and was elected Mayor of the city, and was President of the Chamber of Commerce of New Orleans for six years. There he enjoyed many happy years of the most perfect happiness given to mortals in the companionship of a beloved wife, and there the sorrow of his life came to him in her early death, which has shaded his path forever and mixed all its joy with gloom.

In a very eloquent speech made by General Bussey, on the occasion of a flag presentation by the Lafayette Post of the Grand Army of the Republic to the College of New York City, after giving an interesting account of the various battles he had witnessed, and descriptions of the historic movements of the great leaders on both sides, he concludes with saying: "The surrender of Vicksburg, as the result of the grandest strategy our war produced, established General Grant's reputation as one of the greatest generals the world has ever known. To have served in the same armies, on the same field, under the command of the three greatest generals our war produced, is an honor which I am proud to acknowledge. The contemplation of what Grant, Sherman and Sheridan wrought in behalf of the flag we are here to-night to honor should fill all our hearts with a sublimer patriotism and a deeper love of country. They reconstructed the foundations of republican government in this country. They made the people of every race free. Our success demonstrated to every European Government the success of free institutions and gave an impetus to freedom and liberty throughout the world. Our flag, the Stars and Stripes, is the proudest banner that waves in the universe. It has been sanctified by the heroes of the Revolution, waved in triumph over our victo-

rious army and navy in the War of 1812, floated in triumph over the halls of the Montezumas, and was dyed with the blood of 300,000 gallant patriots who gave up their lives in the War of the Rebellion. A million widows and orphans have mourned in poverty and loneliness, that this flag might remain the emblem of a preserved Union, without one star effaced. To whom is it sacred, if not to the men who bore it over two thousand battle-fields in the late war, who are well represented here to-night as members of the Grand Army of the Republic? I well remember, when I was a boy, just after the war with Mexico, standing before a picture of the death of Major Ringgold, where I felt my heart swell with that something called patriotism, which makes a man willing to die for his country. It was that feeling which sustained me when the conflict came, and I felt the agonized beating heart of a lovely wife when the hour came to say farewell, when leaving for the front. It was that feeling when the sound of rebel guns, which fired upon Fort Sumter, echoed over the hills of New England, and away over the prairies of the West, which caused a boy of fifteen, a descendant of Israel Putnam, to carve a sword out of wood, on which he inscribed, 'Not to be drawn except in justice, not to be sheathed except in honor,' and, buckling this about him, he went to a recruiting station, enlisted as a soldier and died on the field of battle near Richmond. It was patriotism which enabled men in the late war to lead a forlorn hope when they knew death was certain. In the last *Century Magazine*, Gen. Horace Porter tells us that men detailed the night before to assault the enemy's works the next morning, sewed cards in their clothing upon which they had written their names, and given directions concerning the disposition of their bodies when they should be found dead, after the battle was over. What sublime courage was that! And yet there was not a regiment in the army that did not contain many men ready to step in the deadly breach whenever they were called for heroic duty. Nearly all soldiers were brave and ready for the post of danger; occasionally there were men who feared to go into battle. I had one such man in my regiment at the beginning of the war. He was one of the finest looking men in the command, but would not go where any fighting was to be done. This weakness was observed by the men, who frequently made remarks in his presence calculated to wound a sensitive nature. This caused

Millan, for that was his name, to come to me one night, when I was ordered to send out a part of my command to march against a force reported in camp about fifty miles distant, and ask permission to go on the expedition. I said to him, 'Millan, it is something new for you to want to go where there is any fighting to be done.' He answered, 'I know that the men of the regiment have questioned my courage, and it is for that reason I come; I have always believed that I would be killed the first time I went into an engagement, and have not been able to drive that feeling out of my mind. At the same time, I have made up my mind to go, be the consequences what they may. I expect to be killed.' He then gave me instructions how to communicate with his family, and left with me some articles which were to be sent them in the event of his death. I made light of his presentiment, and told him he would come back all right. He left me to get ready to march with the expedition at daylight next morning. A few days prior to this time Millan's father, who lived at Canton, Missouri, wrote his son a letter which I have in my possession. He, too, seemed to have had a presentiment that his son would never receive the letter. After addressing it, as he had always done before, to the regiment, division and army of the southwest, he wrote: 'If General Bussey sees this letter, and the one to whom it is addressed can not see it, he will confer a favor by opening the letter and informing the writer of the facts.' No such indorsement had ever before been made on any of Millan's letters. The expedition started on the 28th of May, 1862. The official report of the engagement states: 'Our loss was Sergt. Stanton B. Millan, killed; Capt. Israel Anderson and Private Joseph T. French, shot through the thigh.' Poor Millan! It was his first and last scout. He was the only man killed. (See Official Report, Rebellion Records, vol. 13, page 88.) Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since the war ended. Our army, which, at its close, numbered a few more than one million names on its muster-roll, soon dwindled to twenty thousand men. A few men at the various posts throughout the country are all that are required. The love of the flag and the patriotism it inspires is equal to an army of a million men, should an emergency arise requiring their services. These students should cultivate a spirit of patriotism and holier love for the flag, remembering that every position of honor or trust in this great country will become

vacant by death or otherwise, and that the places of the men who are to-day distinguished throughout the country will be filled by the young men of the present. There is a future before every boy in America worthy his best efforts. A pure Americanism, a love for the flag, habits of morality, sobriety and energy will enable some of the boys before me to reach positions of the highest distinction among men. Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, your gift of the flag of your country to this great college is a noble one. May all who look upon it become inspired with the same love for it which burns in your hearts. Your organization was founded to dispense charity and to hold in grateful memory the names and heroic deeds of those who gave their lives for their country. It has been your mission to cover their graves with nature's sweetest gift of new-born life to men. A few more years, and your work will have been finished. The Grand Army of the Republic will cease to exist, and if our graves are covered with flowers it will be because those who come after us will feel the same love of country that inspired us in the hour of our Nation's peril. I have a sublime faith in the future of our Nation, and pray that the time may come when this glorious flag, the Stars and Stripes, shall be the chosen loved emblem of all nationalities who seek a home in our midst, when every inhabitant shall become an American citizen, ready to uphold our flag in every crisis. Then will peace and happiness reign in the land." (Tremendous applause.)

This presentiment felt by soldiers I have often heard old veterans describe. I have even been told that they could read on the faces of their comrades the fatal sign of the coming dead, the shadow of the "mightiest, tenderest angel, Azrael." A neighbor here at home, Mr. Frank Ellicott, has assured me that he has frequently heard those things said and marked in the army, on the eve of battle, when comrades tell each other their secret hopes and fears, and charge their last messages to the care of dearest friends. What friendships were thus formed, only broken here to be renewed in the eternal reveillé. General Bussey is a delightful conversationalist and is deeply interested in all religious and spiritual affairs. His travels all around the world, his wide acquaintance and his warm friendships with the most distinguished people of this age make him a most interesting companion. On the subject of the various phases of the mind in dreams

and delirium he tells the following story, which I give in his own language:

A YELLOW FEVER DREAM.

PLEASANT VISIT TO THE REALM OF BEELZEBUB HIMSELF.

“While suffering from an attack of dengue fever in New Orleans, several years ago, I dreamed that I was suddenly seized by a repulsive character, who was attended by a score of little devils armed with long knives and spears, which they thrust into me. I was placed on a satin-covered lounge and carried out of the window, and we floated away at the rate of a hundred miles a minute. Soon I saw in the distance an immense dome supported by monster massive pillars, and was ushered into this great capitol, where Beelzebub sat on a throne. The lounge on which I lay was placed near the throne, where I could observe what was transpiring. Beelzebub was receiving his ministers, one after the other, who reported on various missions he had sent them on. Then the minister of war and others reported. Finally the minister of fire came forward and reported to Beelzebub that he had executed the writ he had given him to arrest one ———, of New Orleans, and I was amazed to hear my own name. He detailed the faithfulness of the troop of little devils who assisted and who thrust the prisoner with their knives and lances. At the recital of these details I felt the thrust of their knives in various parts of my body. Beelzebub inquired of the minister if the caldron of yellow fever, which he had ordered for New Orleans, was sufficiently malignant. The minister replied that it was a failure, that, instead of being yellow fever, with power to kill, it was only dengue or break-bone fever, without power to kill. Beelzebub became terribly enraged and ordered the minister to summon the firemen who attended the fever furnace. A large number of terrible looking men were marched in and stood in line. Beelzebub accused them of negligence in failing to make a fire sufficiently hot to make yellow fever, and condemned them to be thrown into the furnace. A large force of armed men marched in and threw the firemen into the furnace. The heat made by their bodies produced yellow fever, which was sent out to do its deadly work in the world. I was so horrified to see hundreds of people thrown into the furnace that I awoke before my turn came.”

Capt. George Lemon, the accomplished editor of the *National Tribune*, Washington, gives a fine sketch of General Bussey, of which I here quote a few words: "Certainly no man in the Nation has filled all the years of his manhood more full of useful activity to the public than Gen. Cyrus Bussey, and none have been more brilliantly successful in so many and such widely varying lines of high effort leading to great results. By exceptional ability and unusual force of character he has achieved conspicuous success in many totally different walks of life, to succeed in any one of which is as much as comes to most men who are usually regarded as specially fortunate. As a business man, a soldier, a legislator, a commander of troops on the field of battle, as an administrator of public affairs in an extensive district in turbulent times, and as an influential political leader he has gained high honors, without a failure or a qualified success anywhere, or in the most trying situation, to blot the bright record."

Captain Lemon was a devoted friend to General Logan, and his interest in the family has endeared him to their best friends since the General's death. When I met him at Calumet Place, last year, he was accompanied by his brother, an Episcopal minister, a most cultivated gentleman and a Christian in the highest sense, being entirely free from bigotry. The two brothers are a great contrast. Captain Lemon, I suppose from long association with soldiers, has a more determined air, while the brother is very gentle and sympathetic. But the very best in all human beings is drawn out in the atmosphere of this lovely home, over which the finest woman in America presides, and around which the spirit of the brave and true host, Gen. John A. Logan, seems at times to hover. At all events, it is so full of his memory that to talk of him seems the natural and pleasant thing for his friends, who will ever miss him till they meet again.

There was a brilliant circle of five generals whom we met almost daily at Washington at that time. The names, now always bright in our recollection, are: General Clarkson, General Bussey, General Batcheller, General Jackson and General Farman. They all form part of the noblest of our country's history, and their names are destined not to be forgotten or disregarded. Speaking of unexpected meetings with friends, Mr. John Russell Young says: "As we pass through life nothing seems more surely to happen than our

dreams." Having repeatedly found this to be true in my own experience, though I never met any one who expressed it so well before, I was struck with it anew on this last visit to Washington. Old friends and new appeared as though summoned by an enchanter, some as bright as ever, some changed and hardened by success. Mr. Crowley was delighted to find, unchanged by the world, by time and travel, by fortune's frowns or smiles, the genial and elegant Gen. George Batcheller, of Saratoga, now first assistant with Secretary Windom in the Treasury Department. In the earlier years, in which my husband knew him and dearly prized his friendship, I had never met him, but now, when I place every disposition and character I meet to the test of observation formed under the tutelage of a long experience, my opinion is worth more than it would have been in the heedlessness of youth. For then I thought all people who smiled and acted the part of friends were true and loving. I had not learned to reflect that among every twelve to-day there is at least one Judas, and that those who caress the most fondly will the soonest betray. (When I publish the letters written to Mr. Crowley by many, indeed most, of the leading politicians of New York State, during the last quarter of a century, I think the instability of human promises and politicians' truth will be fully attested. Although I have them all arranged and classified, I have concluded not to do this until about a year from the present time. The contrast in the tone of some in the same handwriting is marvelous.)

Mr. Crowley's friendship with General Batcheller begun in the days of the State Senate of 1866, and with the famous band of statesmen he was a conspicuous favorite. Since that time he has wandered on many a foreign shore, has dwelt long by Egypt's pyramids, under warmer skies. It is quite fitting now that he should shine for a while on his native land.

Brooks, the famous head-waiter at the Arlington, who never forgets a face or never deserts a friend, had, with the tact for which he is so justly celebrated, placed us at the table with kindred and glorious spirits. In many respects the Arlington, round which so many sacred memories clustered, seemed altered, but Brooks was the same, and the kind house-keeper, Lizzie, was the same. The faithful retainers of the house, many of whom had known my absent child, spoke of her with deep affection. But the unrelenting years,

though they had not impaired the superb beauty of the kingly host, had dimmed the radiant warmth of his smile. Was it the loss of the wife of his youth or was it the long association with worldly natures that had at last ever so slightly congealed the fountain of generous feeling? Never mind! The light of those eyes shone in fond welcome on Maud, from her infancy till her death, and no coldness now shall freeze that immortal memory away.

General Farman, another of our companions at table d'hôte, was Consul-General to Egypt when General Grant made his trip around the world, and as General Batcheller was at the same time the American Member of the International Tribunal, it was very natural that they should have much to talk of, which made them very congenial. General Batcheller gave a brilliant reception in honor of the Grants, and General Farman gave a great dinner-party, at which the American friends then in Cairo were present, and appropriate speeches made by the two American hosts. At the close of the banquet, Mr. Young says that General Grant complimented these gentlemen highly. And if "approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley" was praise indeed, then some other name must be found to describe the qualities which would justify the encomiums of a man so truly great as Grant. Later, General Farman went with the party on their trip up the Nile, and his knowledge of the country must have made him a most interesting companion. He is a devoted student of the history and literature of Egypt. He gave us a delightful account of the pictures and inscriptions of the ancient country. I was quite disenchanted to hear that the most authentic portrait of the lovely Cleopatra was not at all what one would dream, being sharp and angular in outline. How could these features enslave a Cæsar or an Antony? But it may have been the fascination of her manner alone, some subtle spell she wove around all on whom she deigned to smile. General Batcheller declares that what Sir Walter Scott said of Melrose Abbey applies with equal truth to the Sphinx:

- "He who would see the Sphinx aright,
Must view it by the pale moonlight;"

and that nothing could exceed the romance and the charm of a gay party assembled there at such an hour. Symbol of silence and mystery, on what changing scenes has this stone

face looked! Faces of every hue, and words of every language, have been seen and heard, since the days when Memnon's statue first greeted the rising sun. When General Batcheller went to Cairo, in Egypt, it was in a capacity and under circumstances of the highest historical interest. To explain the nature of the office he then held, and to describe a tragedy which seems to illustrate in a strikingly dramatic way the peculiar customs of two nations, supposed to be widely different, I will tell the tale as nearly as I can, in his own words:

In 1875 the powers of Europe and the United States of America joined in the establishment of an International Tribunal in Egypt. The principle of this Court was based upon the practice of recognizing in all non-Christian countries, such as the Ottoman Empire, China and Japan, the right of all foreign countries to exercise legal and political jurisdiction of all their subjects domiciled in such countries; it being conceded that the laws of such non-Christian countries were incompatible with Christian laws and the administration of justice. To this, as the American Member of this Court, General Batcheller was appointed by Mr. Secretary Fish, in the first year of the organization of this Court, each of the powers having a member. This Court had jurisdiction in claims against the Khedive and the Khedival Government. In 1876 this Court rendered many judgments against the Government. This brought on a general financial crisis and led England and France to intervene in the interest of the bondholders of those nations. Several Commissioners were sent to Egypt to negotiate an adjournment of the public debt. The Egyptian tragedy has been so well told by the *New York Mail and Express* that I will here give that version, as it coincides with the story I heard from the lips of General Batcheller himself. It is a graphic and striking picture of life in the East, and proves at the same time that the Saxon is not less savage than the Turk or the Tartar. Indeed, I am inclined to think the former exceeds the latter in cruelty and treachery.

THE NARRATION OF THE TAKING OFF OF FERITCH PASHA
IN EGYPT.

“The recent Khedive, Ismail Pasha, had Feritch for his Finance Minister, and they were the most intimate and confidential of friends, but when the International Tribunal,

under General Batcheller, declared the government of His Highness could not escape from the payment of the bonds which foreign bondholders had taken in good faith, this decision compelled the Khedive to lay down his power, and that was the occasion of his being succeeded by his son, Tewfik Pasha, present Khedive. The majority of these Egyptian bonds were owned in England, and Mr. Goschen came as England's commissioner to negotiate for their recognition and payment. His first demand was that Feritch should be disposed of. Of course, he immediately resigned as Finance Minister and was succeeded by another one; but Mr. Goschen was not satisfied. He demanded that he should be entirely removed. Khedive Ismail Pasha asked what was meant. He said that this man was entirely out of power and could not interfere in any way. It was not enough to satisfy Mr. Goschen, and, backed up by several English navy vessels, with guns loaded to the muzzle, he demanded of Ismail that the minister must be removed entirely, in such tones that Ismail at last understood him, and he also understood that, if he did not understand Mr. Goschen and carry out his wishes very quickly, the Khedivate should not pass to his son Tewfik. Ismail was equal to the occasion, and with warmest display of friendship, invited Feritch to take a drive with him to his country palace, just outside of Cairo, as he had done hundreds of times before. They entered the palace together, as warm friends as ever, the Khedive going into one set of apartments and Feritch going into another. In a few minutes one of the younger of Ismail Pasha's sons appeared and told Feritch that his father had gone through the gardens and down to the Nile, where his yacht was waiting, and here he would be happy to have him join him. Thereupon the two walked together to the yacht, when the son told Feritch that he would find his father below in the saloon, and handed him a sealed letter, and stepped off the boat on shore again. The gang plank was immediately drawn in and the vessel moved off. The officers of the ship stood well armed to see that their victim did not escape. The letter informed Feritch that he was condemned for treason to banishment to Dongola for life, that his property was confiscated, and his harem of 300 women should go to the dogs. The consternation of the man can be better imagined than described. The sudden change from ice to fire described by Dante is one of the punishments of the wicked, in the

Inferno, and this was realized within the single breast which now contained both ice and fire. The captain told Feritch that he found himself charged with a very disagreeable duty, and yet he should be treated like a gentleman and like a great officer, should have the freedom of the yacht, and everything should be done that lay within the captain's power to make his transition to Dongola as pleasant as possible. The captain invited him to dinner in the saloon, which, being finished, the captain heard the sudden call of duty on deck for himself and excused himself for a moment. The shadows of night now set in. The Pasha was quietly strangled, his dead body put into a bag filled with stones, and his Dongola was found to be the bottom of the muddy Nile, whose swash and scour very soon stripped the flesh of the bones, quartered the frame and made either detection or recognition impossible. The yacht returned to Cairo, went into its moorings again at Ismail's country palace grounds. Ismail drove back to the capital and informed Mr. Goschen that his wishes had been complied with, and Mr. Goschen was satisfied, and with him was satisfied the whole of the British nation. It is government performances of this kind on the part of Great Britain, so frequently displayed throughout India and Egypt, and other places on this globe that fall under her dominion, that has made the other nations of the earth call the British "the Turks of Christendom." An Egyptian spell was evidently woven around General Batcheller, as well as General Farman. They would leave the smiling verdure and the changeful skies of the New World for Egypt. "Egypt with its implacable azure, sadder than the deep night of Erebus, never a cloud, never a shadow, and always the red sanguine sun which glares down upon you like the eye of a Cyclops! From that sky of bronze no tear has ever yet fallen upon the desolation of the land; it is only a vast covering for a tomb, the dome of a necropolis, a sky dead and dried up like the mummies it hangs over! Truly an awful land! All things in it are gloomy, enigmatic, incomprehensible! Forever and everywhere are sculptured and painted interminable hieroglyphics, telling in language unintelligible of things which are no longer known and which belong, doubtless, to the vanished nations of the past; prodigious buried works wherein a whole nation was sacrificed to write the epitaph of one king. Mystery and granite—this is Egypt." This fragment of Theophile Gautier's de-

scription in his story of Cleopatra agrees with the opinions expressed by these two enthusiastic lovers of Egypt. General Batcheller assured me that the beguiling story of "Askaros Kassis, the Copt: A Romance of Modern Egypt," written by a former Consul-General, Mr. Edward De Leon, was a most truthful picture of life in the Orient, and positively based on facts.

The East is truly the land of romance, and Moore has preserved the roses of Persia unfading in his beautiful Lalla Rookh, and the story of Vathek enchants the reader. Still more interesting it is to hear it from friends who have lived there and actually moved in those scenes, which hitherto have been associated with the dreams of the poet and the legends of the Arabian Nights. General Batcheller's legion of friends, while they rejoiced in the knowledge that they would not have to part with him, yet sympathized in his longing for the Sphinx and the Nile. The following letter from Mr. Hamilton Fish, who, like the others, continues the regard once inspired, so well expresses this feeling that it furnishes its own excuse for my failure in returning it, when the General kindly offered it to me to read one morning at the breakfast table. I promise to send it back, now, however, having secured a copy of it, as I know that General Batcheller prizes every token from the hand of the friend who honored him with so great a trust:

251 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK, November 18, 1889.

My Dear General:—I hardly know whether to congratulate you on your appointment to a most important position which you didn't desire, or to regret your not receiving the place which you did desire, and which you are so fully equipped for. On the whole, I take the hopeful side, and the safe side, and I congratulate the Public (with a big P.) on getting a right good man in one of the most important and influential places of the Government. I hope that you will find it pleasant, and that you and Mrs. Batcheller will find Washington agreeable. Mrs. Batcheller will contribute, I know, to make it such to others. My kindest regards to her, and my best wishes for you in the position you are about to enter upon, and in the enlarged future before you.

Very faithfully yours,

HAMILTON FISH.

Hon. Geo. S. Batcheller,
Assembly Chamber, Albany.

This charming letter, which I consider perfect of its kind, speaks in such admirable language the hopes of his friends, that with it, I will say *au revoir* to the much-admired First-

Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, and turn to our next neighbor at the Arlington table, General Joseph C. Jackson, of New York City. To those who have not enjoyed the pleasure of meeting him, I will endeavor to describe him, but words can never portray the air of perfect good breeding, the amiable charm of the man of the world. Perhaps to say he is one who unites a good heart and brilliant mind with all outward graces would best delineate this popular gentleman. His *bonhomie* at all times is as fresh as his *boutonniere*, and his presence at a dinner-table is delightful. He has for some years been practicing law in New York, but his native city is Newark, New Jersey. He is of very interesting parentage. His father was the Hon. John P. Jackson, and his mother was the daughter of Hon. Frederick Wolcott, a distinguished jurist of Connecticut, and a most admirable patriot, as an anecdote of him well illustrates. There was a statue of George the Third on Bowling Green, in the old Colonial days, and it was most righteously taken from its undeserved pedestal, and melted and made into bullets by Mr. Wolcott and his family. I only wish that the statues of all the English rulers from King Henry the Eighth to Victoria might have been treated in the same manner. General Jackson's early training prepared him for his later military experience, for he attended while quite young the military school at West Point, kept by Colonel Kingsley. He next went to Phillips Academy, Massachusetts, and from there to Yale. As soon as he had graduated he performed what may be considered one of the noblest tasks in the world. This was to prepare a large class of young men for admission to Yale, Princeton and William's Colleges and the University of Cambridge in England. The steps by which he earned his military promotion show the worth and perseverance of the man. Such records as these speak more than volumes of ordinary praise. It is to such as General Jackson that the nation should point with pride and love to choose to place in her council halls. The time to honor these distinguished men is the present, while they are in the prime of life, and while their valuable experience can best benefit the Nation. The memory of their services should prompt a recognition in time, for it will not be long ere those who, by eloquent speech or deed, took part in the foundation of our noblest institutions will have passed beyond the reach of our reward

or our neglect. I find in the fifth volume of New York Coterporaneous Biography, and in the third volume of Appleton's Encyclopedia of Biography, the following facts in regard to the career of General Jackson: In the spring of 1861 he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Brig.-Gen. Robert Anderson, U. S. A., and ordered to Kentucky; subsequently commissioned Second Lieutenant First New Jersey Volunteers, and appointed Aide to Gen. Philip Kearny. In December, 1861, he was ordered to the Division Staff of Maj.-Gen. W. B. Franklin, U. S. A., and was commissioned Captain and A. D. C. U. S. Volunteers, for brave conduct during the seven days' battles before Richmond in the summer of 1862; Commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel 26th New Jersey Volunteers, December, 1862; while at Falmouth, Va., he was re-assigned to the staff of the left wing, Army of the Potomac, then composed of the First, Sixth and part of the Third Corps. He was brevetted Colonel U. S. Volunteers for "gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia," December 13th, 1862, and was brevetted Brigadier-General for "faithful and meritorious service in the field" March 13, 1865. Besides serving in many lesser engagements, performing duty on courts-martial, and in other important positions, General Jackson participated in the following battles of the War of the Rebellion: Burke's Station, Manassas Junction, Golding Farm, Yorktown, West Point, Mechanicsville, Fair Oaks, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Charles City Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Crampton Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and second attack on Fredericksburg. Near the close of his term of service he was appointed by the War Department a Commissioner of U. S. Naval credits. The Governor of New Jersey, in his message to the legislature, announced that by this service Colonel Jackson had saved the state the expenditure of nearly a million dollars. On the expiration of his term of service he resumed the practice of law in the City of New York; was appointed Assitant District-Attorney for the Southern District of New York in 1870, and held that position during Judge Pierrepont's term, during which he conducted a very large number of important prosecutions in behalf of the Government, before Judges Woodruff and Benedict. He has since been continuously engaged in general practice in both State and Federal Courts.

Since the organization of the party, General Jackson has always been a staunch Republican, has been a delegate to several important conventions, a member of the New York Republican County Committee (as he is at present), and has always enjoyed the acquaintance and confidence of the best classes of citizens. He is one of the earliest members of the Union League Club, and is identified with patriotic, educational and benevolent institutions, among which may be named the Society of the Army of the Potomac, George Washington Post No. 103, Grand Army of the Republic, Yale Alumni Association, New York City Mission and Tract Society, American Tract Society, American Bible Society, Law Institute, The Bar Association, and many others. He has always been found ready to aid to the best of his ability, with voice and pen, with personal effort and pecuniary contributions, the cause of good government, of sound education and of pure religion. Not only has he made many effective speeches, particularly throughout the States of New York and New Jersey, during the exciting Presidential campaigns of the last twenty-five years, but, in an unostentatious way has delivered addresses on literary, historical and practical topics for the benefit of churches and other institutions, with no expectation of pecuniary reward. General Jackson is a favorite with all the bright people. His magnetic and sunny nature seems to attract them at once.

One morning, during this visit, I was in Mrs. Hiscock's parlor, and it was quite occupied with people waiting to see Senator Hiscock. Among the others was a very distinguished looking young man, whose pale intellectual face shone out like a star. As he passed out, Mrs. Hiscock told me he was Allen Thorndike Rice, the young Minister to Russia. "Ah," I exclaimed, "I wish you had presented him to me, for I admire his courage and his ability." Well, no sooner had I stepped into the hall, than I beheld the young statesman in close confab with the genial General Jackson, who is one of those who wish to share every pleasure with a friend. He immediately introduced me to the celebrated editor, and I enjoyed a conversation which his death, so soon after, has engraven on my memory. He had been told of Mr. Crowley's defeat for Congress by the union of Niagara County bolters, composed entirely of men who were indebted to Mr. Crowley for all the positions they had ever held themselves, with the well-known lobbyist, John Wiley. When I

told him the particulars, especially the mixing of tickets on the night before election, by a well-known editor of Buffalo, he expressed great sympathy and indignation. He specially requested me to write out an exact statement, giving names and all, and he would like very much to publish it in his magazine, the *North American Review*. I promised to do so on my return to Lockport, but I was detained in Washington by the charming friends I met there much longer than I had expected, and, alas! ere I had reached home, the great editor, the kind and brilliant gentleman, was dead. Death, the mysterious and the incomprehensible one, had passed by the unfortunate, the despairing and the heart-broken, and snatched away the young, the gifted and the happy! His life from infancy was like a tale of ancient romance, and just before I met him one of the few clouds of his manhood had darkened and passed away. He was defeated for Congress in New York City by something of the same methods of frauds in ballots and open bribery practiced on Mr. Crowley, and hence his kind interest in our matter. I felt indeed that a brave lance in Mr. Crowley's defense was stricken down when I heard of his untimely death, for the world is so full of heartless traitors, and chivalry and true manhood grow rarer every day. I unhesitatingly pronounce Allen Thorndike Rice to have been one of the greatest Americans of the age. Alas! that it must be written, "have been." The sweetest and best In Memoriam written of him was from the pen of Henry Ames Blood, at Washington :

“ Not to the spires of Petersburg
Our loving hearts now follow thee,
But to the high, celestial domes
That flash along the Crystal Sea.

“ Well didst thou do thine errand here ;
But sorely shall we miss thy face,
Which bore in every line the stamp
And signet of a noble race.

“ Ah ! sadly shall we miss that glance,
That glance of thy unerring eyes,
Which even to the center pierced,
And read all shams through all disguise !

“ Damascus had no steel more keen ;
Toledo's blades no brighter shone ;
And through this modern scene of ours
Thou rodest the Bellerophon !

“ To know thee was to know a man—
Nay, a fine god of antique race,
Whose nostrils curled in utter scorn
Of all things petty, mean and base !

“ Farewell, brave heart ! It seemed to us
This earth had need enough of thee ;
But now thy mission is more vast,
Brave envoy of the Crystal Sea ! ”

President Harrison certainly intends that the United States shall be brilliantly represented at foreign courts. He honored England by sending Robert Lincoln there, and thereby gratified many friends here at home. He flattered France by giving her the courtly and cultured White-law Reid, and if Allen Thorndike Rice could have gone to St. Petersburg, the snows of Russia would have melted beneath the starry light of his genius and his goodness. But it was not to be. A strange fatality seems to follow all who are requested to go to that despotic realm, for, 'tis but the other day that Colonel Goodloe, of Kentucky, to whom this ministry was said to be proffered, died a violent death, in the rashest sort of impromptu duel. True it is that Russia, while liberty smiles around her, is still in the night of cruel barbarism. I believe no appointment of President Harrison thus far has given such general delight as that of the hero's son, Col. Frederick D. Grant, to Austria. As I before said, no imperial flower that ever bloomed on Hapsburg's famous tree can compare in beauty and grace with this young officer's wife. It is well known that the most honored names in the United States were signed to the request for this Embassy. Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has gone to the sunny land of Spain, the land of the olive and the vine, the land of chivalry and adventure, whose gay hidalgos stamped their names the earliest on our history, Christopher Columbus, Hernando Cortez, Francisco Pizarro, Ferdinand De Soto, Ponce de Leon—dreamers and adventurers all ! Yet from those dreams what a reality resulted ! The conquering Spanish cavalier, cruel and relentless though he might be to the savage tribes he displaced, yet planted the holy cross where once stood the heathen's idol, and the sweet face of the blessed Virgin smiles on scenes once desecrated by barbarous sacrifices. “ Native Americans ” certainly owe much to Catholic Spain. It was something of a service to discover the country which they now, with no right or reason, strive to appro-

priate. When they object to the creed of the Catholic, they might recall this fact. Yet one hears so little of Isabella of Spain compared with Victoria, whose common-place virtues are so lauded! Ex-Governor Porter, of Indiana, has gone to beautiful Italy, loveliest of all, for it holds Rome, imperishable city. As the poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, says in his beautiful ode, "Time sits and wags his beard at Rome."

"Yet Rome is Rome ; and Rome she must
And shall remain beside her gates,
And tribute take of kings and States
Until the stars have fallen to dust."

The elegant and scholarly William Walter Phelps was chosen to represent his country at Berlin. The shades of Voltaire and the great Frederic will perchance return to welcome him at Sans-Souci, as his tastes in life so much resemble their own. I was truly rejoiced to see the name of Patrick Egan as Minister to Chili, for every time an Irish-American is recognized it strikes a shackle from the chains of bigotry, the cruelest of all. Still another Irishman, Congressman Ryan, of Kansas, who was in the House of Representatives at the same time with Mr. Crowley, has gone as Minister to Mexico, whose sad and romantic history invests it with such deep interest. The imperial splendor of Montezuma's halls, with the lovely gardens, and the birds whose brilliant plumage rivaled the hues of the brightest blossoms, the dazzling gems, the gleaming gold, though destroyed and plundered by the daring Cortez, still rise in all their former beauty to the mind as one reads or thinks of Mexico.

In regard to the policy of those men now in power, I observed in some of them rather a tendency to incline to the policy of Queen Elizabeth, "*Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.*" However this may have succeeded in those days, it does not suit the people and the affairs of the present day, or the spirit of the Republic. Benjamin Franklin's familiar proverb is the best and safest guide. Duplicity floats in its gay craft for a time, but is doomed to sink beneath the wave at last. It is the coward's mode of dealing with difficulties, which but rise again, hydraheaded, to confront him, and which one vigorous blow would have routed. Deceit is the natural weapon of weak minds and comes as easy and natural to them as the instinct to triumph over and be revenged upon the less favored, or the temporarily vanquished ones.

When, at the dictate of Charles the Fifth at Madrid, Estrada temporarily superseded Cortez at Mexico as Governor, Prescott in his superb description says: "He soon contrived to inflict on his rival all those annoyances by which a little mind, in possession of unexpected power, endeavors to make his superiority felt over a great one." Brief was this tyranny over him who had "won an empire for Castile." I have myself seen the witch-hazel or divining-rod bent in the hands of some special person to find the way to hidden springs, and this is a mystery of nature. I have also seen the divining-rod of appeal used on different minds, with different effect, indeed! In some, who stand high in the world's estimation, as well might one search for hidden feelings, for human sympathy, for noble impulse in the bronze and marble statues which adorn the rotunda at Washington. Nature sometimes, by some untold caprice, incarnates the spirit of a stupid churl in the form of a prince. No leader born to brilliant conquest would ever stoop to petty malice and revenge on the vanquished. In the soul of the slave sold to captivity might dwell a pride which would make him the superior of such a master. For who, though loaded down with sorrows and steeped in disappointment's tears, would ever change with the pusillanimous creature capable of using a little brief authority to display the meanness he had so carefully hidden. The cloven foot concealed in mounting the ladder is sometimes revealed at the top. But there is a descent. *Facilis est descensus Averni.*

Fortune, who sometimes relents for a moment to those who are not her favorites, had arranged that the mournful memories of the "Arlington" should be gilded with a presence so bright that grief forgot a while to weep, and hope gave one more radiant glance to a path she seemed to have forsaken. All this was embodied to me in the companionship of Mrs. Belknap. She is a source of constant delight and inspiration. Few, indeed, are gifted with the power of making others so happy as is this charming and beautiful woman. Since we parted, a few years before, I had cherished the remembrance of her bright face, and often wished to see it again. At last, after many vicissitudes, this wish was realized. Her beauty is still radiant, and her queenly and graceful form could not be seen in any throng without a train of admiring glances in its track. I could truly say that

“Time’s wing but seemed, in stealing o’er,
To leave her lovelier than before.”

Her jet-black hair and deep-blue eyes form a rare combination, and her expression changes in a fascinating way from vivacity to tenderness. Her taste in dress is faultless, and it is said that Worth was delighted to fulfill her orders, as few whom he had ever fitted would give him the celebrity of this lovely woman. As might be expected, the life of one so richly endowed with personal charms and mental gifts would be a dazzling target for envy. Though she received many an arrow sent by a jealous hand, yet she has many devoted women friends. In the hour of sorrow, or the downfall of beauty’s reigning queen, how desolate life would be without such friends! I believe no womanly woman was ever without defenders of her own sex. Friendship is proverbially more constant than love. It is true that Chateaubriand cherished a tender passion for Madame Récamier when she was eighty years old and blind, but such instances could be quickly told. Mrs. Belknap has once more established a home in Washington, and I foretell for her a brilliant salon. General Belknap has, also, so many friends that by some the hope is cherished that he will enter public life again. I believe there was no one in the cabinet of General Grant to whom he was more sincerely attached, and Mrs. Belknap, during the time her husband was Secretary of War, was considered the most beautiful and interesting woman in Washington. Iowa seems not only to send forth great men, but to appreciate them. Let her now show her affection for one of her favorite sons, General Belknap. Mrs. Belknap was born in Kentucky, and has the sweet voice and charming pronunciation of that region. Their only daughter, Alice, seems to have inherited the good qualities of both parents. She is already considered very handsome, though still in “Life’s prima vera, sweet careless fifteen.”

As Mrs. Belknap was the belle of Grant’s Administration, so Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague was the belle of Lincoln’s. No one has since arisen to assume the scepter of power swayed so successfully by this queen of the social world. Nowhere does it strike the observer with such force as in Washington. How very rare a product beauty is, a century-plant, in fact. Still rarer it is to find it combined with intellect, and magnetism and soul. I was never more impressed with the charm and grace of Mrs. Chase than on meeting her last spring in

the Capital City, where she shone so many years with a starry luster never to be forgotten. The majestic elegance of her figure is unchanged.

“ But there are forms which time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things;
Such as was Mary’s Queen of Scots; true, tears
And love destroy; and sapping sorrow wings
Charms from the charmer.”

The best portrait I have ever seen of Mrs. Kate Chase is one in which she wears the costume of Mary Stuart, and in this she looks every inch a queen. She resembles her distinguished father wonderfully, and he certainly had great reason to feel the fond pride he always manifested in her. One might count very easily the lovely women who have left an impress on history since the time when

“ The destinies of Athens took
Their color from Aspasia’s look.”

The Pericles of to-day seeks no inspiration from the lips of beauty, and in Washington, really mingles very little in society at all. There is in America an unwritten law that whatever a man may find lacking in his life-companion, he dare not seek it elsewhere, for intellectual companionship between the sexes is a prohibited thing. Plato, if he returned, would find no disciples here. Virtue is indeed lovely beyond compare, but charity is more loudly extolled in that book which most people profess to believe, but few obey.

The venerable and benevolent looking Senator Saunders, of Nebraska, was there with his wife. I met them in a most unexpected way, not having seen them for more than seven years. I had a longing one day to visit the rooms we occupied during Maud’s last winter there, and I asked the housekeeper to tell me when they should be vacant, as, of course, I knew many a stranger had since lived there. The parlor was occupied by a young Jewish couple on their bridal tour, and the sleeping-room had been engaged by Mrs. Saunders, who had not yet moved into it. In the interval I was to pass a while there. All who have suffered in the same way may well understand my feelings as I stood by the well-known door of the little parlor, where so many loving friends had once assembled to pass the last sweet hours with my beautiful child. I could hear the gay song

of the young bridegroom within. In a moment he passed out, accompanied by the dark-eyed bride, and the ticking of the clock on the mantle as of old kept time to my beating heart. Only a little while, and the bravest heart must cease to ache. The housekeeper turned the key of the now silent room, and I passed over its threshold for the first time in five years. All was cold and still. No angel face with golden hair smiled from that pillow now! I thought of Maud's words to her papa, when he came back discouraged from the White House, and wounded by the deceit of Arthur in the affair of the Cantilever Bridge. He said to her, when he saw the tears in her eyes, in sorrow for his disappointment, "Never mind, Maud, we will be back here again some day," and her reply, the first in which she alluded to her premonition of early death: "Yes, papa, you may, but I shall not be here." Not here, but safe out of all the misery and the cruelty and the treachery! In the midst of my musings on the sad, yet happy past, the door opened—enter the new régime. Mrs. Saunders had come to take possession of the room, and we met once more, for the first time in long years. I went with Mrs. Saunders to pay a morning call at the White House. Mrs. Harrison was then quite ill, and we were received by Mrs. Saunders' daughter, Mrs. Russell Harrison. She is an exceedingly pretty woman, and has lost none of the attractions which made her such a belle as Miss "Mamie" Saunders. As her husband is said to be very powerful in the Administration, her position is a very brilliant one. She does not seem in the least flattered by the sudden elevation, but is very sweet and thoughtful in all ways. Her beauty is of the delicate blonde type, and I could not help thinking, as we passed through the rows of nodding lilies in the conservatory, how much she resembled them herself. Here again was the memory of Maud, for every day when we first came to Washington, she received the fairest and freshest of the lilies of the valley, her favorite flower, from the White House. This is one of the scents and blossoms I associate with my dreams of Paradise.

Of course I could not judge at all what the social success of the White House will be with the Harrisons. It all depends on the rallying of brilliant people around them, for the President and his family can do but just so much as their strength permits, and it would be impossible for them to talk much with every one of the vast multitude. I never knew

a President who had such enlightened ideas on this subject as Garfield had. He told me that he meant to call to his aid the talent and beauty to make his administration shine and be remembered. Mrs. Garfield was entirely above the petty jealousy which makes such an utter failure of the wives of so many great men, and casts a cloud over the very success of which they should be proud. The great trouble with this class of people is that they can not endure to share their prosperity with any one else, not even to allow them to bask in the edge of its sunshine. In the new régime the Vice-President and his wife stand at the head of the social world of the Capital City. Mrs. Morton is queen by reason of beauty, grace, accomplishments, and elegance of surroundings. For some years the family of the Vice-President was an unknown and unnoticed factor in the pageant, owing to the fact that more than one of them were widowers. Now, as after an eclipse, to one who eagerly scans the skies, the radiant planets dazzle with a deeper light, so the star of our first gentleman in the land, Levi P. Morton, stands to-day with a brightness that shall shed its rays, not only on posterity, but on to immortality. Mrs. Morton's beauty is of the Hebe type, still dewy, fresh and sparkling. Her faultless form inspires Worth with his finest creations, and the gracious manner which bewitched her husband's friends in other and earlier days, is still, as I am told, unchanged, and holds its potent spell. Never from America's earliest annals—from the days of Martha Washington to the present—did the Muse of History place her garland on a fairer or worthier frame. May its bloom be unfading.

Let us return to the ever lovely and beloved Arlington. There we are sure to find some great souls. The rooms in which Senator Davis, of Virginia, once lived for many years with his popular family, are now very pleasantly occupied by the millionaire Congressman of Syracuse, James J. Belden, and his wife. I had never met them before, and I found them very agreeable. With Mr. Belden politics is merely an amusement, although he has ability enough to make him a dangerous opponent. He can be a generous friend, but I should say, on my own supposition merely, that he might be a determined enemy. Mrs. Belden has traveled so much that her society is very interesting. It seems a pity, from our earthly stand-point, that their only daughter should have been taken away in her

infancy. They could have so gilded her pathway, but yet, with so much prosperity, perhaps the little angel hand was needed to point to a fairer home when earthly joys and conflicts cease to charm. Though great wealth is theirs, yet their treasures are not all here. About Mr. Belden there is not a particle of that cant with which so many successful men nauseate those whom they meet. He is very broad and charitable in his views, and capable of the finest impulses. Many a person of far less power in the world would do well to imitate the unaffected bearing of the man who shows on his placid exterior no sign that he is the owner of the palatial Windsor, one of the most exclusive and elegant hotels in the world, that he can make Congressmen and Senators, not only by the gilded method I have objected to, but by others equally effective. His life and example afford one more strong and convincing proof of the truth, simplicity and straightforwardness of the really great men of our country. I was told by the guests that his dinner to the New York delegation, the year before, was one of the most superb ever given in Washington, that the royal order of Mr. Roessle was more than ever magnificent.

A passing guest at the time was Mr. Louis Payn, whom I have mentioned in connection with New York politics. No man living knows more than he of the state secrets. He enjoyed the confidence of Roscoe Conkling, and in fact of all the noted leaders of his day. His long experience with real statesmen has made him a great expert in detecting sham ones. At present he is the *Fidus Achates* of Mr. Platt, whose appearance at the helm of the political craft of the Empire State is such a stupendous surprise. It does not take a prophet of inspired mind to predict that the vessel will change hands before it gets into a safe port. New York State can accomplish nothing worthy of note while all the so-called leaders have such strong aspirations for the Presidency they will never win. There is absolutely no bond of unity between them. The present handwriting on the wall does not need a second Daniel to decipher. The great West will continue to rule us as long as New York ignores brains and statesmanship, and even education, and works by *secret bribery* alone! After king Midas had turned everything to gold, he grew disgusted, and, instead of the molten golden stream, he longed for the sparkling river. When he asked for bread, he was weary of the offer of a

golden stone. So it will at last be with our proud state. She will remember that Daniel Webster was not a millionaire, that when England's greatest ministers, the two Pitts, died, the country defrayed their funeral expenses and paid their debts. She will ask for a voice to stir the people as of old, and not a bank-check passed from the hand of power to buy the votes, in order that the great corporations shall own the country and pile their fortunes like Pelion upon Ossa. The ladder will fall, as it did with the giants of old, when they vainly tried to scale the heights of Heaven.

One pleasant day we happened to meet at luncheon some charming friends. In one corner of the room a pair of radiant faces seemed to be a powerful magnet. As they later approached me, I was not surprised to see the genial Colonel Robert Ingersoll and his lovely wife. They always seem so perfectly happy, and try to make others so. I think one of the sweetest things Ingersoll ever wrote is his tribute to Robert Burns. I place it at once among my gems of poesy. All who have ever conversed with this remarkable man must agree as to his genius and eloquence. I was amused to read a description of a statue said to have features exactly similar to Ingersoll's found in some ancient ruins. It does not require much imagination to fancy him as having lived in days of pagan luxury and philosophy, but always and everywhere kind and benevolent.

Seated at our table was one friend of other days, bright and cordial as ever, John M. Bailey, of Albany. Since then, how gratified we were to hear that the President had made him Collector of the Port of Albany. He really deserves the best that fate can send him, at least in our opinion. There were the family of the late Hon. J. W. Dwight, of Dryden. It was the first time we had met them since the sable garb was donned for their dear father. Adele is more interesting than ever since her "brilliant days in France, and her moonlit nights in Rome." Her artist's love of the beautiful found all its dreams fulfilled. And the brother, John, once a slender and rather delicate youth, has developed into a sturdy manhood, and looks perfectly capable of managing the great interests of the father. One thing that impressed me deeply was the number who had been summoned from earthly banquets since last we sat in that room of thrilling memories. Generals, statesmen, friends, whither had they vanished? Shall we meet them again somewhere? As I

passed out into the hall, over whose tessellated floor so many feet, now still, have passed, I saw a face flit by me, apparently without recognition, a face proud and handsome, yet which ever wore a settled look of gloom. I called to her, "Mrs. Southerland!" and she retraced her steps, and then, after one look, remembered me. She had lived at the Arlington with her family all the time we were there. I felt a twofold interest in them, as they were Californians, for all who hail from that glorious land of beauty seem like friends to me. Since then her husband had died. So it was, some change had come to every one!

The Hiscocks seem to be an exception to the general rule. Nothing seems ever to prove to them even a temporary obstacle. No fear of the instability of human plans seems to occur to them. They have now, I suppose, completed the addition then begun to their handsome rooms. Such lives as Senator Hiscock's seem to have been arranged specially by the goddess, by some called fickle. She is true to them, and their schemes work when the proudest genius must be humbled in the dust. But was ever a life lived out to the end without a change? No one can open the pages of antiquity and commune with the Muse of History without pondering on the black doom Nemesis sends to those who, for long years, have walked such rosy and perfumed paths that they have lost the power to pity the wounded feet that have trod the flinty by-ways. A visit to Washington in the spring-time, though the city is in its loveliest garb, is in social ways, as a matter of course, not so satisfactory as the winter season. The true time to join the dazzling "swim" is after the holidays. Few are settled until then, when the machinery begins its brilliant evolution. But in the smiling April the blossoms waste their sweetness, for the owners of the castles and palaces which crown this Versailles of America have departed for Europe to find a brief nepenthe from the cares of state in the classic haunts of the Old World. Mrs. Logan was still abroad, and I am looking forward to a new pleasure in meeting her now, and if I pursue my present plan of studying and writing up the new régime, I shall see her ere long. But no new statue can displace hers from the place in American hearts, where, chiseled in immortal beauty, she reigns forever supreme. I went one morning to see a friend and protégé of hers, Miss Mary Brady, who has been for several years in the Treasury Department. She is one of the verit-

able salt of the earth, and it was well worth treading the mazes of the catacombs that underlie the vast building to find her welcome face at last. She is a dear and valued friend of the Logan family, and was present when the General died. She helped him in various ways in his political campaigns, and her intelligence and goodness of heart made her a perfect treasure for a friend. She is just as fondly prized in the family of young John Logan. I eagerly poured into her sympathetic ears the story of Niagara's wars, and the rebellion against the rightful chieftain of the famous tribe. I never observed until that morning how beautiful a view is enjoyed from the windows of the Treasury. The White House grounds are seen to fine advantage, and the wondrous blossoming southern trees are there in all their loveliness. This having been one of the loveliest days I ever saw in Washington, each incident I well remember. The air was so fragrant, and the skies so bright, that one might be beguiled to fancy that vanished faces looked back from Heaven, and loved voices long unheard whispered in the wooing winds.

In this frame of mind I turned my wandering footsteps to the home of Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California, whose deep and unfading grief for her only son makes her society a shrine of comfort for weary mourners. How merciless death was, that he did not spare this one bough of promise to the stalwart oak of the golden land! With a more than princely heritage, with all bright and lovely qualities of heart and mind, no power could stay the withering stroke, no prayers avert the doom so soon descending. Bright in the luxurious drawing-room shine out the noble features of the youth thus early called. Does he see and hear the endless regret of the lonely parents, grieving for the tender flower of love so early transplanted to bloom in a brighter garden than even imperial wealth could dream of creating here? When I visited them with Mrs. Logan the year before, they were full of plans for their great school in California, which will be in the highest sense a monument to the memory of their child. Far into the dim future this blessing will extend, and other times will tell of the fair son who perished in his early prime. If we had our bards, as they had in the olden days, what a sweet strain would be awakened from some inspired minstrel's harp on this lovely theme. Perhaps its plaintive air would sound

“O’er the waters of the West
To the land where spirits rest.”

I was much amused one day, while taking luncheon at Mrs. Field’s, to hear the ludicrous experiences of the young authoress, Mrs. Chanler—Amélie Rives—from a cousin of the lady’s present. It seems she had not announced that she would receive visitors at all on the day published in the papers, and she was sitting in a white wrapper, with her golden hair all unbound when, as she expressed it, “whole schools came.” No wonder the impression went abroad that she was eccentric in her dress!

This day was a contrast with the preceding one, being dark and gloomy, with a steadily falling rain. I said to Mrs. Field that I should like to be transported to the Vale of Avoca, and she replied that, when she visited there, it was on just such a day, that the party could scarcely get wraps and shawls enough to keep them warm, and comfort, not to speak of rapture, was out of the question. I could only think for the thousandth time that the world was full, not only of contrast, but of disappointment.

“Life’s fairest things are those which seem;
The best is that of which we dream.”

But in the list of disenchantments the name of Justice Field and his wife will not be found. The pleasure of meeting them increases with every fresh experience, and not one hour of their great privileges, standing on the top of the tree of life, has been wasted.

We had a charming surprise, one evening at the hotel, in meeting some dear friends from our Lockport home, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Nicholls and their son, Harry. They had just been on a pleasant trip to Florida and other places in the South, and were now returning. The next day, which was Sunday, we visited Arlington Heights together. Never did that sad historic spot look more lovely to me. It was due to the presence of friends, which heightens the enchantment of every scene and leaves on the memory a far sweeter impression than if witnessed alone. Each time the traveler feels that, no matter how often he sees it, the view is indeed beautiful from the home of the great southern chieftain. The form of Washington in his stately coach flits before the mind in all the magnificence of those days, and the family of Lee, as they took their farewell of the old home, is sadly pic-

tured. No more beautiful resting-place could be found for the patriot dead, than here, on this lovely spot, where the Potomac gently glides on with its softly sighing dirge over the fallen brave. Like a quaint monument of other days stand the deserted slave-quarters, whence once issued the dusky forms obedient to the master's call. The outlines of the prim garden-beds are seen, where the stately forms of fair ladies bent long ago to gather the cherished flowers. In the distance stands the "old oaken bucket," and many a pilgrim from other lands has tasted the sparkling water from the same fount which quenched the thirst of Virginia's famous heroes and their gallant followers. The next day we were to visit the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, but a hasty despatch from Mrs. Bulkeley, confirming their fears in regard to her husband, called them suddenly away.

Strangely enough, some fatality has always prevented my going to Mount Vernon. I have been invited to join innumerable parties, but some illness of my children, or some other special cause, always prevented me. I hope some day to give my friends my impression of the place, however, for a peculiar feature of my life has been that my wishes are realized at last. It often happens that the first zest of enjoyment is gone, but still they come; and this makes me feel yet more deeply that, in the eternal life, of which this is but a shadowy fragment and scarcely a foretaste, we shall find our fairest idols restored, and that after this long discipline and parting we shall cherish them far more than in this "fearful land, where flowers so quickly fade." All races have their dreams of Paradise. To the Moslem appear in fancy the fruits and flowers, the dark-eyed houris of the Pagan's hope. To the saintly Christian the thought that he should be admitted to the presence of Almighty God triumphs over earthly thoughts. To the fond human heart the one bright aspiration is to find again the loved and lost of old. Without the presence of the idol the fadeless flowers of Paradise would bloom unheeded; the sweetest of heavenly music would fall coldly on the ear that listened for one sweet voice alone, the glorious faces of the seraphim and cherubim, and of the angels and archangels would never satisfy the longing for the sight of the dear face on which we saw closed the coffin-lid, and the earth heaped, and the rain fall, and the snow beat, and yet never bury our hope that some day, some joyful day, Christ would give it back

to us again! When as a child I first learned to read, I remember the first two lines of a hymn which charmed me much:

“By cool Siloam’s shady rill
How fair the lily grows.”

Ever since I have associated the first glimpse of Heaven, when we pass beyond the gates, with the sight and scent of a bank of whitest lilies. A legend I read long ago of a star, to which the soul first wings its flight when escaped from its confining clay, gives the same idea of first meeting our own and caring not what lies beyond. The star was called Alcyone, and our loved ones were supposed to be waiting for us there, our life’s exile forgotten in love’s perfect welcome, never to be shadowed by a cruel parting again—never—nevermore!

“It is the place where life’s long dream comes true;
It is the morning land of the Ideal,
Where smiles, transfigured to the raptured sight,
The joy whose fitting semblance now we see,
Where we shall know as visible and real
Our life’s deep aspiration, old yet new,
In the sky splendor of Alcyone.”

ERRATA.

- Page 4, eleventh line, read *them* instead of *then*.
 Page 42, fifth and thirtieth lines, read *Rapparees* instead of *Raffarees*.
 Page 76, read *Thomas Addis Emmett* as one name.
 Page 109, twenty-sixth line, read *September* instead of *June*.
 Page 156, eleventh line, read *posterity* instead of *prosterity*.
 Page 160, thirty-third line, read *David S. Bennett* instead of *Daniel S. Bennett*.
 Page 188, tenth line, read *John H. Starin* instead of *John B. Starin*.
 Page 202, twenty-seventh line, read *John F. Smyth* instead of *John G. Smyth*.
 Page 202, thirty-fifth line, read *1881* instead of *1880*.

